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Motion Picture

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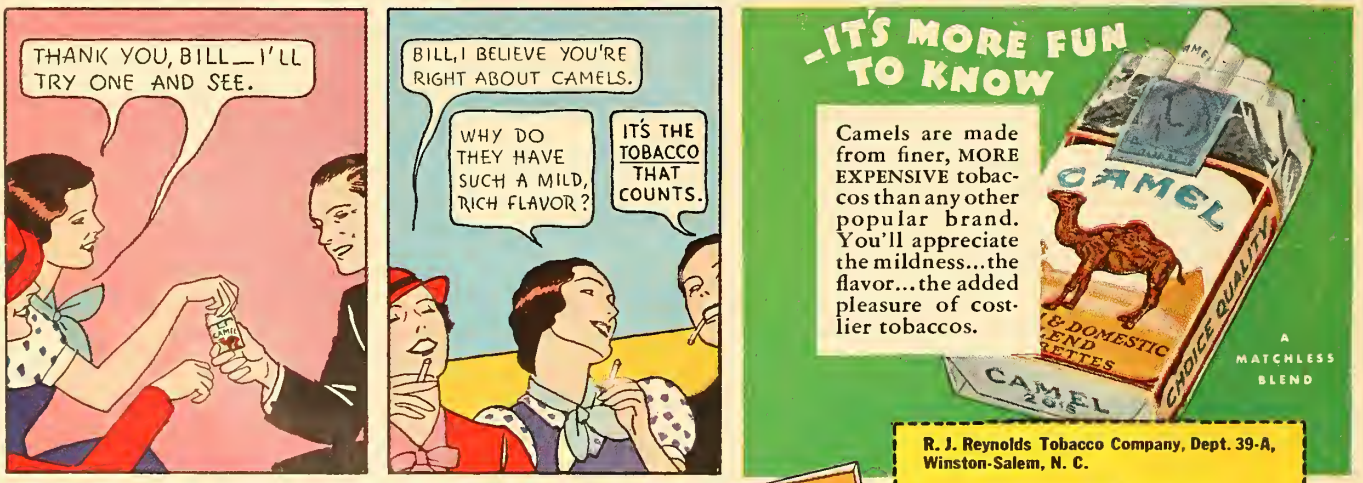

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Her teeth look uncared-for because they are so dull and grayish. Her gums are so tender that they often bleed. Her tooth brush shows "pink."

The Dangers of "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody. Modern foods are soft, creamy. Your gums are robbed of the natural stimulation they require for health. They become flabby, then tender. And you find "pink" upon your tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" may not only rob your teeth of their sparkle—it may actually endanger perfectly good teeth! It may even lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the dread though rather rare pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then, each time, put a little extra Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and massage it gently into your unhealthy gums.

Get a full-sized tube of Ipana. Use it, with the gum massage, for 30 days. Watch your teeth recover their brightness—your gums their firmness! You can forget about "pink tooth brush."

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★ *The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Symeon Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars*

Motion Picture

AUGUST
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STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 1

SALLY EILERS Is Going up, Up, UP!

It was in 1928 that Sally was named a Wampas Baby Star—and soon afterward the late Florenz Ziegfeld called her the most attractive youngster on the screen. But nothing exciting happened to the former "extra" girl until "Bad Girl" came along.

That was all she needed to get a flying start on the road to fame. And she hasn't slackened pace since—even in pictures that didn't do her justice.

In her last five—"State Fair," "Central Airport," "Sailor's Luck," "Made on Broadway" and "Hold Me Tight"—she has had big chances, and how she has used them! She's going up where the stars are!

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Cover Design of Sally Eilers Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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Tip-Offs On The Talkies

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By James Edwin Reid

Ann Carver's Profession—Fay Wray has a holiday from terror in an interesting, but slow drama about a girl who succeeds as a lawyer, while her husband (Gene Raymond) is failing as an architect—and getting into trouble (Col.).

Baby Face—Without mincing matters, Barbara Stanwyck paints a telling portrait of a ruthless gold-digger who specializes in bankers. A bit torrid, and also a bit sordid (W. B.).

The Barbarian—A distant relation of "The Sheik," with Ramon Novarro as the handsome, swarthy lad who won't take "No" for an answer, and Myrna Loy as the fragile white beauty. Not too sophisticated—and not too believable (M-G-M).

Buddy Rogers returns to the screen in "5 Cents a Glass"—and is more sophisticated, as Marian Nixon discovers

A Bedtime Story—Maurice Chevalier, a gay bachelor, acquires a foundling and loses all his girl-friends, but finds out what home-life is like (with Helen Twelvetrees instructing). The baby steals the amusing picture (Par.).

Below the Sea—In this one, Fay Wray does get horrified—being imprisoned in an undersea chamber while Ralph Bellamy fights a deadly octopus outside. Made to order for the excitement-hunters (Col.).

Black Beauty—Anne Sewell's famous story about a horse has been modernized, but it still has everything that made it famous—with Alexander Kirkland and Esther Ralston besides. Don't let the youngsters miss it (Monogram).

Bondage—A simple and frank little story about a young unwed mother and the cruelties she endures in a reform school. The realists will cheer it; the sentimentalists will abhor it. Dorothy Jordan gives a great performance (Fox).

Cavalcade—One picture you will never forget—a saga of time marching on, carrying with it a small British family, whose lives are bound up with their country's life, in war or peace, in sad or gay times. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook are the memorable principals (Fox).

Central Airport—Richard Barthelmess takes to the air again—this time as a one-eyed stunt flier who has sensational adventures and an unhappy romance with Sally Eilers (F. N.).

The Circus Queen Murder—Again Adolphe Menjou plays that suave police commissioner, *Thatcher Colt*, and runs down another murderer. It's mild entertainment, which could stand a bit more suspense (Col.).

The Devil's Brother—A comedy, with music, about a bold, romantic bandit whose two dumb servants make his life dangerous. Dennis King supplies the excellent singing, and Laurel and Hardy furnish the uproarious slapstick (M-G-M).

Diplomaniacs—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey blunder in and out of a peace conference and start a war. Wisecracks, girls and songs surround them in this giddy burlesque. The fun is a bit rough (RKO).

The Eagle and the Hawk—One of the finest of all the war films—a sensitive, ironic story of an aviator hero (Fredric March) who sees himself as just a glorified killer, and of his hard-boiled observer (Cary Grant), who's looking for medals. It should get under your skin (Par.).

Elmer the Great—Ring Lardner's famous baseball rookie—who was a great player, but didn't know what it was all about—comes to the talkies. And Joe E. Brown does nobly by the comic character sketch (F. N.).

The Fighting President—The movies go biographical and tell the life story and aims of the present President Roosevelt. And an interesting history lesson it is (Univ.).

5 Cents a Glass—After a year away, Buddy Rogers returns to the screen a bit more mature and sophisticated, in a slight story of a romance between a boy whose father is a dry and a girl (Marian Nixon) whose father likes his lager. But it does have pep (Fox).

The Girl in 419—James Dunn, is a doctor who is too popular with the girls to want to fall in love, but does just that when Gloria Stuart is nearly killed and is mixed up in a murder. Jimmy's best since "Bad Girl" (Par.).

Hell Below—A picture of the dangers of being aboard a submarine in wartime, complete to the last harrowing detail. Walter Huston is fine as the commander; so is Robert Montgomery as his rebellious lieutenant. It's for the peace advocates (M-G-M).

Hello, Sister—James Dunn and Boots Mallory, who meet by the "pick up" route, discover that the course of sudden love doesn't run smooth. It all seems very familiar (Fox).

I Cover the Waterfront—You can't do better than this if you want some suspense and good acting. It's an exciting, true-to-life yarn of a reporter (Ben Lyon) who tries to trap a sly smuggler (the late Ernest Torrence), even if Claudette Colbert is his fiery daughter (U. A.)

I Love That Man—It's smart and it's different. Nancy Carroll finds life exciting after she teams up with Edmund Lowe, who knows how to make easy money—and spend it. She almost makes an honest man of him (Par.).

India Speaks—Half a travelogue of India, and half a fantasy with a Hindu setting, involving Richard Halliburton. First one, and then the other, it's confusing—and far from satisfying (RKO).

The King of Jazz—A re-issue of that high-priced musical of a couple of seasons ago, with some scenes added. It's a lot of revue for the money—if you like revues (Univ.).

The Kiss Before the Mirror—Frank Morgan, attorney for Paul Lukas, who has killed his wife, discovers that his own wife (Nancy Carroll) is unfaithful. What to do? The answer has suspense (Univ.).

The Life of Jimmy Dolan—When boxer Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., accidentally kills a man, he gets away from his past—but then meets Loretta Young, which complicates matters. There isn't much except a good fight (W. B.).

Lilly Turner—Again Ruth Chatterton arouses your sympathy for a lady of easy virtue who seems to have Fate against her—even with George Brent for her. A bit morbid, but the tent-show background is novel and the acting is beyond reproach (F. N.).

The Little Giant—Edward G. Robinson tries his hand at comedy (and does very well, thank you), playing a racketeer who retires with a million and thinks he's a candidate for high society (F. N.).

Looking Forward—Not a picture version of President Roosevelt's book, but a calm, interesting tale of how an idealistic underling (Lionel Barrymore) keeps an old London store in the running (M-G-M).

Lucky Dog—A novel picture, all about a dog, and boasting every emotion from laughter to pity. Chic Sale is the dog's pal (master, to you). It's something for every dog-lover, young or old (Univ.).

Made on Broadway—Robert Montgomery, a big-time press-agent, has ideas for making Sally Eilers the best-known girl on Broadway, but she thinks even faster than he does. Sprightly comedy (M-G-M).

The Masquerader—Ronald Colman satisfies his ambition to play a dual rôle—being both a drug-racked man of fame and the unknown who takes his place. Elissa Landi helps to make it continuously interesting (U. A.).

Vilma Banky comes back to films in "The Rebel"—to help Luis Trenker make a sensitive war film about Napoleon's day

The Nuisance—Lee Tracy practically talks his way to stardom as an ambulance-chasing lawyer who gives a traction company plenty of trouble, even when they try to expose him. It moves fast and it's loaded with laughs. Previewed as "Never Give a Sucker a Break" (M-G-M).

Peg O' My Heart—A lavish revival of the comedy about a little Irish girl who inherits a fortune on the condition that she live with some aristocrats. Marion Davies makes it what it is—amusing, even at this late date (M-G-M).

Picture Snatcher—As an ex-convict who wants to go straight, James Cagney lands a job as a photo-hunter on a muck-raking tabloid—and discovers that the job still makes him a racketeer. Cagney has never been better; every scene clicks (W. B.).

Private Detective 62—William Powell takes a hand at showing the world some of the unpleasant tasks a private detective is supposed to do—but the good acting is counteracted by a story that just doesn't ring true (W. B.).

The Rebel—In much the same setting as in "The Doomed Battalion," Luis Trenker fights for a hopeless cause—with Vilma Banky (welcome back to films, Vilma!) on his side. Restrained acting, an intelligent story, magnificent scenery (Univ.).

Reunion in Vienna—*Archduke* John Barrymore, after a ten-year exile, returns to find his former mistress (Diana Wynyard) still attractive, but married to a clever fellow (Frank Morgan). The two have a duel of wits for her. Grand fun for the sophisticates (M-G-M)

Samarang—A simply-told love story of the South Seas, with an all-native cast—the hero being a pearl diver. Exciting in spots, and interesting all the way. Silent, except for music (U. A.).

Fay Wray takes a holiday from horror and becomes a convincing lady lawyer in "Ann Carver's Profession"

The Silver Cord—A compelling, but overdrawn portrait of a mother whose possessive love poisons the lives of her sons. Laura Hope Crews is superb as the mother, with excellent help from Irene Dunne, Joel McCrea, Eric Linden and Frances Dee (RKO).

Song of the Eagle—This shows how racketeering got its start, and how it may meet its finish, with Richard Arlen and Charles Bickford the principal illustrators. The history-telling part is better than the melodramatic finish (Par.).

The Story of Temple Drake—A daring, vivid and sometimes brutal story of an excitement-crazy young Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins) who runs up against a vicious degenerate (Jack La Rue). You'd better dodge it if you're an old softie (Par.).

Terror Aboard—A horror story as is a horror story, telling in almost too much detail what happens to those aboard a yacht when the owner (John Halliday) wants all of them out of the way. Gruesome (Par.).

Tomorrow at Seven—A mystery yarn that is all in fun, with excitement and comedy balancing neatly. Chester Morris is the detective, with Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins as two comic cops (RKO).

The Warrior's Husband—A facetious farce about the ancient days, when women went to war and men wore the skirts. Elissa Landi is the sex-appealing chief warrior, David Manners the enemy who captures her, Marjorie Rambeau the mannish queen, and Ernest Truex her dainty husband (Fox).

Zoo in Budapest—An idyll of young love in a bizarre setting, with the lovers (Gene Raymond and Loretta Young) both homeless and both victims of an exciting search. One of the year's most beautiful films (Fox).

Famous Lovers

ADAM and EVE . . . . . .
first love and love at first sight

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA
a love that made the sphinx sigh

ROMEO and JULIET . . . .
the first of the porch-climbers

NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE
where a lover first met his Waterloo

and now

MARY BOLAND CHARLIE RUGGLES

in *"Mama loves papa"*

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman McLeod with

LILYAN TASHMAN GEORGE BARBIER

WALTER CATLETT ››› RUTH WARREN

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

$20.00 Letter
That WEST Gal

MATAWAN, N. J.—It is a well-known fact that actresses who portray loose-moraled rôles rarely achieve success, but once in a generation there comes along an artist of this type who becomes tremendously famous and popular and such an actress is the daring and bosomy Mae West.

Her portrayals of bawdy and lusty females, with dialogue as raw as anything ever dared on the screen, leave absolutely nothing to the imagination, but I have yet to hear of anyone who has been offended or who has not enjoyed her work.

And if Mae West never does another worth while thing for the screen, she has more than made movie history already and deserves a great BIG hand for making those half-starved ingénues self-conscious about their scrawny figures. Perhaps we will soon begin to see some healthy specimens on the silver sheet. Curves are really becoming fashionable since the unrestrained and vibrant West personality made an appearance on the screen.

Here's hoping we can see lots more of her—er-er don't misunderstand me, I mean in more pictures like "She Done Him Wrong" and when she places those hands, weighted down with huge sparklers, on her shapely hips and says, "You can be had,"—boy, flag the first express if you don't wanna be had. But if she ever says to me, "Come up 'n' see me sometime," boy, would I go?—Brother, would you go? Believe me, I'll come up 'n' see her in every picture that reaches my neighborhood theatre as well as other neighborhood theatres 'cause she "ain't ice."

I never before felt I owed any thanks to the talkies, but since Mae has made her appearance, and the talkies have made it possible for me to hear her impudent wisecracks drip from that luscious mouth of hers, I must say "Long Live the Talkies." *F.E.K.*

$10.00 Letter
More Musicals Like "Be Mine Tonight"

OAKLAND, CAL.—I saw a motion picture the other evening which sent me home floating in the clouds—happy and with a renewed hope in the screen's power to thrill and revivify. Surely in a day of world misery and appalling unemployment, with its toll of sadness and suffering, humans need to be lifted away from mundane conditions—transported to a realm of romance, beauty and simple naturalness. When a film production can accomplish these things, can make the world more livable and endurable, I feel that the screen is eminently worth while and that musical offerings need only follow a pattern of simple artistry and naturalness in development in order to win and hold the major portion of theatre-goers.

The film of which I speak is the lovely English production, "Be Mine Tonight." In my opinion, it is the finest musical presentation in screen history. A new day for films with music should follow in its wake. The story is clean and simple, the acting and singing of the star, Jan Kiepura, are joys to behold and the musical interludes are logically woven into the fabric of the plot. No finer example of the right way to produce a singing and talking film has yet come to the screen.

The scenic background—Alpine lakes, roads, taverns and snow-clad mountains—is so enchanting in its sheer beauty that one leaves the theatre feeling that the world isn't going to the bow-wows after all. Yes, by all means, let us have more musical films patterned after the formula of "Be Mine Tonight." *Joseph Connell.*

$5.00 Letter
Sweet, Unaffected Ruby

FAIRMOUNT, IND.—One needs only to see "42nd Street" to believe the old adage about the "ill wind." Fickle public fancy has turned away from Al Jolson and "Mammy," but the eyes that wept at his grand hooey now at last see proof of what a fine man he must be. The proof is Ruby Keeler, his wife. The man that girl loves cannot be other than the highest type.

An actress seldom appears who is the personification of all the charms and virtues the average man longs for in a woman and who is so self-effacingly modest and so unaffectedly sweet in demeanor that she is able to draw to her the feminine part of the audience as well.

Perhaps Al cannot share her with us long enough for her to become another "America's Sweetheart," but she is so much like a drink of pure water after a week-end of highballs that we must see more of her; and often.

Reg MacAllister.

More Power to You, Mr. Arliss!

PORTLAND, ORE.—I am feeling very magnanimous, want to pat all little children on the head and smile at the traffic cops. I have just seen another Arliss play! Believe it or not, this depression, slated to go down in history as the worst yet, like the proverbial cloud has its silver lining.

For a quarter, if I choose my time,

I can SEE and HEAR the great Arliss, sit amidst sumptuous surroundings, listen to soul-stirring music, and be completely transported by this man's magic to a world of mystery, intrigue or romance. No man has lived in vain who can do this for his fellow creatures. So, carry on, Mr. Arliss (I could never get so familiar as to call you George). Whatever the play, I shall pawn my Easter bonnet to see it if you are there. *Lillian Griggs.*

A Great Picture

CINCINNATI, O.—To those movie fans with jaded tastes, who think that pictures are an endless cycle of sex, crime, war stories and the like, I suggest that they see "The Sign of the Cross."

Spectacular, sensational, theatrical—over-produced and over-acted—so say many of the too-harsh DeMille critics. But after having seen this most lavish and entertaining production, I say that if "The Sign of the Cross" is pageantry, then it is pageantry of the finest quality. It is a great story of conflicting human passions and ideals engendered between pagan Rome and Christianity.

I don't know what movie fan could want more for his money—what with the matchless performances given by every member of the cast, topped by a highlight dramatic interpretation by Charles Laughton in the rôle of the vain and notoriously cruel *Emperor Nero.* *Mrs. Wilifrede Luther.*

Our Newsreel Star

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Whenever the grand, new star of the screen, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, flashes on in the newsreels these days, it just does something to me. His deep, earnest voice and sincere, courageous gaze equip me with so much courage that I go forth from the theatre ready to conquer a world or two, myself, and as for the depression—poof! That becomes a mere nothing when I realize that he is at the wheel to guide our ship through the stormy waters of the present.

The cyclone of applause that sweeps the auditorium at sight of him convinces me that I am not the only one upon whom he has this effect, and I've been thinking that the newsreels could play a very important part in restoring this country to its former prosperity if they would continue to give us a glimpse of him in every one of them, even if he hasn't time to spare from his terrific round of duties to do more than give us his grand smile of encouragement and to say: "Hello, everybody! I'm still on the job!"

Mabel Kramer.

Screen Helps Solve Problems

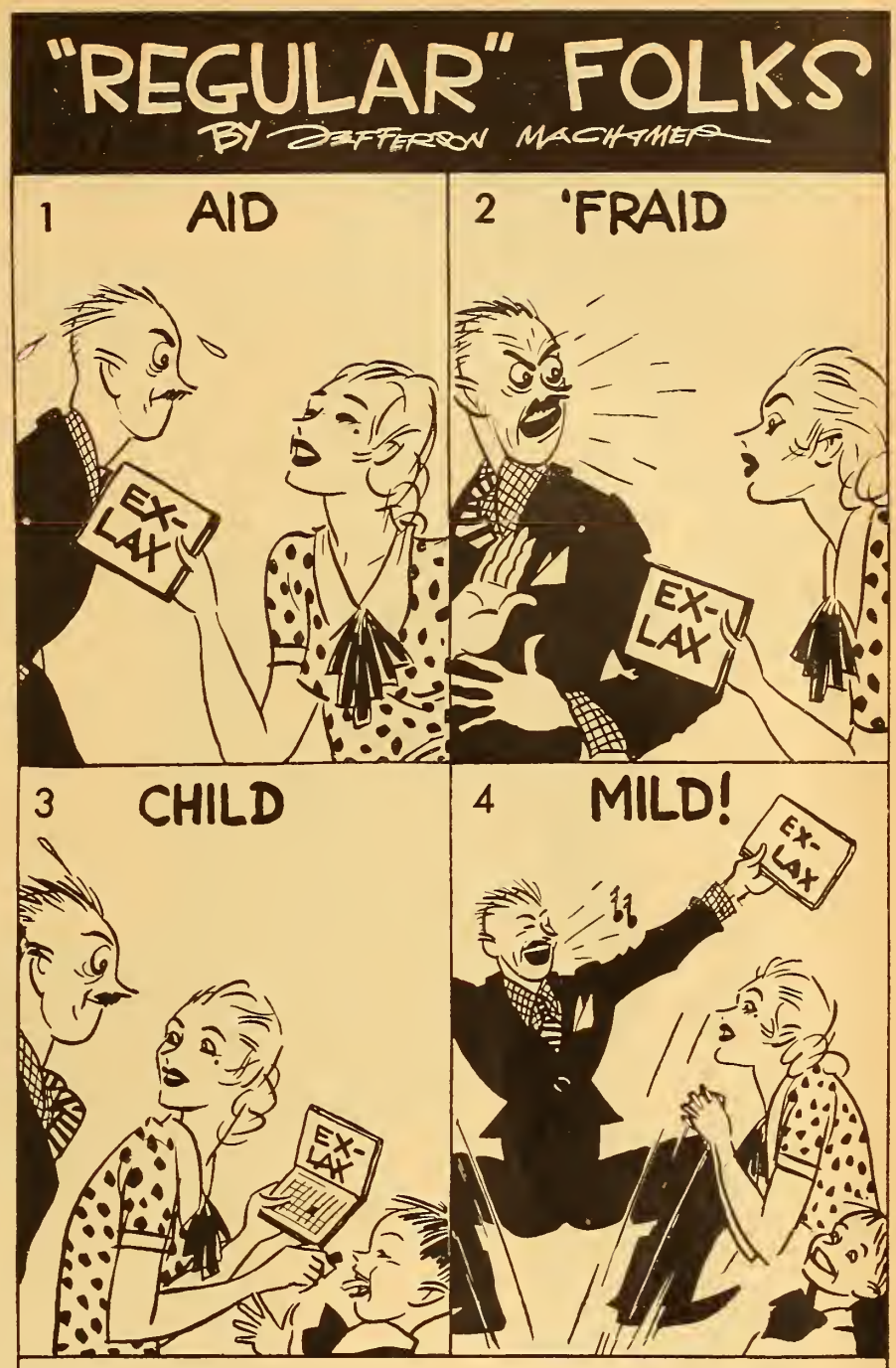
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Gratitude, that is what I feel for Warner Brothers for giving us such a wonderful little star as Bette Davis and such a daring story as "Ex-Lady."

The manners and morals of America's artistic set in all the modernity of to-day's and to-morrow's ideas could not be depicted more vividly.

The screen is solving so many problems of to-day, especially for the younger generation, that the mothers in the good old U.S.A. are applauding and are ever thankful for problem-solving pictures, played by such artists as Bette Davis and Gene Raymond.

(*Mrs.*) *K. U. Williard.*

(*Continued on page 15*)



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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—recently completed *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ames, Adrienne—playing in *Disgraced*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Angel, Heather—playing in *Berkely Square*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Three-Cornered Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—recently completed *Voltaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Jamboree*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Jennie Gerhardt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—recently completed *The Song of Songs*, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *In the Money*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bartheimess, Richard—latest release *Breadline*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Man of the Forest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Headline Shooter*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—recently completed *A Bed of Roses*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Arizona to Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—latest release—*Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—recently completed *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—latest release *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—playing in *Flaming Gold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brendel, El—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Midnight Club*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—recently completed *The Mayor of Hell*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing in *Flaming Gold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Torch Singer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—latest release *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Compton, Juliette—playing in *Berkely Square*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *One Sunday Afternoon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

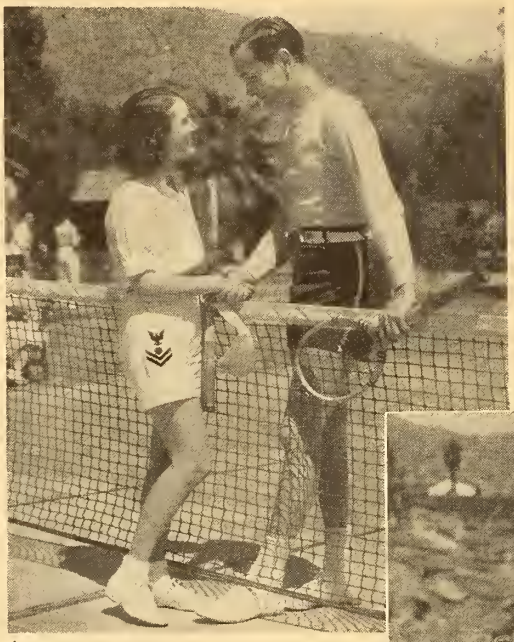
Crabbe, Buster—playing in *Stairs of Sand*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Hollywood Revue of 1933*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City.

* * *

Davies, Marion—latest release *Peg o' My Heart*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—latest release *The Working Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.



Acme

Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery recently met at Palm Springs and had some tennis—but it wasn't a love match. Janet is vacationing and Bob is happily wed and a brand-new Daddy

Wide World

While hubby Douglas Fairbanks is invading China with a movie expedition, Mary Pickford is exploring the desert trails near Palm Springs on a bicycle—and trying to decide what picture she'll make next

Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *The Public Be Sold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Arizona to Broadway*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Lady Sal*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *The Death Watch*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—recently completed *Dinner at Eight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Captured!*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *A Lady for a Day*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fenton, Leslie—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Foster, Norman—recently completed *Professional Sweethearts*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—playing in *The Man Who Dared*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garat, Henry—latest release *Adorable*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave, Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William—playing in *Headline Shooter*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—playing in *Her Bodyguard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *Gambling Ship*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Harding, Ann—playing in *Double Harness*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood.

Harlow, Jean—latest release *Black Orange Blossom*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lillan—playing in *My Lips Betray*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing in *Another Language*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—recently completed *The Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Man of Steel*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—playing in *Berkely Square*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—recently completed *Strange Rhapsody*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Boy Meets Girl*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jory, Victor—playing in *The Devil's In Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—latest release *International House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keeler, Ruby—latest release *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—latest release *Gold Diggers of 1933*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here

Landi, Elissa—latest release *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—recently completed *Flying Devils*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Brief Moments*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Her Bodyguard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Mack, Helen—playing in *Jamboree*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—latest release *The Eagle and the Hawk*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—recently completed *A Bed of Roses*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *In The Money*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Another Language*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *The Power and the Glory*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Melody Cruise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marlan—recently completed *Best of Enemies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *College Humor*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Life in the Raw*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Salt Water*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Double Harness*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Midnight Club*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Brief Moments*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Red Meat*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—recently completed *Best of Enemies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *In the Money*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Rogers, Will—latest release *State Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sale, Chic—playing in *Dangerous Crossroads*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Scott, Randolph—playing in *Stairs of Sand*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—latest release *Baby Face*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Talbot, Lyle—recently completed *Mary Stevens, M.D.*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—recently completed *The Stranger's Return*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—recently completed *Dinner at Eight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Shanghai Madness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Disgraced*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

West, Mae—playing in *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William, Warren—playing *A Lady for a Day*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Devil's In Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

ONCE

she did not know—

NOW

she laughs at calendars

How could she face people? A pallid, taut face told the story of pain. A calendar pain,—a headache, perhaps. Pain defeated her until she learned about Hexin.

No man likes to see you pale and wan. Unconsciously every one is attracted to the happy smiles of relaxed faces. How often has some ache or pain driven the color from your face, and put your nerves on edge? Pain, not work, defeats you.

New Scientific Formula

But science has made tremendous strides in the relief of pain. Hexin — the latest and gentlest formula — brings relief with lightning speed.

Now there is no need to fear calendar or any other simple pains or aches. They have become a thing of the past for hundreds of girls who know about Hexin.

How to Defeat Pain

At the first sign of an ache, simply take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water—then go about your business or pleasure as usual. What a relief to the modern woman or man who simply must carry on!

The Children's Remedy

Give us a remedy—mothers asked us,—a remedy our children can all take. Give us a gentler, milder pain and fever relief than those strong acid* tablets.

For their blessed relief, Medical Science produced Hexin, — the alkaline formula.

Physicians Prefer the Hexin Formula

All modern doctors know the Hexin *formula and endorse it enthusiastically. Do not confuse* Hexin *with old-fashioned pain-combatants.* Hexin *is new in every sense of the word. New in the improved sense. Different. New in quick action and safety. The last word in pain-relief.*

These white tablets do not upset children's delicate systems. Hexin is gentler and faster than other pain tablets, and works with equal effectiveness for adults.

Summer Colds and Hay Fever

In trying to break up a cold, do not make the mistake of adding acid* to an already acid stomach. Hexin relieves colds by combating the cause—by neutralizing stomach acidity.

Most people find that 1 Hexin tablet every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting.

Hay Fever sufferers say that Hexin also greatly relieves their discomfort.

*Aspirin is the trade name for Acetylsalicylic ACID. Hexin is *alkaline* (non-acid).

Modern Druggists Prefer Hexin

Buy a box of Hexin *today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy* Hexin *in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but* Hexin. *Nothing else is "just as good".*

Put a package in your purse today, or—write for a free sample.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 S. MICHIGAN AV., CHICAGO, ILL

HEXIN, INC., 8 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

M-3833

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By JAMES EDWIN REID

THE WAY OF ALL FRESHMEN

If there's anybody still left on the stage who can fling his feet around, it's young Hal Le Roy. How that boy can dance! And Mitzi Mayfair, who looks about seventeen and is smilingly sweet, is a nimble partner for him. They deserve to be in feature pictures, not shorts (even good ones like this). Hal plays a cadet who goes to a prom with Mitzi. Jeanie Lang flirts her way through a peppy song, Ben Dova clowns on a shaky lamppost, and the cadets and the girls do some snappy "military" dancing. But Hal and Mitzi literally race away with the show. (Vitaphone)

POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

You have to hand it to the Warner Brothers. They're the ones who are directly responsible for the return of musical pictures. And not the least part of their campaign was waged in their long series of two-reel musical comedies—where they practised on knitting stories together, injecting songs without slowing up things, and getting real pace into their efforts. This particular "Broadway Brevity" illustrates what I mean. It's built around Phil Baker, the wisecracking accordion king, who moves so fast that a speed cop gets him—and makes him late to his zippy night-club. (Vitaphone)

THE POOR FISH

The Lambs' Club is the Broadway actors' fraternity, and the Lambs' Gambols—the annual shows written and acted by club members—are famous. All female parts are taken by men. This little comedy plays with this idea. Leon Errol is to appear in a sketch with another actor, who's to wear skirts—and right after rehearsal they're going off on a fishing trip. In making the train, the actor doesn't have a chance to change into male garb, and when Errol's jealous wife spots him with a "woman," she suspects the worst. But Errol puts on a drunk act that is excruciatingly funny—and makes you forget that the plot isn't new. (Columbia)

LOOSE RELATIONS

Mother-in-law jokes are about as old as the human race—and sometimes they're almost as funny. They are when an expert tells them, or acts them out. And who, in two-reel comedies, is more expert at pantomime than Andy Clyde? When his mother-in-law comes for her first visit, Andy goes out of his way to please her—but it's a hopeless task. Her big St. Bernard appropriates the best furniture, a collapsible bed collapses on the dowager, and—well, they finally end up in a free-for-all fight. It moves along faster than mothers-in-law ever do—and as it moves along, it gets funnier and funnier. (Educational)

ROCKABYE COWBOY

If it was funny when Maurice Chevalier, a gay man about Paris, acquired an infant, what would it be like if three rough cowboys acquired one? You'll find the answer in this little bit of hilarity. James Gleason, Vince Barnett and Raymond Hatton are the three cowboys. It so happens that the baby they "inherit" is a girl, and after encountering some of the tribulations of nursemaids, they decide that one of them must marry to give the child a "mother." They toss for it and Gleason loses. He finds a wife, all right—and so do Barnett and Hatton—but their search will send many an audience into convulsions.(RKO)

A LAD AN' A LAMP

The faces in Our Gang may change, but the laughs go merrily on. Which is a big compliment to Hal Roach or whoever trains the succession of youngsters who appear in these comedies. This one ranks with the best. Hearing about Aladdin's magic lamp and the luck that it allegedly brought him, they go hunting for all kinds of lamps (from oil to bridge) and rub them hopefully. But they don't seem to be getting many results—until a stage magician and a monkey appear on the scene. Then plenty happens, while the youngsters on the screen go pop-eyed and the youngsters in the audience go hysterical. (M-G-M)

HOW TO BREAK 90

If possible, Bobby Jones' new golf shorts are even better than the ones he made last year. Those were for beginners; these are for more advanced students of the game. But don't think for a minute that they're of interest to golfers only. Even if you don't know a mashie-niblick from a billiard cue, you'll get something out of them. Each one of the series introduces some amusing "dub"—such as Joe E. Brown, Richard Arlen, Guy Kibbee, W. C. Fields, or one of several other actors—whose golfing mistakes are obvious. Then Jones shows you how each "dub's" game may be perfected—and makes it look easy! (Vitaphone)

A PAIR OF SOCKS

You seldom hear of minstrel companies any more, and you see precious little blackface comedy. It seems to have gone under a cloud—a dark cloud. But Moran and Mack are still "holding the fort," blacking up for short comedies. This one is somewhat more successful than their first efforts. Moran (or is it Mack?) boasts to a little cullud boy, "Security" (who was born blackface), that he is a great fighter. Soon afterward, the cullud champ appears, and the boy's hero-worship demands that Mack (or is it Moran?) fight him. Their bout is a comical burlesque—but "Security" steals the picture. (Educational)

How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New

"LIKE MOST EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD" she says **"I INSIST ON LUX"**

"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."

Hollywood says—don't trust to luck

—TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—*now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-bandbox look—always use Lux!*

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Wide World

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. How many can you name out of the group in the picture above?

2. Do you know the movie players who had a narrow escape at sea recently?

3. What screen star is part-owner of a baseball team?

4. Can you name the screen beauty who was married in Yuma, Arizona, early in May?

5. Who is the film villain against whom a $100,000 heart-balm suit has been filed?

6. Do you know Hollywood's newest and proudest daddy?

7. The death of which character actor saddened the hearts of all members of the motion picture colony?

8. Whom did Greta Garbo want as her leading man in her new picture?

9. Do you know the comedian who is rumored secretly wed and about to be just as secretly divorced?

10. In whom has King Vidor begun to show a romantic interest now that he is free from marital ties?

11. The undraped statue of what screen star has been placed on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair?

12. What well-known screen actress once said she would not marry the "collar ad type" of man and recently was married to her ideal?

13. Do you know who Dick Powell's best girl is?

14. Why does a certain motion picture player remove her shoes during the filming of some scenes?

15. Can you give Buster Crabbe's real name and do you know what his shoulders measure?

16. The announcement of the wedding of which movie personality was good news to Hollywood?

17. Whose home has been robbed of thousands of dollars in jewelry for the second time in less than a year?

18. Who, among the Hollywood film beauties, has the smallest waist?

19. How did Paris react to Marlene Dietrich's fad of wearing male clothes?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 80*)

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 9*)

"State Fair" Has Beauty and Charm

LYNCHBURG, VA.—After being fed up on booze, gangsters and shady ladies, it is indeed refreshing to see a clean and wholesome picture of everyday folk like "State Fair." Here is a picture that is like a breeze from fields of new-mown hay and sets one to longing for quiet lanes and cool country verandas. Never did I suspect that the beauty and charm of homely things on the farm could be brought out so interestingly on the screen. It should certainly help to give the "Back to the farm" movement impetus.

Let's have more pictures with clean-cut themes like "State Fair."

John Thomas.

Now, Jimmy, Behave

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—Although I am a sincere admirer of James Cagney—believing him the possessor of an engaging personality and remarkable histrionic talent—I am becoming a bit surfeited with his femme-framing rôles. Isn't it possible that Jimmy might be cast as a gentleman with at least the rudiments of politeness? About the only concession his pictures make to the mandates of Emily Post is that he is rarely depicted shellacking a lady when he is wearing a hat.

I do not believe that I am alone in wishing to see "L' Enfant Terrible" of the screen shorn of at least a portion of his cinema bellicosity.

Mrs. C. R. Pennington.

The Trouser Vogue

ST. LOUIS, MO.—All the magazines and newspapers are printing pictures of girls wearing pants, not just lounging pajamas, or knickers, or riding pants, but regular tailored pants.

Of course, it started in Hollywood and Marlene Dietrich is given credit for starting this fad. Other stars have been photographed wearing men's pants, and the fad threatens to spread over the entire country. The girls who are wearing pants give many reasons for adopting men's attire, but it is the opinion of many of us that they have only one thing in mind—to capture attention!

These Hollywood beauties had better go back to their chiffons, silks, and alluring feminine attire. That's the way the fans like them and they look *terrible* in men's clothes.

Mrs. James R. Ellis.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

A curve is the **smartest distance** between two points—

CURRENT fashions are built around youthful curves. Figures must be graceful, slim and rounded in the right places.

To look well in the new gowns, many of us must reduce. We must exercise. We must watch our meals. The carefully planned diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may turn sallow. Eyes become dull.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk" as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or use in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines — so often habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. At all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

GLORIA STUART, *piquant Universal Pictures star, has a perfect figure for the season's slim-hipped silhouette, as this delightful town tailleur clearly shows.*

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups" wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-8, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name _____

Address _____

The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By FRANK MORLEY

ALL in all, this month might be termed something like the Return to Normalcy. The theatres are doing business, the stay-up places are crowded, and the studios are entering into goodly production. It seems like the old days, with Hollywood apparently turned that corner we've been hearing about for so long. And is it nicer this way? Yowzah!

SIGNS that the town once more is itself, again, were made clear to the new arrival, Dorothy Tree, as soon as the publicity man of the company who brought her West saw the garter snake which Miss Tree had captured when her train stopped at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"Great!" cried the enterprising young man. "We'll get a cameraman quick and use the garter snake as a real garter in a still picture! What a gag! What a gag!"

Dorothy, a bit unfamiliar with the ways of Hollywood publicists, was a bit taken aback, but at last she agreed to the stunt . . . and a nice picture it might have made, too—if it had not been found that the twelve-inch snake was two inches short of encircling Dorothy's shapely leg. So that's one photo you won't see in any roto!

SPEAKING of both prosperity and—shall we say?—a lack of thinness, there is the director who rises to remark that "the success of Mae West is final proof to a skeptical public that we have at last rounded the curve."

NOT as an association of ideas, especially, but maybe here we should tell you about another director's defense of so-called "bedroom drama." Says John M. Stahl: "You spend the greater part of your life in a bed or a bedroom. You were born in bed, and die in bed. Here the fate of kingdoms is settled, and a man's whole career is shaped. It is the scene of life's greatest joys and tragedies. Where better could one find the real intimate story of anyone's life?"

Oh, Mr. Stahl!

EQUALLY frank is our old friend, Slim Summerville. Slim, like most comedians in real life, smiles very little. We asked him what it took to tickle his particular funny bone. And this is his list: Seeing someone stumble over an object; watching an inebriate hunt for his overcoat; observing a dignified person make a *faux-pas;* watching a fat man ride a horse; playing a practical joke on a stiff-backed friend; and seeing a grapefruit squirt into someone's eye.

Nice people to have around—these comics.

Wide World

Always the perfect host with the ladies, Jimmy Dunn registers "good etiquette" by pouring tea for Joan Bennett, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to getting things done for her. Jimmy and Joan are working together in a new talkie

WE'VE often wondered, for instance, if Gracie Allen really *does* have a brother, and, if so, does Gracie's mad chatter about her radio character affect him? The answer is yes on both counts.. His name is George, and Gracie confesses that "he is kidded to death at the office where he works, and he has actually been forced to move, and has to keep his address a secret.

"He had to have his phone taken out because the newspapers pestered him so much for interviews, and radio stations have been after him to put on an act. He's not at all silly like I am, but a respectable, hard-working and ambitious young man. Sometimes I feel ashamed of myself for causing him so much trouble, but I really think it's funny." But does George?

OF course, this may not be Gracie's fault, but it does seem odd the way in which the pun habit has been hitting the Paramount lot, now that Burns and Allen started it all. Stew Irwin, thinking of the pay slash, made some remark about "Oh well, here today and Guatamala." And then came the deluge.

"France, Romans, countrymen," Charlie Ruggles piped up, "are you willing and able to bear up under this burden?"

"Yes Siam," said Cary Grant, "but how about Gary Cooper?"

"They should have Hungary Cooper long ago," Jack Oakie said, grinning. "But if you're planning on it, don't let me Russia."

"It Greece me greatly to hear you talk like that," flipped Carole Lombard, while Wynne Gibson wanted to know:

"Java hear the one about the two Irishmen?"

To stop her Dick Arlen said: "Italia, I took my Poland caught two trout."

"I don't Bolivia," Frances Dee snapped, and Sylvia Sidney backed her up with: "Uruguay after my own heart!"

But when Sari Maritza cracked that she was "Danzig with tears in my eyes" we decided to go over to RKO and talk to King Kong!

BEFORE leaving the lot, however, we heard the news that Mr. C. B. DeMille is searching for the heroine for his next picture, and looking everywhere. The Old Marster is no piker when it comes to his wants. This is the young lady he seeks: "She must look like a Diana and act like a Bernhardt—have a dash of sophistication and vivacity, and yet be sweet and virginal."

Somewhat morosely, Mr. DeMille was of the opinion that "there is very little possibility of a Hollywood actress getting the rôle."

And we went away wondering just what item on the list Mr. DeMille believes the Hollywood girls might lack?

ON the other hand, James Pancoast, cab driver, is all for people of the cinema town—particularly his own select list of preferred people which reads: Harold Lloyd, Sylvia Sidney, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, George Raft, and Marion Davies.

The reasons for the popularity of this group with him, Mr. Pancoast states with the emphasis of the good business man: "These persons never annoy the driver about the way he drives. They are considerate. They never haggle over the amount of the fare and they tip liberally."

Just another of our little lessons on How to Attain Popularity.

MR. PANCOAST'S business ought to be a large and thriving one, if it is as tough locally for pedestrians as Will Rogers seems to think. Stranded in safety

zones so often, at hazard to life and limb, Will hopes this bicycle fad is going to last and make walking safe and sane again.

AMUSING as Will is, Hollywood gets more laughs—of another kind—from a certain actor much given to whoopee. The other night he gave a party, during the course of which he nervously asked one of the guests, "How many do you think are here?"

The guest looked around. "About seventy, I should say."

The host clapped him on the back. "Fine! I've got places for seventy-five, but I was worried. I had over a hundred acceptances."

THIS chap, however, had not got himself into anything like the trouble Lowell Sherman caused himself when he started practical joking with Katharine Hepburn. The last trick certainly went to Kate—when she got a half-dozen people on the lot to park their cars around Sherman's, set the brakes and lock the doors, and go home in taxis.

Sherman appeared later, to go into one of his celebrated rages—but to no avail. Nobody could get his car free, and he had to go home in a cab, too. A bad one to get started, that Hepburn!

ACCORDING to the newsreel boys, there's a "new deal" in Washington. They're thinking of the breaks they're getting from the new occupants of the White House. In the Hoover era, applications for newsreel shots had to be formally made and formally approved; moreover, they were infrequent, and White House underlings weren't permitted to talk before cameras. Now, the newsreel men aren't looked upon as necessary nuisances; they actually seem to be welcome. Their visits are frequent, and there is no ban on even the White House porters talking for the galloping pictures—if the newsreels want them to talk. Also, Franklin D. Roosevelt is a much better Thespian than Herbert C. Hoover—much more at ease before the camera and microphone. As a newsreel Barrymore, he has only one close rival in Washington—Secretary of the Treasury Woodin. The best leading lady the newsreels have had in ages is Mrs. Roosevelt. And no wonder the White House is now so friendly to the cinematographers! Secretaries "Steve" Early and Colonel McIntyre used to work for newsreel companies!

THE newsreel men are now being glorified in a feature picture, called "Headline Shooters." And about time! Some other interesting subjects of movies now being planned are: life at Malibu, Roosevelt's forest army, "The Kingfish" (with Edward G. Robinson as a fiery politician from the deep South), "The Great Ziegfeld" (with Billie Burke re-playing her real-life rôle of the Great Glorifier's wife), and "King Kong, Jr." (You didn't know there was a *Mrs. Kong*, did you?)

To Tell You the Truth Dept.:

Rudy Valentino's spectacular $30,000 limousine is for rent at a service station for $10 a day—with no takers . . . Fred March wants to play *Hamlet* . . . Columbia won't let Jack Holt play any more polo . . . and has received 1481 names for its new juvenile—who still remains Peter Adrian . . . John Barrymore went on the stage when he discovered that he had the family trait of eyebrow-lifting . . . and brother Lionel refers to the beards he is continually being forced to wear as "rabbit warrens" . . . Nils Asther has a Great Dane pup that eats five pounds of meat a day . . . and Charlie Ruggles holds that "the latest in men's fashions will always be women" . . . a philosopher!

EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET — *MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!*

WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES,

sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

MARCHAND'S FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells

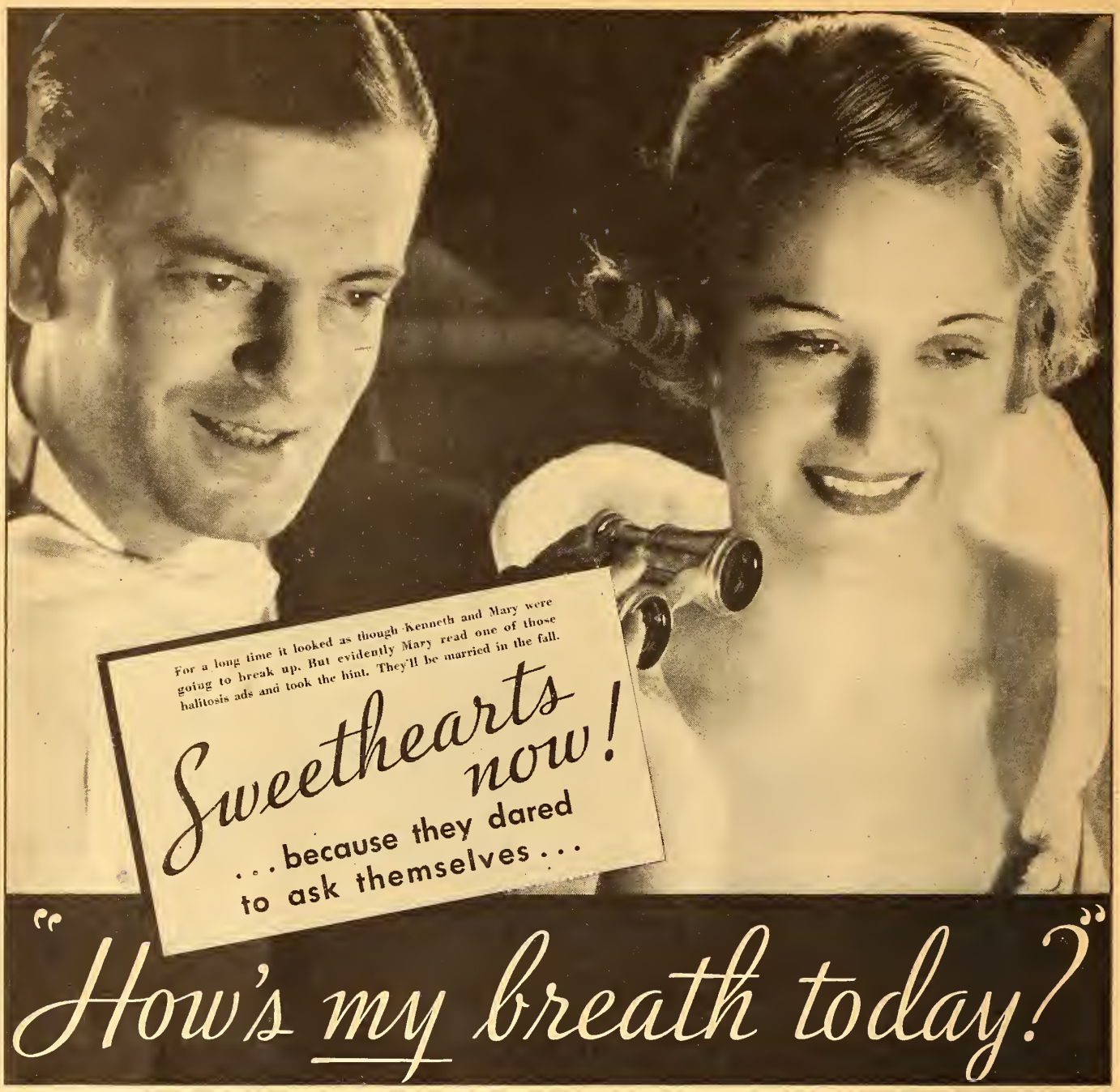
MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TO GET BY MAIL,
Fill in coupon, mail with 45c (stamps accepted) to—C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



ask yourself the same question . . . *then use Listerine*

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, halitosis is a constant threat, because its causes are common and of every-day occurrence.

Most cases of halitosis are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food left clinging to teeth and gums even after careful tooth brushing. A decaying tooth, a leaky filling, improperly-fitting bridgework, also cause it. And of course excesses of eating and drinking, and minor infections of the oral tract.

Recognizing this risk, why take the chance of offending others? Why not make sure your breath is sweet and agreeable today and every day? You can do it by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine on arising and before retiring—and if you wish to be particularly careful, before all social engagements.

Listerine halts fermentation, arrests decay, and checks infection, the major causes of breath odors—and then overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels clean, fresh, and invigorated. Your breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. When you want to be sure that your breath does not offend, use Listerine and Listerine only.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

KAREN MORLEY KEEPS HER CHIN UP!

What's Karen's secret? She just keeps cool and holds her head high! That's how she almost stole her first picture, "Romance," away from Garbo. And that's why, ever since, producers have been busy glorifying that calm, sophisticated determination. (They've just done it again in "Dinner at Eight.") Karen recently fell ill, but her chin is up—and she'll soon be back!

Pert Kelton is her full name—and per(t)sonality is what she has. Ever since she was nine, she has been on the stage — stealing shows by doing the unexpected. When she dances, for instance, she goes eccentric; and when she sings, she deliberately sings off-key. Doing either, she "brings down the house." There's no telling what she will do as Constance Bennett's hard-boiled girl-friend in "A Bed of Roses"—but it's safe to say she won't be like any gal you've ever seen before. Don't be surprised if she burlesques the type—or if Connie has to work hard to keep her from stealing the show!

PERT IS HER NAME AND PERT ARE HER WAYS

CLARK GABLE

When that earthquake came along, Clark was buying a new pipe—and the 'quake didn't stop him. That's the kind of he-man HE is! Something he's putting in that pipe and smoking these days is the information that he can't take that Summer vacation he planned. "Night Flight" and other pictures demand his presence here!

Has anyone noticed before that Loretta Young (left) and Ann Dvorak (below) resemble each other? You can't help but notice it in these new portraits! They both have long bobs, waved in much the same way; both have large eyes, and their eyebrows, chins and throats might belong to twins. But they're not being cast as sisters. Loretta is in "The Devil's in Love" at Fox, while Ann, back from Europe, is awaiting a big rôle at Warners after a year away

LORETTA AND ANN— SISTERS UNDER THE SUN-ARCS?

CONNIE GOES BACK TO JOEL

Constance Bennett is in the arms of Joel McCrea for the fourth time in "A Bed of Roses"—even leaving a life of fuss and feathers to be with him on a tugboat, where both defy the future. Above, you have a close-up of Connie during the feather stage, and a close-up of her famous "good luck" bracelet, given to her by the Marquis—who, by the way, has just turned producer and may direct her next picture late this Summer!

HOPEFUL HELEN

Helen Twelvetrees is taking time out to do a little praying — with those big blue eyes wide open. But what is there left for Helen to wish for? Her second marriage (to Frank Woody) has given her that serene kind of happiness—not to mention a M'sieu Baby all her own. A new way of wearing her titian-blonde hair has given her new beauty. Paramount has given her a big new contract. The critics and the public give her increasing acclaim. Moreover, she has outgrown that title of "the perfect ingénue" (which was handed her as a 1929 Wampas Baby Star)—and she should be thankful for that. But there still is one thing that Helen hopes for. She'd like a big chance to be memorable. Perhaps it will come along in "Disgraced"; perhaps later. It will happen some day soon — that's certain!

Lovely women use this Soap—Camay—to Win their daily Beauty Contests!

There is something infinitely appealing about the girl whose skin is fresh and lovely.

•

A compliment from a friend is a clue to what others think of your beauty. And if praise and graceful attentions come but rarely, perhaps you had better look at your skin and seriously think about changing your beauty soap.

It's the clever girl who *helps her beauty* by letting Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, *help her skin.* Your features may not be perfect. Yet your skin, if it is clear and lovely, can contribute so much to your charm! And creamy-white Camay is made to order for the feminine skin.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

With every passing day, thousands of women are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—taking up Camay.

You'd expect Camay to cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less. Check *that* up—and get a supply today!

Need it surprise you when we say that you—like every other woman in the world—are in a Beauty Contest every day you live? Surely you will agree that the curve of your lips, the expression of your eyes—the very coloring and texture of your skin, are seen and judged whenever other people look at you.

• *Apply Camay's caressing lather to your face with a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with clear, cold water. Then feel how refreshed it leaves your skin!*

• *Camay is creamy-white and pure—delicate on the skin and fragrant in your bath. It comes protected in Cellophane and yields gentle, profuse lather.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

At Last!!! Hollywood's New REDUCING DIET That's *Safe and Sane!*

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

Dr. Maurice LeBell is the sponsor of the "pomegranate juice" diet described here

THERE are diets *and* diets, and there are Hollywood diets—and any way you look at it Hollywood has been blamed, and rightly, for more freak diets than any place in the world. It's news if one has come along that is safe and sane. And it looks as if one has!

Do you remember the old pineapple-and-lamb-chop diet? Maybe it helped you, maybe it didn't. It reduced Nita Naldi and finally drove her into foreign films, where she could be herself. When the orange-juice diet finally swept into town (and that wasn't so very long ago), it was taken up by those stars whose weight was increasing alarmingly. Mary Miles Minter took it up, but it brought her down so quickly—in weight and in spirit—that she made an "about face" and gained both back again in double-quick time.

Then came the dawn, bringing with it the deluge. The much-ballyhooed diet—that terrible eighteen-day diet, which took the country by storm—became the DIET OVER HOLLYWOOD, as well as the entire United States. It drove flocks of hopeful beauty-seekers into hospitals with stomach ulcers. The eighteen-day dieters lost their health in losing their weight. Acidosis became the popular ailment of the day.

The diet was variously blamed on stomach specialists, on grapefruit-sellers, and on middle-aged actresses whose obesity annoyed them. (Their pet remark to their fat friends in regaining a sylph-like figure was: "Look, my dear, how slender I've become; you can be the same"—but they overlooked the havoc the diet had caused in giving them sunken eyes and turkey necks.) In fact, that diet was blamed on almost everybody except cheese-makers, pretzel-makers and brewers.

Liquid Diets Proved Dangerous

BUT if you think the eighteen-day diet taught Hollywood a lesson, you don't know your tomatoes. The stars were determined to find something that would reduce them and keep them healthy. So along came the tomato-and-egg-and-bouillon diet, with Mrs. Harold Lloyd as one of its champions. Others took it up, and it had quite a following for a while, but eventually the diet contingent rebelled and wanted something more radical. So they turned to liquid diets—which rapidly became the rage. Poor, outraged tummies (Punishment? How these tummies can take it!) folded up to the size of a cold-storage lemon and when, finally,

Patricia Wilson, Educational player, illustrates exercises that Dr. LeBell recommends. The one above reduces the thighs

Patricia is reducing the fatty tissue back of the shoulders by the "pull-up" exercise at the left. Above, she is performing an energetic "three-in-one" exercise, which reduces the stomach, hips and thighs

Curves may have come back, but movie stars still have to watch their weight. However, they aren't risking their health on freak diets, or risking their beauty by too much exercise! They're keeping to a diet and to exercises that have been tried and tested by a doctor. Here they are!

Miriam Jordan is enjoying Dr. LeBell's suggestion of pomegranate juice, a raw vegetable salad, one slice of gluten toast, and two slices of raw pineapple

some foreign noblewoman died because of a liquid diet that shrank her noble insides to ignoble size, Hollywood took time out and went on an orgy of eats.

But wait—was Hollywood through flailing the flesh? Not so you could notice it! There came the surgery craze. Molly O'Day had pounds cut off her; Peaches Browning had her legs carved right on the hoof; rumors cropped up of other girls who were victims of plain and fancy stitching. Observers saw that the pounds came back that way—so that system was out.

The town was still determined that fat should go the way of all flesh, so it flocked to a masseuse or three. Their heavy hands pounded off the plumpness and left what some stars claimed were stringy-furrowed expanses of "excess baggage" where once there had been cuddlesome curves. There has also been the craze for exercise, like the revived one of bicycling. But this, too, has its pitfalls. Jack Dempsey has always advised women to avoid anything but the lightest of exercises. "It builds muscle, and that leaves more room for fat to grow between the tissues," he says.

How New Diet Won Fame

WITH all these "thinning-out" ideas to its discredit, it begins to look as if Hollywood ought to make good with a safe and sane system of reducing that the fans of the world could copy. Just such a system appears to have come up over the Hollywood horizon with the so-called pomegranate juice method of Dr. Maurice LeBell. This method first began

Left, above, Patricia Wilson is doing the "scissors" exercise—a thigh and ankle reducer—in which the legs are held stiff and alternated rapidly in the air, not touching the floor. At the right, she shows the proper position for the "bicycle" exercise. Note that her arms are held straight at her sides. If she clasped them behind her head, she would BUILD muscle

attracting attention several months ago through Dr. LeBell's reduction of Patricia Farley, a young actress at Paramount, but chiefly through the spectacular results he obtained with Cherie May, a stunt actress.

Cherie May has done stunts in films for nine years. One of her most recent stunts was doubling for Fay Wray in "King Kong" in climbing up and down the ropes over the face of the cliff. She also doubled for Janet Gaynor in "Tess of the Storm Country," for Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny." She has doubled for Marion Davies—and, at one time or another, for practically every feminine star in the business. In the last few years she had been gaining weight steadily—and it was becoming increasingly impossible for her to wear the clothes and costumes of the stars for her doubling scenes.

Because of a crushed chest that Cherie May suffered while doubling for Lenore Ulric in "Frozen Justice"—an injury caused by her falling several feet and striking a rock—she could not exercise. Because of these difficult and strenuous stunts, which include hair-trigger parachute-jumps, she could not go on a diet that would starve her to the point of nervousness and exhaustion. So Cherie May consulted Dr. LeBell and he reduced her *from one hundred and fifty-eight pounds to one hundred and eighteen pounds*—and her weight has not come back. That is because the LeBell method is built on a normalizing system that corrects the causes of excess weight, rather than simply removing it and allowing it to return again later.

Since then, the tide has turned Dr. LeBell's way, and the weighty troubles of Hollywood are being laid on his capable shoulders.

Pomegranate Juice Recommended

HOLLYWOOD, only too eager to snatch at catchwords, has labeled Dr. LeBell's method "the pomegranate juice diet." Drug stores all over the country have been exploiting the pomegranate juice with advertisements and menus and calling it the newest Hollywood rage. It is not exactly new, as a number of dietitians have recommended it for years.

Pomegranate juice, in itself, is entirely wholesome, and when squeezed at home through a cheese-cloth bag or in a fruit press, with the skin taken off, is a potent hemoglobin-builder (hemoglobin is a pretty important thing to have around in your blood) and body-regulator—more so than the juice of any known fruit. When purchasing pomegranate juice, be sure of your brand, as tannic acid in the skin of the fruit is often to be found in some of the bottled varieties—and tannic acid in the juice is dangerous to susceptible people, if taken in any quantity.

During seasons when pomegranate juice cannot be made from fresh fruit, some varieties of canned juice, if they guarantee the absence of the tannic acid from the skin, may be used. Other fruit juices, if unsugared—like the diabetic pineapple juice and the grapefruit juice, unsalted sauerkraut juice and tomato juice—can be bought canned very conveniently, and used to alternate with the relatively expensive pomegranate juice. Orange juice in large quantities is not advised, as it tends to produce flesh through bloating, coupled with its natural sugar content.

Glands Need Stimulation

"EVERY person is an individual case, and I prefer to deal with them that way," said Dr. LeBell when interviewed about his method. "There are usually some glandular

(*Continued on page 62*)

Below, Dr. LeBell shows Patricia Wilson how to do the "woodchopper" exercise. (You never saw a flabby woodchopper, did you?) It starts with the body upright and the hands clasped over the head

Dr. LeBell's diet, Hollywood claims, not only removes excess weight, but corrects its causes. He recommends exercises in addition, if they are done correctly. At the left is a good waistline reducer—spreading the legs and swinging out to touch the toes with alternate arms. Right, Patricia Wilson rises from a prone position, with knees flexed, and touches her toes—to make her whole body firmer

The Marriage Secret of Kay Francis—*Never Told Before*

Everyone knows that Kay was married to Dwight Francis when very young—and divorced very young. Everyone knows that she is now happily married to Kenneth MacKenna. But did you know that Kay has been married THREE times? Read this amazing interview and discover a new Kay!

By GLADYS HALL

EXTRA! EX-TRA! Read all about the biggest scoop of the month—no, the year! Read all about Kay Francis' Marriage Secret and Unknown Husband! Turn to the chapter in Kay Francis' life *that has never been told before.*

Kay, everyone has thought, has been married twice. Once when she was seventeen, to Dwight Francis—which wedlock was dissolved in Paris when she was nineteen. And again, fairly recently, to Kenneth MacKenna, actor-director of the stage and screen.

But no one has ever been told before that in between these two marriages *there was another marriage*—a marriage she has never talked about all this time, keeping it closed fast in the locket of her memory, secret and secure. A marriage that took place when Kay was nineteen and was rent asunder two years later, when she was twenty-one. So that Kay was twice married and twice divorced before she was twenty-two. . .

I lunched with Kay the other day and to give you the whole story from the very beginning, to tell you how the deep secret finally came to light, I'll tell you exactly what was said between us.

I said, "I want a story as IS one, Kay—something different, something new. Isn't there some hidden chapter in your life?" (Her clear, amused eyes flickered.) "Isn't there some strange interlude of which you have never spoken? Isn't there something mysterious and romantic that has never been told, never been printed before?"

At first Kay said No, there wasn't anything she could think of. Everything had been printed that was worth printing. She hoped I wouldn't ask her to talk about clothes because, really, if one more interviewer should ask her what kind of material she likes best, there would be a dead interviewer and a murderess proud of her crime!

How Her "Secret" Came Out

I SAID, "All right, I won't talk to you about clothes, because I don't want to be murdered. But—if I don't talk about clothes, then let's make a bargain: no clothes-talk in exchange for a hidden chapter in your life? How about it? You must have one. You're the Dark Lady-of-the-Sonnets type. Dark Ladies *always* have secrets—"

Kay looked thoughtful, considering . . . so thoughtful and so considering that my reportorial heart did a flip-flop.

She said, at last, "Yes, I have a story I could tell you. I have a story—one that has never been told before, one that I thought I should never tell. I don't know whether I ought to, or not . . . it might not be quite fair to him . . . I'm a little bit *afraid* . . ."

It was not easy to overcome her reticence. It was not easy to persuade her that her untold story might be told without mentioning any names—and that she would feel the better for telling it.

But, finally, Kay took a deep breath and said, "I'll tell you. I've been married *three* times, not two. Kenneth is my third husband, not my second. There was a second marriage in between the first one—and Kenneth. This is the story that has never been told. I haven't *tried* to keep it secret. It just *was*.

"I was married the first time when I was seventeen, as you know, to Dwight Francis. It didn't take. You know that, too. I finally decided to go to Paris, to get a divorce. My husband and

(*Continued on page 68*)

HOLLYWOOD GOES *Buy-Buy!*

What! Are screen salaries shrinking? The stars certainly aren't hoarding their cash! From Gary Cooper to Marie Dressler, they're buying while the buying's good—getting everything their hearts desire—putting money into circulation. Why not?

YOU'VE heard how freely the stars of Hollywood spent those fabulous salaries in the dear old pre-depression days. And this year, while reading about the near-crash of the movie industry, you've probably wondered if the gay aristocrats of the screen have maintained their lavish mode of living. Well, wonder no longer. They have!

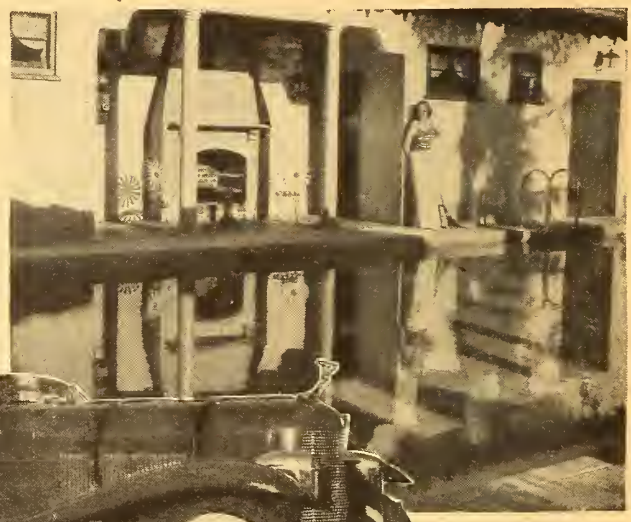
Nero never lived in Movietown-by-the-Pacific, and Hollywood is not literally afire—but there *is* a sound of fiddling in the air and, by way of accompaniment, there is the musical clinking of swiftly moving coin. The stars are on a spending spree!

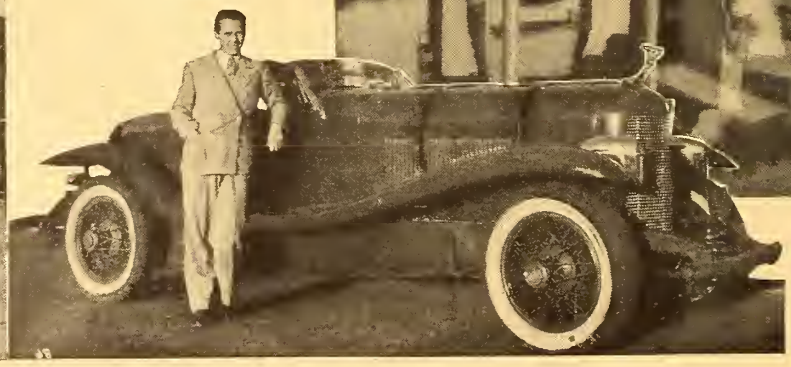
They worked on half-salary for two months last Spring and they're not at all sure that next Fall will not find them working on even less. Twenty-five per cent of the sound-equipped theatres in the United States are closed and the other seventy-five per cent are famishing for want of business. There's hardly a day that doesn't bring word of a new Hollywood bankruptcy. But . . .

"Why not keep a few modistes in business?" laughs Carole Lombard as she places an order for the most ultra wardrobe in her ultra-dressed career. "Why not gratify my life-long hobby while I have the money?" ponders Gary Cooper and forthwith spends a modest fortune to have his low-slung Deusenberg converted into a racing car. "There has never been a better time to buy," declares Edmund Lowe, as he purchases an apricot orchard.

Hollywood has gone buy-buy—and the real estate man on the corner, the merchant on Broadway, the trapper in his isolated cabin, and the lumberjack in Washington are reaping the benefits. Uncle Sam has declared war on hoarders, but he'll find poor hunting in the Hollywood hills, for the folk of Movieland are hoarding nothing more valuable than their press

Hard times? Leila Hyams has hired a contractor (left) to build her a new Beverly Hills home. Adrienne Ames (right) has acquired a new and luxurious swimming pool. Alexander Kirkland (below) has a brand-new racer





By
JOHN L.
HADDON

Ramon Novarro, who lived with his family for years, waited for the depression before building a home of his own. And such a home! Ramon designed it, himself, and made it the last word in modernistic houses (left). Below, you see the drawing-room of Claudette Colbert's home, after she did a little redecorating

clippings. If the return of prosperity hinges on the circulation of money, as more than one famous economist has declared, the rest of the world might well sit at Dame Hollywood's feet and learn a lesson.

Can't Lose the Spending Habit

TO be perfectly honest, there probably are very few stars who spend their money with the purely idealistic purpose of stimulating business. On the contrary, they are selfish—even as you and I. They spend because they see something they wish to buy and because they have the money to buy it. They spend because prices have dropped to the lowest level reached in a generation. Furthermore, they spend because it is their nature to spend.

Actors, as a class, are far more like the optimistic grasshopper than the thrifty, pessimistic ant. They have what the French call *gaieté de coeur*. When they have money, they live like kings; when they have no money, but have credit, they still live like kings; and when they have neither money nor credit, they go window-shopping.

Not long ago, there were a number of actors in Hollywood who tried to be business men. They played the market and—like most market-players—lost everything but the clothes on their backs. Others built up very impressive bank accounts—and the bank doors closed on their savings. So what? "We might just as well spend it while it's ours to spend," says Hollywood. "Let's go buy a new house . . . and a new car . . . and a new cut-away for the butler. Let's go buy . . . buy . . . buy . . ."

Right, Walter Huston's new "cabin"

Gary Cooper (right) has satisfied a big ambition — to own a racer. And Marie Dressler now owns the home above him

Look at Wallace Beery. A few years ago, by dint of careful saving, he was worth at least a million. Then the stock market collapsed, two banks closed, and he found himself on the verge of bankruptcy! Being a philosopher, he survived the shock, but now he's spending that weekly pay-check on several enterprises which he once felt he couldn't afford.

(*Continued on page 83*)

WANTED! A Society for the Prevention of *Cruelty to Movie Actors!*

The beasts that play in films are all protected by humane societies, but the beauties aren't. Of course, it's difficult to decide just what IS cruelty to a movie star. But maybe it can be done. Anyway, here's enough evidence to make you wonder!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustration by Jefferson Machamer

WHEN they were making the bull-fighting sequences in "The Kid from Spain," numbers of earnest ladies and gentlemen—representatives of humane societies—appeared each morning and sat upon the set all day, seeing to it that the dear little bulls (imported from Mexico for their special ferocity) were treated with consideration and that no harm should come to them. That is the custom whenever animals are used in a picture. But no one ever comes to see that the human actors are kindly treated.

And it appears to me that they need a little protection from time to time, quite as much as do the dogs and cattle and lions employed in the outdoor epics. So I propose that, here and now, we organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Movie Actors. I feel sure that such a humane movement is needed and will be appreciated.

Why, I recall that when dog comedies were being made out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in warm weather, the stages on which the little four-legged actors were working were artificially cooled by iced air, blown in by large electric fans. Well—the weather was just as warm where Joan Crawford was working. But she didn't get any iced air. Of course, Joan's tongue doesn't hang out when she becomes overheated, spoiling her looks. Just the same, it did seem a little unfair that Joan wasn't leading a life as super-comfortable.

I went to see Karen Morley one day not long ago. She was working in three pictures at once. Now, Karen's health was not all that Karen or her employers could have wished at that moment. After lunch we went to her dressing-room and a doctor came and whipped out a large and vicious-looking hypodermic needle, containing some sort of energy-building fluid, which he poked into Karen's side—whereupon she fainted and almost scared me into one of those spells that my Aunt Emma used to have. I went scurrying after a glass of water, uncertain as to whether I should throw it at her or pour it into her. She recovered quickly and neither was necessary—but she had to go back to work almost immediately afterward. And she was scheduled to work that night on retakes on another picture.

It wasn't the studio's fault, one supposes, that they had to make those retakes. Every studio makes retakes on every picture. But it was pretty hard on Karen.

Boris Doesn't Call It "Cruelty"

BORIS KARLOFF, too, had a bit of retake trouble. He was working in "The Mummy," having, as he thought, finished work on "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Now, Boris' make-up in "The Mummy" took three hours to apply and was, to say the least, extremely uncomfortable to wear. It took him more than an hour to get the stuff off each evening

I went scurrying after a glass of water, uncertain whether I should throw it at Karen or pour it into her

when he had finished work, and his poor face was raw and sore from the various things he had had on it. Well, for some time he had to go through that each day and then, having accomplished his scenes and removed the goo from his countenance, he had to return to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer —a number of miles away—and work far into the night on retakes on "Fu Manchu."

Of course, Boris is comparatively new to stardom and he is naïve enough to be earnestly grateful that stardom should have caught up with him after twenty years of struggle. "Certainly this present job has its discomforts," he agreed when I commiserated him. "But, you see, I have spent most of my life working toward a chance like this. I have had jobs in the meantime that were more uncomfortable and did not pay me half so well in money or satisfaction.

"After all, a tailor who sits, cross-legged all day long, stitching away on coats and pants, must get pretty tired, too. His muscles must ache and he must be worn out at the end of a day. Yet, he chose to be a tailor and he would look pretty silly if he complained about the drawbacks of his job. Well, I chose to be an actor and I'd look even sillier if I complained about the drawbacks of mine!"

I quote these remarks of Boris at such length because they show a distinct change of attitude among the newer picture stars. Actors, as a class, are known to be chronic wailers. Most of them can reach spectacular heights of self-pity with practically no encouragement whatever. But, owing to the size of their houses and the luxuriousness of their yachts, people have found it a little difficult up to now to achieve too much sympathy for them. As one writer was heard to remark, after listening for a whole afternoon to the recital of an actor's wrongs, "I find it extremely difficult to sob very much over anyone whose salary exceeds a thousand dollars a week!"

But here of late, what with competition the way it is and times the way *they* are, studios have become a little less tender with their charges. An actor represents an investment and he had better bring in dividends on the salary paid him —or he will find himself putting that yacht up for auction in no time! One way to make him do that is to use him in as many pictures as possible.

Joel McCrea made twelve in less than a year. Then there was George Raft. George worked steadily for months and months, with scarcely a week-end to call his own, until finally he became so weary that he asked for a vacation. He thought that he would like to get away somewhere for a little while, he said. Why, certainly! Of course! He *should* have a change, the studio agreed. So they sent him out on the road for five weeks of personal appearances with several shows daily.

(*Continued on page 79*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

Fryer
Joan Blondell explains her popularity by saying she's "plain, like thousands of other girls." Anyway, having finished "Goodbye Again," she has been shattering some personal appearance records!

WHAT has become of Garbo? When she landed at San Diego and was so cordial, everyone thought maybe she wasn't going to be the silent Swede any more. But apparently she is going to be "just as much." Few people, even at her own studio, have seen her—and certainly the reporters haven't been invited to tea. Incidentally, rumor has it that her new contract calls for $250,000 per picture, two pictures a year for two years, and final say on stories, casts and directors. She negotiated it, herself, too—not having a "business manager" these days.

By any standard, Ernest Torrence was a great man. He towered six feet four. He had no superior as a character actor. He was spiritually sensitive, appreciative of the finer things of life; he wrote music. He was on his way back to Scotland for a holiday when he died in New York. But his ashes will repose in Hollywood, which he loved and which loved him—and will sadly miss him.

Hollywood is in mourning for Ernest Torrence, dead at fifty-five. His last picture was "I Cover the Waterfront"

HARRY EDDINGTON was formerly Garbo's "manager." And guess who is under his management now! None other than Marlene Dietrich, who sprang a surprise and signed a new contract with Paramount — after all those "feuds." While she is abroad, visiting her husband, Rudolph Sieber, her dressing-room is padlocked; it will be kept sacred. But Marlene's trousers (and those certainly have been good publicity-getters!) have not been under lock and key. They have been causing riots in Europe, from all accounts. More interesting news, perhaps, is the tip that the nude statue of Marlene used in "The Song of Songs" is on exhibit at the Century of Progress Exhibition. All aboard for Chicago!

The Garbo publicity still is shrewd. According to one report that was allowed to "leak out," Greta wanted John Gilbert for her leading man in "Queen Christina." Another had it that the leading man she sought was Ronald Colman. Either way, the publicity men knew the G. O. Public would applaud her "wanting" co-stars of such calibre!

IT looked at first as if Hollywood weren't going to have its beer or wine—that is, without going into the heart of Los Angeles to get it. An ordinance forbade its sale in the movie suburb. But a vote has been taken, and now it's as legal as kissing your mother. According to chatty old Dame Rumor, speakeasies—which aren't fashionable any more—are trying to sell their bars to stars for home use. But many of them are already well supplied. Raoul Walsh, for example, has a tap room that puts to shame those that Dickens wrote about. Studios are trying to limit workers to one bottle apiece for lunch—to curb afternoon laziness . . .

Is Hollywood doing things to Dorothea Wieck, or vice versa? Certainly, the "calm" little German star is making friends fast!

"IT'S a boy. Mother and child both okay," wired Richard Arlen, before we had even had a chance to read the morning paper. That's telling the world that you're a proud papa! And now it's Bing Crosby who's passing out the cigars.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

MONOGRAM is thinking of abandoning Westerns—and Rex Bell is one of its Western stars. Where will that leave Clara Bow's husband? Free to be the business manager of his famous wife? Clara, by the way, hasn't given up the screen again. She's just having difficulty finding a story to suit her.

Dorothy Jordan is swimmingly happy. She's the bride-to-be of Merian C. Cooper, and the star-to-be of "Three Came Unarmed" opposite Joel McCrea

LESLIE HOWARD is finally off to England, after trying—though not too hard—to get there for several months. Catch him in an unwary moment, and he'll admit that he doesn't expect ever to be able to quit California's sunshine permanently. He went back to Blighty to star in "The Lady Is Willing," which, by the way, he will also direct. Meanwhile, his newest play, "He That Has," is being produced at the Hollywood Playhouse. All in all, it looks as if Leslie isn't wasting a moment of his young life. When he returns he will make "Of Human Bondage."

Ray Jones

In "I Loved You Wednesday," Elissa Landi plays a dancer. And in real life, she has just danced out of Hollywood and over to London to see her husband, John Lawrence. She rebelled against the next role assigned her

WHEN Dorothea Wieck, the sensitive teacher of "Maedchen in Uniform," arrived in Hollywood, the reporters expected to meet a primly intellectual beauty. Which shows how completely she convinced everybody that she was the character she portrayed! Instead, the boys found her charmingly direct, with not a bit of self-consciousness. On the way to the party at which she met them, she didn't preen herself for the ordeal; she tickled the press-agent who was her escort. Then, as if this procedure were not unorthodox enough, she failed to partake of the luncheon provided. On the way home, she announced that she was hungry. The obliging press-agent—now mentally tickled—stopped his car at a hamburger stand. And she ate!

The George O'Brien-Marguerite Churchill romance still flourishes. When George was in mid-ocean, returning from abroad, he radiophoned to Marguerite, then in New York. When she was in mid-ocean, returning from London, George radiophoned to her from Hollywood. With Marguerite in New York on the stage, George kept the overland wires humming. Now she is in Hollywood—so look out for developments!

LEE TRACY isn't the lad to let a bit of success go to his head. No, ma'am. Hopping off recently for a four weeks' vacation in New York, he was offered (by the studio) a big suite at one of the big town's biggest hotels, where he could entertain lavishly during his Broadway stay. But Lee couldn't see the idea at all. He preferred, instead, to go back to the same New York hotel in which he wore the carpet threadbare with his pacing between plays.

Two stars have taken on big new sidelines. Gary Cooper has bought hundreds of acres of desert near Palm Springs and is going to erect a desert resort to rival the older one. At least, that's the word around town. And Robert Armstrong has started a fight club. He has about thirty boys, all amateurs, on the string, and will match and re-match them until he has a strong aggregation.

NOMINATED as The Funniest Sight of the Month: George Raft and Jack La Rue seated at adjoining tables at the Brown Derby, trying—oh, so hard!—to radiate an air of joviality under the eyes of everybody in the restaurant.

De Voy

Before "Cocktail Hour," Jean Cameron was a "stand-in" for various stars. Now she's a "discovery." That's Hollywood!

WITH warm weather upon us, Yuma is again taking its place in the sun. First Mrs. Mabel Cooper, mother of the inimitable Jackie (who, by the way, claims that he has already taken a $76,000 salary cut for the next two years), "eloped" with Charles Bigelow, Chicago business man—and gave Yuma a sight of a movie marriage again. And the following week, Billie Dove and Robert Kenaston, young California realtor, appeared before Judge Earl Freeman to say their "I do's." Billie's retirement from circulation has caused acute disappointment among her many swains—who'll miss the publicity.

The third Yuma wedding of the month was that of Minna Gombell and Joseph Sefton, Jr., San Diego banker. The couple, clad in riding clothes, rode into town, were married, and rode out again. That, we contend, was something new in movie marriages—and it's bound to turn up in a scenario some day. If you remember, this was the romance Minna denied so long—and with such surprising blushes.

ONE of the most dramatic incidents in the off-screen life of any star happened when Ann Harding was thrown into the sea, two miles off Cuba, when a sailing boat upset. She clung to the upturned boat—with Alexander Kirkland and her secretary for companions—until rescuers spotted her skirt, held aloft on an oar. Their sailor, attempting to swim to shore, was drowned. Together, she and Kirkland (who deny those romance rumors) contributed $5,000 to a fund for the sailor's widow. Ann still showed the shock of her exposure upon her return (she was cruelly sunburned), but started work on "Double Harness" the very next day.

Lilian Harvey says that she has to like her leading man to make romantic scenes convincing. And John Boles scores a hit with Lilian both in "My Lips Betray" and between scenes

MOVIES get them all eventually. Now it is Katharine Cornell, who announced vehemently more than a year ago that she would never make a motion picture. She is considering the scripts of both "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Good Earth" at the behest of M-G-M.

Here we were planning to report the month-by-month progress of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s contemplated campaign of re-wooing his ex-wife, Joan Crawford—and Doug lets us down. He has gone off to Europe to stay until he finishes his novel, "So Many Summers." But he DID spend the last evening with Joan, dining and dancing. Now, if Joan should also go abroad—?

HERE and there (mostly there): Barbara Stanwyck is taking what she calls "a second honeymoon." She's back on Broadway for the summer, co-starring with Frank Fay in the revue, "Tattle Tales" . . . Jimmy Durante had his leave extended so that he could stay on Broadway a little longer in "Strike Me Pink"—but all good shows have to end sometime . . . Lupe Velez, who strikes him pink (right on the schnozzle), has signed a new film contract. Ah there, Johnny Weissmuller! . . . Brian Aherne, who is going to have all the girls excited when they see "The Song of Songs," has dodged the Hollywood flattery by going off to London for the summer—to play on the stage in "Wild Decembers," opposite Diana Wynyard. But both will probably be back in the Fall . . . Chic Sale, of "Specialist" fame, has concocted another book—relating the experiences of a champion corn-husker in crashing Hollywood. That demon press-agent, Scoop Conlon, collaborated with him . . . It's getting so that Gloria Swanson doesn't spend any more time in Movietown than Doug Fairbanks, Sr. (who is now heading for China). Gloria and Michael Farmer have headed back to Europe for the summer, where the "little Farmerette" has her governess . . . The Marquis de la Falaise has formed a new film company, with the backing of Constance Bennett, and is filming his first picture in the South Seas . . . While Connie vacations in Hawaii.

IT looks as if Alice Brady, who has been absent on Broadway for ten years, is back on the screen for a long stay. The preview audience of "When Ladies Meet" decided that—as they decide the fate of many a player. They saw fit to applaud loudly three times during the picture—twice for Alice. She was the recipient of applause early in the film (which might have been "welcome back" applause); then Ann Harding received a big hand after her scene with Myrna Loy, and again in the last reel Alice was loudly cheered. A big contract resulted!

GEORGE ARliss, who hasn't eaten meat in twenty years, has now decided to head an anti-vivisectionist movement. Arliss and Warner Brothers failed to agree on a new contract before he departed for England—but retirement rumors are probably just rumors.

If there are two things that Raul Roulien likes in a picture, they're music and girls. And the young South American star has plenty of both in "It's Great to Be Alive." At the top right, he's illustrating the title with Gloria Stuart (left) and Joan Marsh. Above, it looks as if he has sextet appeal

N. V. Vereenigde Fotobureaux

It does beat the Dutch, how Jeanette MacDonald has been drawing crowds all over Europe. These are a few of her boy-friends in Holland. You'll soon be seeing (and hearing) her in "The Cat and the Fiddle"—perhaps with Ramon Novarro

WHATEVER became of the bullfighter costumes that Rudolph Valentino wore in his greatest hit, "Blood and Sand"? They're still in the Paramount wardrobe, and every so often they are dusted off to see how they might look on some new favorite. First, the mantle of Valentino rested on the shoulders of Ricardo Cortez—then Paul Ellis—then George Raft—then Cary Grant. The latest is Jack La Rue. There is some talk that "Blood and Sand" will be remade, with Jack in the leading rôle. He's a daring lad, as proved by his playing the role of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake." . . . Anyway, you're sure to have a chance to decide which is the better *Tarzan*—Johnny Weissmuller or Buster Crabbe. Johnny has already played the rôle once and is repeating it in "Tarzan and His Mate." Meanwhile, Buster is all dated up to do yet another of the Edgar Rice Burroughs yarns as a serial, under the title, "Tarzan, the Fearless." . . . It looks as if Maurice Chevalier and Henry Garat are going to keep up that old Parisian rivalry . . . And Garbo and Mae West are scheduled for a big box-office battle.

Adolphe Menjou recently listed the twelve best-dressed men in the world—and started a riot in Hollywood. Of the film colony, he listed only the Fairbankses, Senior and Junior, John Barrymore, Clive Brook and Cedric Gibbons. The other seven named were: William Rhinelander Stewart, Fred Astaire, Mario Carrciollo, the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Antonio de Portago, and the Maharajah of Alwar.

THE courtroom dramas still continue. On top of Joan Crawford's asking for a divorce on the grounds that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was "unbearably jealous," Claudia Morgan (actress-daughter of Ralph Morgan) sought her freedom from Talbott Cummings, New Yorker. Inez Courtney has put Howard S. Paschal, her New York broker-husband, back on the "eligible" list again. Mrs.

(*Continued on page 90*)

©Dorothy Wilding

By
BETTY
SHANNON

A *Love Expert* Comes to Town —Francis Lederer

Francis Lederer has stepped into Hollywood over "a bridge of sighs"—romantic, feminine sighs. In Prague, Berlin, London, New York and all way-stations, he has given women heart-flutters—without being resented by the men. Better learn about him in a hurry!

IT looks as if feminine America is in for a new outbreak of violent heart-flutters! The reason may be found in Francis Lederer who, after making Broadway romantic again (all in one brief season), has arrived in Hollywood, still unwed. The New York critics, Broadway chatterers and other professional interpreters of the sentimental weather signs of the screen and stage predict that he is due to become the next answer to the American maidens' prayer.

Feminine heart-burnings have followed—and caused—the rapid rise of this young actor from Czechoslovakia. When his name is mentioned, ladies who have seen him act in plays sigh languishingly—along the Danube, in Berlin, in Berno, Prague, Kostelec-Nad-Labem and dozens of other towns and cities with unpronounceable names in middle Europe. From London, the shop-girl members of the Francis Lederer Club write him letters regularly, and high-born ladies implore him to return.

On Broadway this past season, Lederer accomplished what no other actor has done since the pre-movie era of Jack Barrymore. He restored the long-forgotten sight of a matinée idol. And the play in which he did it was "Autumn Crocus," which, at the most, was only a slight comedy about a Tyrolean innkeeper and an English school-teacher on vacation. (Dorothy Gish played the school-teacher.)

After each matinée, for months, the stage entrance to the Morosco Theatre was packed with wilting ladies who sent him red roses, wrote him perfumed notes and blushed self-consciously as he bowed to kiss their hands. Park Avenue hostesses vied with each other in trying to get him to their parties. One young woman sat night after night in the center seat in the front row. Matrons, slightly bored, went to see him and found life interesting again.

Has Eyes They Can't Forget

THIS phenomenon of a matinée idol in New York again after so long intrigued the drama critics as tremendously as it did the town's matinée girls. Mystified, the critics put Lederer under a magnifying glass and analyzed his appeal in the minutest detail. It became the fashion to discuss the young man knowingly, whether you had seen him or not.

"His brown eyes . . . are such an important feature of his appearance that one is apt to loiter in contemplation of them and go no further," was the comment of one writer. "His only match in this regard is Laurette Taylor. She has the same great eyes with peculiarly fascinating lids that always drop to hide half of the pupil behind them."

Were it not for his strong body and altogether unfeminine chin, the young man's "great eyes" might be a handicap. But it is these, critics believe, that work much of the havoc of Lederer's magic with the feminine portion of his audiences. One critic thought his "bubbling, boyish quality" also had something to do with it. And that he seemed to possess "all the virtues and none of the vices of the old-time matinée idol."

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A Secret *Wedding* for Myrna and Ramon?

Myrna Loy and Ramon Novarro, both famous seekers of privacy, shared the same make-up box when making "The Barbarian"!

Myrna Loy is famous for dodging "romance" rumors; so is Ramon Novarro. But they met in making "The Barbarian," and neither can do any real denying now. All the signs point to a wedding—preferably secret!

By JAMES M. FIDLER

IS Myrna Loy going to marry Ramon Novarro? Has she married him already? She will not openly admit as much, but when the subject was broached, she colored rosily and she giggled. When a woman blushes and giggles, there is something on her mind. When a woman as dignified and sensible as Myrna Loy turns coy, there is no doubt that she is hiding a secret.

Sue Carol giggled that way when she was concealing her marriage to Nick Stuart. Constance Bennett laughed nervously and made denials when she was accused of an approaching marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise, who is now her husband.

Why Myrna should wish to make a secret of her probable marriage to Ramon is unfathomable. Perhaps Novarro wishes it so. He is in Europe at this writing and cannot be questioned. Even if he were in Hollywood, he would doubtless be unapproachable. Ramon has never been one to talk about his love-life.

Perhaps the secrecy is Myrna's own wish. She has always been mysterious about her private affairs. She is the one woman in Hollywood who has never been openly or publicly pronounced in love. She declares that when she marries, she wants no advance publicity; she wants to wed without fanfare and blowing of horns. Columnists and interviewers have plied her with questions about romance, but no one ever achieved so much as her admission to a close masculine friendship. For years she has persistently dodged romance rumors—not only by words, but by actions.

True, there was once an under-current story that she was infatuated. This was a tale of unrequited love. The man was married—and Myrna is not the kind of woman (even though her screen portrayals may indicate otherwise) who wrecks homes. So, according to the somnolent gossip, she suffered the pain of lost love in silence and the world never heard about it.

Not only has Myrna given little or no heed to the advances of numerous Hollywood males who professed considerable interest in her, but she has even refused to attend public dances, premières and such festivities, except on rare occasions. It is a safe statement that Myrna Loy has been seen in public less than three dozen times during her eleven years in Hollywood. A safer statement is that, until the advent of Novarro, she has been seen at such places with the same masculine escort no more than once or twice.

But what happened when she was cast to play opposite Ramon in "The Barbarian"? A review of all the side-happenings that developed from her rôle in that picture will be, also, a re-telling of the romance between the two principals.

Myrna was introduced to Novarro on the first day of

(*Continued on page 76*)

This Month We See

College Humor

Through HOLLYWOOD'S Eyes

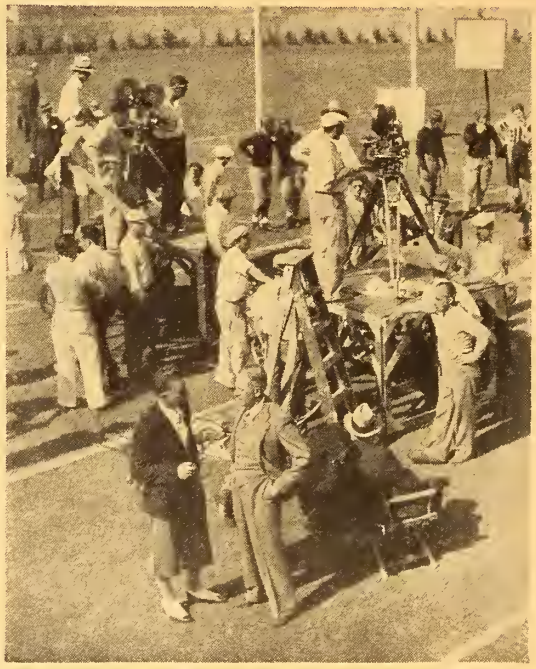
Does the lettering on the banner held by Lona Andre (left) and Mary Kornman look familiar? It's from the magazine after which the picture was named

By JACK GRANT

This "inside story" about how "College Humor" was made is the seventh of a series of such stories about outstanding new pictures. It takes you behind the scenes, tells you how Hollywood cleverness got around difficulties in filming certain sequences, reveals some of the amusing offstage happenings, and gives a hint of the plot. After you get this Hollywood "preview" of "College Humor," your enjoyment of the picture will be heightened—and your appreciation of all motion picture entertainment will be keener.—Editor.

WHEN "College Humor" comes to your theatre, you will not only witness something new in college pictures. You will also see a graphic example of how a motion picture can incorporate seven songs that add to, rather than detract from, the development of the story. Seven songs; no less.

In the early days of the talkies, film musicals came to an untimely end because singing and dancing episodes were poorly motivated—sometimes not motivated at all. They just happened. But nowadays the movies are steering clear of that danger. At least, they have in "College Humor." The music is all an integral part of the plot, and when Bing Crosby sings (as he does frequently), there is always a reason for his vocalizing.



Left, the camera crew gets all ready to film a touchdown, with Director Wesley Ruggles and Coach Howard Jones (in foreground) planning the action

"College Humor" is something new in college pictures. It has music, for one thing; and it has a touch of irony, for another thing. This gives you a hint of what it will be like, and how it was filmed!

A certain dramatic license was taken, of course, in making Crosby a college professor who sings to the students in his classroom. But wait just a minute before you brand this method of "teaching" a total absurdity. It so happens that it has some basis in fact. A movement to teach by rhythm is being started in several of our big co-educational institutions to-day. And can you think of anyone the co-eds would welcome more as an instructor in things rhythmic than Bing Crosby? So, you see, it *is* plausible.

There's Action with the Singing

HOLLYWOOD sees "College Humor" as a picture that illustrates the new trend in screen musical comedy. It will watch with

(*Continued on page 70*)

THE LITTLE CHEERIO LEADER— MARY CARLISLE

Mary's only a little thing (about five feet high), but the shadow she's casting on the screen is growing bigger and bigger. Just look at the size of it in "College Humor"—in which she ISN'T one of the Carlisle Indians, but a student at dear old Mid-West College! She plays Jack Oakie's sister, the little vamp who plays up to Richard Arlen, and the fair co-ed whose suppressed desire is Professor Bing Crosby. This, by the way, is how the well-dressed college girl will appear when the trousers fad reaches its logical conclusion! (Listen to the boys cheer THAT news!)

Marilyn's CLOTHES GOSSIP *from* HOLLYWOOD

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S

HOLLYWOOD'S new picture clothes have suddenly gone dramatic! Maybe it is the Mae West influence. Or maybe the studio designers have decided that stellar wardrobes were becoming altogether too conservative. Whatever the reason may be, you are going to see more style exaggeration on the screen than you have seen in some time in Mae West's "I'm No Angel," Connie Bennett's "A Bed of Roses," Bebe Daniels' "Cocktail Hour," Loretta Young's "Lady of the Night" and other new films.

Not since the good old days when Gloria Swanson was under the De Mille influence have Hollywood clothes boasted such pictorial emphasis. Let Park Avenue turn up her nose and sniff: *Overdone!* (as she probably will), but there is a new zest in the Hollywood picture clothes that has been sadly missing for ages!

As a perfect example of what we are driving at, consider Mae West's black lace dinner gown and large, black Milan straw hat, which the sex-appeal queen will be wearing in her newest Paramount picture, "I'm No Angel" (title subject to change without notice). Here is a dinner dress "what is" a dinner dress and even though you, or I, might not be able to get away with it, it's grand on Mae!

Mae West's black, brimmed hat is of Milan

When you see "I'm No Angel," you'll gaze upon Mae West wearing the black lace dinner dress at the left. The printed crêpe dinner dress above is from Mae's wardrobe

The gown, itself, is simple enough—black lace with ruffled net sleeves and long skirtline—but the sensational black hat, the bracelets, necklace and brilliant earrings combine to make this one of the most provocative ensembles of the season. (Don't let the light on the brim of Mae's hat fool you into thinking it is a different color. That's just a photographic highlight. The entire hat is a shiny black.)

Because we honestly believe that Mae is going to have a definite influence on screen styles from now on, we are also

Life MUST be "A Bed of Roses" for Constance Bennett in her next picture! The bed on which Connie so gracefully reclines (left) is just what the title suggests. Below, Loretta Young's fringe-turban, designed by Adrian for "Lady of the Night"

with Joel McCrea) more or or less demands sensational attire—such as the cocq-feather-trimmed negligée she wears in the boudoir sequence.

Have you ever seen Connie in anything this be-feathered before? But don't you like it? The negligée is of pale pink crêpe, featuring a collar abundantly trimmed in feathers and a long narrow train. And while you couldn't exactly call a *bedspread* a new style hint, how do you like that pink satin, rose-bedecked, lace-trimmed spread that covers Connie's "Bed of Roses"? We just couldn't resist showing you Connie in what is probably her most luxurious screen moment to date!

But if you think conservative Connie has suddenly gone exotic in her screen wardrobe, wait until

Department of Advance Fashion Tips from the Current Films

showing you a dinner gown from Mae's own personal wardrobe. Mae calls this little number "informal." It is of blue and white printed crêpe with soft ruffles of chiffon forming the sleeves and the same material accenting the neckline. Once again, the West diamonds form an important part of her flamboyant style personality. (Mae isn't telling whether the diamonds are paste or real—so either can apparently be worn!)

Even conservative Constance Bennett seems to have caught the new clothes fever in her newest RKO picture, "A Bed of Roses." For the first time in her film career, Connie is swerving from her screen fashion rule: *Keep it simple!* Of course, the character she plays (a lovely adventuress, who gives up a life of luxury with John Halliday for a life of love

In "A Bed of Roses," Constance Bennett wears the feather-trimmed negligée above. In "I Loved You Wednesday," Elissa Landi wears a novel gown (far left)—and a matching wrap (in circle)

you see equally conservative (if not more so) Elissa Landi in *the* evening gown from "I Loved You Wednesday." *Rita Kaufman*, Fox designer, was so taken by the very "different" title of this sophisticated picture, that she was inspired to live up to it by creating this most "different" evening gown and wrap!

Elissa's zestful dress is of pearl-and-brilliant-encrusted chiffon over a cream satin slip. The flowing, ruffled chiffon train begins on one hip and swirls gracefully to the floor. The wrap repeats the material of the dress and features an enormous "ruffle cuff" on one arm! And it wasn't more than two months ago that a movie reviewer criticized Elissa's clothes for being "too tame"!

New Hats Have Silk Fringe

JUST in keeping with this month's clothes whoopee, *Adrian* of M-G-M *would* have to create his most sensational hat to date for pretty little Loretta Young to wear in "Lady of the Night." Loretta was borrowed from Warner Brothers by M-G-M for this dramatic rôle with Franchot Tone and never before in her screen career has she worn such startling clothes. The hat in which Loretta so successfully intrigues the

Adrienne Ames (right) wears a bridal outfit of early XXth Century design in "Disgraced." Bebe Daniels (in insert) wears a white sport hat modeled after the overseas cap in "Cocktail Hour"

Dolores Del Rio (farthest picture on opposite page) wears white crêpe in her garden. Directly opposite, Dolores is cool in a green silk pajama skirt and white piqué jacket. Center, Bebe Daniels is in the white organdie gown she wears in "Cocktail Hour." Right, on this page, Helen Twelvetrees as the modern bride in "Disgraced." Below, Loretta Young's black hat in "Lady of the Night"

attention of Franchot is a fringe-turban of unusually severe lines. *Adrian* says that only a girl with a beautiful neck and throat line, such as Loretta's, should (or could) successfully wear this amazing evening hat with the rows and rows of white silk fringe.

But so intrigued was *Adrian* with the fringe-idea that he created a sports hat—a little less startling in effect—for Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet." (Ann was borrowed from RKO for this picture.) The little brown turban is of straw-weave material (yes, it is something new—a cross between silk and milliner's straw), ties perkily on one side of Ann's head and completes itself in two inches of fringe under Ann's ear.

Before we get off the subject of *Adrian's* hats (he seems to have concentrated on hats this month), I want you to note particularly the large black hat worn by Loretta Young in "Lady of the Night." M-G-M's famous designer says this hat with its smartly-curved brim and very wide white band is going to be a popular *chapeau* model in the next couple of months.

Another little hat to keep in mind is worn by Bebe Daniels in Columbia's "Cocktail Hour." Inspired by the overseas cap of the late War, it was made up for Bebe in white weave-

cloth. Worn with a puffed - sleeve sports coat of starched linen and a black - and - white striped scarf, it completes one of of the smartest Summer sports costumes to be glimpsed in the new films.

Clothes YOU Might Consider

BUT all you girls who like to get tips for your own wardrobes from screen styles . . . don't get too discouraged. Though the *outré* predominates in the new screen fashions, there are still plenty of wearables that furnish excellent ideas for your own sports and evening clothes for Summer months.

Dolores Del Rio has been missing from the screen for what seems to be a long, long time, but over at RKO they are now busily preparing W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions" for her. As the heroine, *Rima*, she will flutter through South American

(*Continued on page* 67)

Below, a scene from "When Ladies Meet" in which Myrna Loy, Alice Brady and Ann Harding wear the clothes that Marilyn describes

RUMORS? THEY MAKE SALLY EILERS SMILE!

There's a rumor, for instance, that she has gone abroad for a vacation—which is true enough. But ask her if she and Hoot Gibson are taking a vacation from each other, and she says, "Don't be silly!" The critics started a rumor that she stole "Central Airport" away from Richard Barthelmess and "Made on Broadway" away from Robert Montgomery—but she just grins, as innocent as can be. There's still another rumor that she and James Dunn are to be parted as a team, even if "Hold Me Tight" is a hit—because they both deserve stardom alone. And does that report make Sally happy!

I've Faced These TEMPTATIONS in Hollywood

There are temptations, and no doubt about it, says Fredric March—who tells you what they are, and says that every young newcomer needs even more backbone than acting ability!

By FAITH SERVICE

YOU'VE heard that the road to film fame is lined with pitfalls. Headlines hint of them; scandal sheets paint them in lurid colors. And you have wondered just how true a picture of Hollywood the hints and the lurid tales give. Who can tell you? What star would be willing to admit, honestly and openly, the temptations *he* has faced? Fredric March is your man! He's willing to clear the air, and tell in detail what temptations beset all the strong, as well as the weak, who work in the glare of the Klieg lights.

Fredric March doesn't look like the type—and he isn't the type—who would be easily tempted. But the very fact that he does know what Hollywood's temptations are should be sufficient proof, in itself, that they must be known to all who seek the screen spotlight. And the fact that he considers that any newcomer needs more backbone than acting ability, if he cares for real and lasting success, should be proof of how dangerous they are.

Knowing his history, you might wonder how Fredric has ever had *time* for temptation. From boyhood to the present, he has held a succession of positions in which others looked up to him. He was president of his Senior class in grammar school. At the University of Wisconsin, he was a letter man in athletics, an honor student, a member of the best fraternities. He was president of the Senior class, a member of the Senior honorary society, leading man in the college theatrical club, and a leader in the oratory class. He was one of the youngest lieutenants in the World War. Upon graduation from college, he won a position with the National City Bank of New York. With success there almost sure, he abandoned banking for a stage career—and succeeded in that, instead.

To-day, in Hollywood, he is one of the busiest and most respected of stars. He is president of the Mayfair Club, the social organization of the screen's Four Hundred. He is also on the Board of Adjustments and the Board of Arbitration of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, being one of those who adjudge all disputes between studios and employees.

Fredric is, also, very much of a home man, happily wed

(*Continued on page* 66)

Marion Davies' home was built for entertaining!

Marion Davies—the Real Social Queen of Hollywood!

Photos by Wm. Grimes

At the top, you are looking down from the Santa Monica Palisades upon Marion Davies' Colonial beach house—and get a good idea of the roominess of it. Directly above, one of Marion's own favorite spots—the tennis courts

By Marquis Busby

Do you want to know the real truth about those "command invitations" to the Marion Davies parties? They're invitations that no one ever refuses. If you are invited and don't go, nobody will burn down your house and you won't find tacks stuck in your tires—but no one, short of his own funeral, would let another engagement interfere with a Marion Davies party. She's the social queen of Hollywood, and the most famous hostess this side of the White House. She deserves to be. Does that girl know how to throw a swell party! The bediamonded hostesses of New York's old Four Hundred were just a bunch of pikers by comparison.

And what about the little Irish girl who stutters a bit when she gets excited, still admits to an inferiority complex, and can call kings by their first names? She is famous as a figure of the screen, noted as a hostess. Few stories, however, have been written about the everyday Marion, the parties she gives, and the home in which she lives and entertains.

The years have changed her very little. When she helped to glorify Mr. Ziegfeld's pageants of pulchritude, her pay-check was usually cut in half by the time she received it. It seems that Ziegfeld maintained a system of fines for "misdemeanors." Marion, loving pranks and nonsense more than almost anything in the world, just couldn't behave like a stately "Follies" beauty.

When Marion gives a party (and she gives them often), no one ever refuses an invitation. There are plenty of reasons why. And here is the first story to tell you about ALL of them! It's a story that's an education!

To-day, lovely, famous and rich, and envied beyond the wildest dreams of most women, she still loves pranks and nonsense more than almost anything in the world. Her best friends are the people who like to laugh and play, detest formality, and enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of a joke.

Lindbergh Preferred Her Party

THE sense of humor helped her to ascend the social throne. Renowned figures of the stage and screen, literature, art and music, statesmen and bankers, and nobility from the Old World gather about her table. Colonel Lindbergh failed to appear at a Vanderbilt tea, and spent hours at

(*Continued on page 64*)

An Outline of HOLLYWOOD'S *Hysterical* History

When ladies' clubs pried into stars' private lives, they all went wholesome in a panic—telling the world they came from Iowa, and were addicted to cooking and quiet evenings at home

What's going to happen to the movies? Stars are going jittery, just thinking about it. But don't let it get YOU down. It's a historical fact that Hollywood puts on the hysterical act every summer!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustrated by Oscar Howard

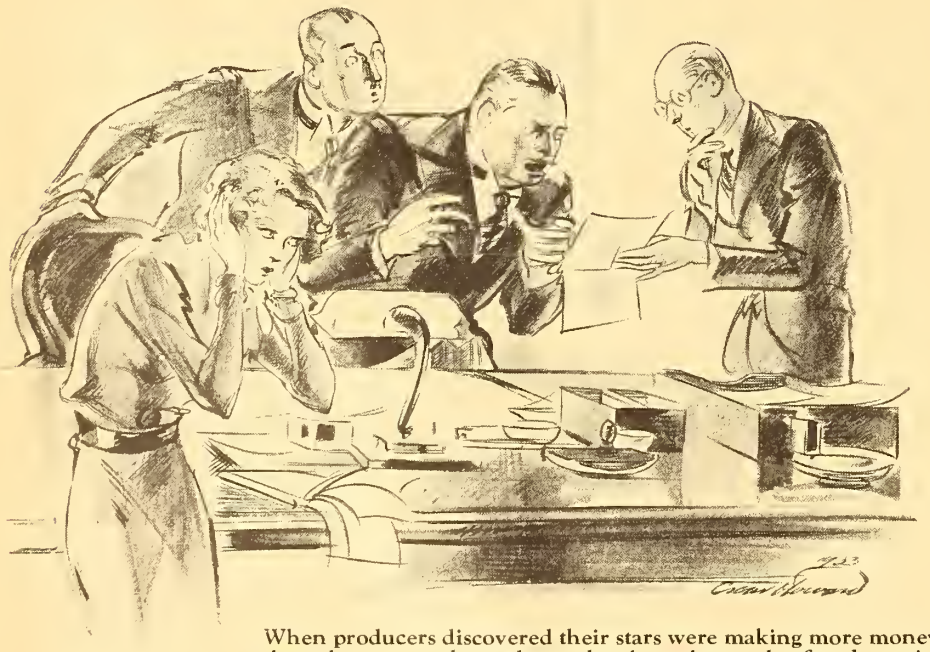
WELL, the movie colony is at it again. Hollywood is just swinging lustily into her annual hysterics season. What with bank holidays, studios bouncing in and out of receiverships, executives whisking from lot to lot like so many pixies, fifty per cent salary cuts, sinister threats about "clearing out the deadwood" (and last week's star is all too often this week's deadwood!), and with Uncle Sam, himself, muttering about taking a hand in all these matters—it is small wonder that plenty of people attribute the recent earthquakes entirely to Hollywood's terrified shuddering! Because, when Hollywood really gets down to her shuddering, *anything* can happen!

Of course, we old-timers do not take it as seriously as do the newcomers to our agitated midst. Because, as far back as we can remember (and if I take a deep breath and shut my eyes tightly, I can remember back as much as six years), Hollywood has had a severe case of hysterics at least once each season. It isn't a phenomenon; it's a habit.

Usually, this coincides neatly with the summer slump in production. The causes differ, but the outward results are exactly the same each time. People moan, yammer and wail. They predict that pictures are *through*—this is The End—in other words, the industry is simply scared stiff. It generally lasts for several weeks.

If you think that salary cuts are anything new in this business—why, 'way back in goodness knows when, producers and bankers ("financiers," I believe they were called in those balmy days) discovered one terrible morning that some of their stars were making more money than they were, themselves! Maybe you think that didn't start something!

That was The End of motion pictures—naturally. People saw Writing on whatever walls were at hand, what with studios firing



When producers discovered their stars were making more money than they were, themselves—that brought on the first hysteria!

actors and other studios bidding for them, until a little star simply didn't know where to turn. Salaries were cut, re-cut, raised and lowered again until no one knew from day to day whether his dogs would have hamburger or ground round steak for their next meal. It was simply frightful!

That was Chapter I of this History.

Chapter II takes up the Roscoe Arbuckle-Mabel Normand-Mary Miles Minter era. During that painful period pictures discovered censors and ladies' clubs, and what they could accomplish in the way of putting stars off the screen if they really put their minds to it.

There ensued panic number II. Hollywood discovered that, contrary to previous reports, it was not Bohemian at *all*, my dear! It was just too domestic and sedate for anything—and it rushed right down to tell the newspapers all about it. No one claimed to have been born in the shadow of the Sphinx from that time forward, or to be the younger son of a British Earl. Everyone, it developed, had been born in Iowa and all our actors were addicted to gardening and cooking and quiet evenings at home perusing Mr. Dickens' celebrated works. We became so goldarn wholesome that our own mothers wouldn't have known us!

We survived that one—most of us—and then came the year of the Big Shutdown. Folks still refer to that in the tone which orange growers employ in speaking of the year of the Big Frost.

Then, indeed, it was The End—again. No one knew exactly why. It just *was*.

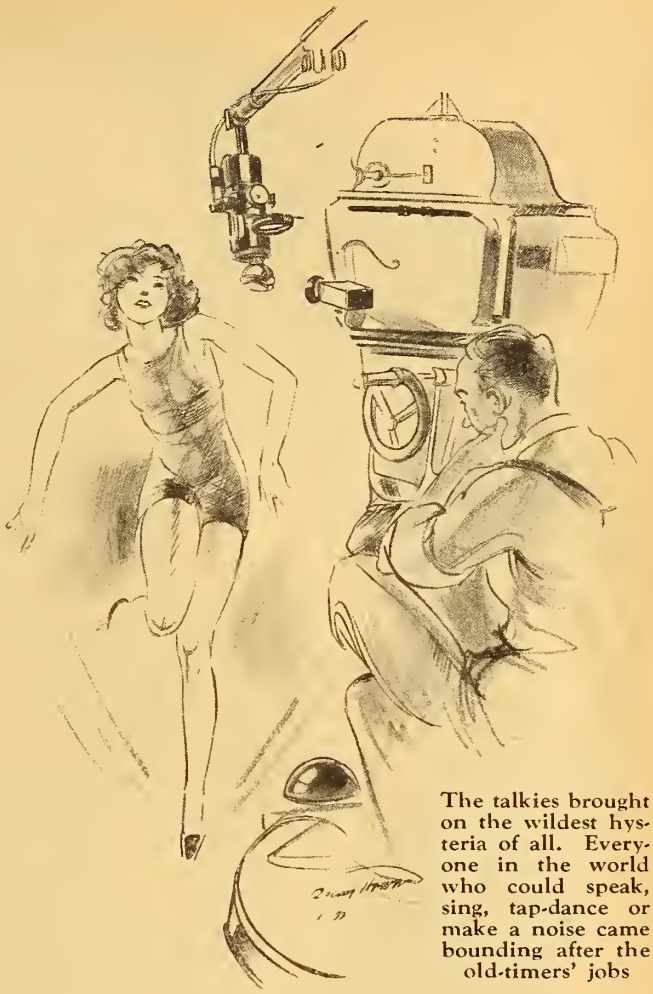
Rushed East in Panic

WHEN the industry revived (this must be about Chapter IV by now), it threatened to move all its plants to the East Coast. And it really did move some of them. Then the wailers were off again. All the people who hadn't wanted

"Hollywood needs new faces"—that hysterical cry brought dozens of delighted youngsters to Hollywood, under contract, but destined never to be used

to come to California in the first place had bought houses here by that time and did not want to go away again. They said they *wouldn't* leave their nice patios and sunbaths and year-round tennis. Besides, they were convinced that the move meant the death knell of pictures and that they wouldn't have any more jobs, anyhow.

But they did go back East and a year or two later they all returned to Hollywood, muttering and snarling about leaving



The talkies brought on the wildest hysteria of all. Everyone in the world who could speak, sing, tap-dance or make a noise came bounding after the old-timers' jobs

New York's theatres and its other cultural advantages. . . .

Then (Chapter V) there was the search for new faces. The old ones, we were told, were all worn out. The public was tired of them and there was a terrific search launched for promising profiles. Paramount was the most energetic of the studios in this search, for it not only inaugurated its famous school for young actors at this period, but it also employed, at a generous salary, a gentleman who confided to me that his duty was that of "star picker." You can imagine how the owners of the old faces felt along about then! Some of those old faces, I might add, are doing very nicely in pictures to-day.

Every studio signed dozens of delighted youngsters in "stock companies" and kept them on the lots on small salaries without using them until many a talented young spirit was completely broken.

This led to (Chapter VI) the foreign invasion—the other one, not the one that is getting headlines in all the papers to-day. European companies, attempting belatedly to compete with Americans, had developed some promising players of their own. Their difficulty was that as soon as they had them just a little bit developed, Hollywood companies would pick them off with spectacular offers of what a lady of title called "those bee-you-ti-full American dollars."

So the Negris and the Janningses and the Asthers and the Varconis flocked to Hollywood, where they were greeted with scant cordiality by the local boys and girls, who said some right tart things about foreign money grabbers, causing the visitors to retort, in hurt voices, that it wasn't the money at *all* which brought them here. It was the fact that the artistic opportunities were so much greater in America than they were abroad. Which, in turn, surprised us all to pieces because up until then we had always been informed in a snooty

(*Continued on page 78*)

Mae West

Answers Your Questions

MAE WEST talks frankly—for which Allah be praised, because you moviegoers were more than frank in asking her questions after reading the June MOTION PICTURE. There were hundreds of questions, many asking the same things. You minced no words in your queries (which she took home with her), nor did she mince words in her replies (which she typed personally). Mae has an admirable directness in speaking her mind—as you must agree when you read her replies to some of the most pointed, embarrassing questions that have come to your Inquiring Reporter since these monthly sessions in the witness box were started. Read and be convinced. Your questions are in light italics; her answers are in heavy Roman type:

What do you consider to be the most essential quality in women? What quality is most important in winning a man's love? **Strong sex-appeal. Sex-appeal, remember, is not necessarily a quality of beauty; there are other forms of magnetism in the human make-up that appeal just as powerfully as mere beauty of face**

By MOTION PICTURE'S Inquiring Reporter, ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

and figure. Sex-appeal is principally the radiation of an attractive personality.

Are you so hot—or are you so hot? (Now there's a question for you!) I'm hot! (And there's an answer!)

Why, when you are both intellectual and beautiful, did you ever allow yourself to become so coarse and common? You are also that way in person, as I've seen you in your New York night-club. What an odd idea! You must mean two other persons, since I never had a New York club or even appeared in a New York club. (And, now, Miss A. A., you'll have to admit that Mae is a good sport to answer so scathing a question.)

If I were to write you, keeping within the bounds of good taste and courtesy, would you answer me personally? Certainly. A letter addressed in care of the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, will reach me.

Do you believe yourself capable of thinking—thinking on any subject—and do you ever become bored with any particular type of environment? I have a mind of my own, if that's what you mean, and I form my own opinions on any subject. As to your second question, I am bored only by a boring environment of bores.

I saw your "She Done Him Wrong" and enjoyed it very much. Did you really mean it when you said, "Come up 'n' see me sometime?" If so, please fix the exact time and place, because I go for you in a big way. I'm fed up with the willowy frails served up to the movie public in the past. Yours for a big "Sometime." (Your Inquiring Reporter just couldn't resist including all that barrage of virility.) Thank you. The date and place to "come up 'n' see me" will be the day my new picture, "I'm No Angel," plays your nearest theatre. I promise you a big time.

Do you think a woman with a past should tell the man she is going to marry about it, or should she pose as an innocent girl? She should tell him everything she thinks someone else might tell him—and nothing more!

Is it true that you have false teeth? (Now, how on earth . . .???) They're mine, all mine—all thirty-six of them.

To what do you attribute your success in Hollywood? I try to give the public what it wants in the way it's wanted.

What do you think of the sex-appeal of the young maidens of to-day as compared to the sex-appeal of the girls of a decade ago? Have they got "It"? The girls of to-day have just as much sex-appeal. They have all the "It" necessary as long as they remain feminine and stay out of pants. (Ah, there, Mae!)

Are there any fans you would like to meet? Does fan mail amuse you? I must admit that I have a natural curiosity to know what some of my fans are like. Some fan mail is amusing, some is very interesting and helpful, and some is very sad—but I am glad to receive and read all of it.

Have you an aunt in Far Rockaway, New York? Yes.

What do you consider the most important thing in your life? For myself, I consider my work to be the most important part of my life. Others may place love ahead of work. It all depends on the individual.

Are you and Beth Brown, the author of "Man and Wife," the same person? No, I have never written under a pen name.

Do you want a child of your own? Are you going to have one soon? My work absorbs all my interest at present. Not being married, I hardly expect one soon.

Who isn't curious about Mae West, the girl who gave the movies new life when she made "She Done Him Wrong"? In the June MOTION PICTURE, we gave everybody a chance to ask her a question—and here are her answers. They're as frank as you would expect them to be; they give you a good idea of what Mae is like in person; and they tell you what you want to know about her! Read them and get to know her as she is!

Did you ever live at Ninety-First Street and Riverside Drive, New York City? No.

Why do you think sex is so necessary in the films? Sex is life, creation; and anything that pretends to create life anywhere, either on the screen, on the stage or in a novel, cannot leave out the vital element of sex.

Actresses are making such a vogue of "undressing"—why not frankly go the limit and appear in the nude? It doesn't require any skill or brains to appear in the nude. Anybody can do that.

Did you write the story, "Rings on Her Fingers"—and who will play opposite you in that picture? No; the next picture for which I have written the story is titled "I'm No Angel." The cast has not been chosen as yet.

Are you fond of pets? Have you any? I like all animals, especially monkeys. I have an African woolly monkey that is a great little pet. His name is Boogie.

Do you have a hobby or a collection? My hobby is collecting first editions and books relating to famous and infamous women who have left their names on the pages of history.

Where were you before your movie début? Most of us never heard of you before "She Done Him Wrong." I was on Broadway, where my plays kept me, year in and year out. "Diamond Lil," on which "She Done Him Wrong" was based, ran for three years. I'm sorry, but I just couldn't get around your way.

Are you planning a personal appearance tour? My plans are rather indefinite just now, but it is very possible that after making two more pictures I will go on the road for several weeks.

Whom do you chum around with most in Hollywood? With my brother, my manager and my secretary—but I have many other friends whom I see occasionally.

Do you remember Madeline Shortman from your childhood neighborhood? Sorry; I don't remember anyone by that name.

What are the names and addresses of the stock companies you have been with? I began my career at the age of six with the Hal Clarendon Stock Company of Brooklyn, New York, and was with that company for five or six years. I have never been with another stock company.

What was your first starring play? I started my Broadway legitimate career by writing and starring in a play called "Sex." Before that I was in vaudeville.

Is it true that you made a derogatory remark concerning the play, "The Captive," which was closed and haled into court at the same time as one of your own plays? Any such remark attributed to me is not true.

Do you like little girls? Of course, I like little girls—and little boys, too. I was a little girl, myself, you know.

Do you like jewelry? Yes, I like some kinds of jewelry—especially jewelry that has nice large diamonds in it.

Do you believe in a career, or in marriage, for women? It depends on which a woman finds herself best equipped for.

Thanks for the helping hand you lent me during the run of your play, "Sex," in New York. You didn't know you helped me, but thanks a million. Your appreciation embarrasses me.

Do you drink or smoke in real life? Not a drop or a puff.

Do you like children? I like them so well that I took two hundred to see the circus last week.

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Picture

HOLD ME TIGHT

Human And Appealing—Worth Seeing: Since they were first teamed together, Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn have been concerned with stories that have a refreshing, human appeal. In "Hold Me Tight," they are again just a pair of ordinary people working out an ordinary problem in an ordinary way. Employees of a department store, they plan to marry. On the eve of their wedding, the boy is fired and the girl becomes the family's wage-earner. How they work out their problem comprises a pleasant, down-to-earth tale.

Sally and Jimmy turn in their standard performances. They come near to being the screen's most natural acting team, their characterizations shot with homely humor. June Clyde and Frank McHugh, as the folks downstairs, and Dorothy Peterson, as the store's personnel manager, are likewise excellent. You *know* these people and you will be interested in their story. (Fox.)

GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1933

Grand Entertainment—Has Everything: If you enjoyed "42nd Street," be sure to see "Gold-Diggers." Here is a gay musical spectacle that, in nearly every respect, is as good a show as its predecessor. You will find Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers (again covering herself with glory), Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks and others from the "42nd Street" cast and in addition, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon and Warren William. The same dance director, Busby Berkeley, staged the numbers written by the same team of song writers. These musical interludes are among the finest the screen has ever shown.

The plot is based upon the original Avery Hopwood play, but so much fresh material has been added that the 1933 "Gold-Diggers" is almost a new story. So don't allow the fact that you may have seen a previous version to deter you from hying yourself to the nearest theatre showing this grand piece of entertainment. (Warners.)

ADORABLE

Beauty And Charm—And Gaynor: Moving with no greater speed than the waltz that is its theme song, "Adorable" presents Janet Gaynor in her first slightly naughty rôle. She is the princess of a mythical kingdom in love with a lowly officer of her regiment. And there you have your story with its substance—if it may be said to have substance—being woven from the reverse Cinderella pattern.

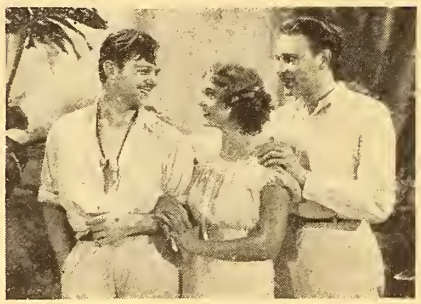
Janet has seldom been lovelier, dancing daintily to the several waltzes and looking really devastating in silks and laces. She is every inch the princess she plays. The highly-lauded French star, Henry Garat, makes a dashing officer and will, doubtless, cause feminine hearts to throb. He has a pleasant light singing voice, but his accent makes him occasionally difficult to understand.

In these days of drab realism, "Adorable" comes like a breath of idyllic romance. Some will quarrel with its slow tempo but none will deny its charm. (Fox.)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

Not So Much, But Has Its Points: Little more than a vaudeville show and hardly as much continuity. The thin device that brings together a score of comedians and radio performers is the invention by a Chinese scientist of a television receiving set. Representatives of various countries journey to Wu-Who, China, to put in their bids for the invention. Stuart Erwin gets the measles with the result that the International House, the hotel where all are staying, is quarantined.

It is a comedian's holiday with everything including a baby Austin thrown in. Unfortunately, few of the gags are new or funny and many are much too blue. Burns and Allen, W. C. Fields and Franklyn Pangborn score, spasmodically, while television accounts for the presence of Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway's band, Baby Rose Marie and Stoopnagle and Budd, all of whom have poor material. Peggy Hopkins Joyce plays herself, although the reason remains obscure. (Paramount.)



THE NARROW CORNER

Hokum, But Well Done—Should Please: The South Seas again—populated by the same characters we always see in these beach-combing dramas. In plot structure, it is pure hokum, but in treatment, it definitely escapes mediocrity.

Adapted from a novel by Somerset Maugham, the picture retains that author's habit of developing supplementary characters even to the sacrifice of the chief protagonists. Thus we find the old sea captains of Arthur Hohl and William V. Mong, attempting to out-lie one another, the disillusioned doctor of Dudley Digges and the equally disillusioned author of Reginald Owen, all of more interest than the leads played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy, and the very pretty Patricia Ellis. Not that young Doug's escaped murderer, or Bellamy's Danish overseer, aren't expert jobs. They are.

The dialogue, much of it from the book, is considerably better than we have cause to expect in dramas of the sort. (Warners.)

WHEN LADIES MEET

Highly Recommended—You'll Go For It Strong: A picture you simply must see. Rachel Crothers' ironic and subtle dialogue sparkles as brilliantly on the screen as it did on the stage. So brilliant is this dialogue and so superbly is it read by the five principals that you will not be aware that the story is mainly one of words and not of action. Its appeal is universal and its presentation near perfection.

Ann Harding finds her finest rôle since "Holiday" in the wife who learns of her husband's philandering with the lovely lady novelist, beautifully played by Myrna Loy. A comedy sensation is Alice Brady's performance of a not-too-bright widow, and Robert Montgomery is as you like him—at his best. Frank Morgan does what little he has to do with finesse. (He is the philandering husband.)

"When Ladies Meet" is unqualifiedly recommended to all lovers of the finest in drama, liberally sprinkled with comedy. See it by all means. (M-G-M.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

HEROES FOR SALE

Barthelmess In A Dreary Story: This deserves some kind of prize for presenting the most persecuted hero of all times. It begins with the war where Dick Barthelmess is robbed of the glory that should be his. A cowardly officer grabs all of the decorations and Dick gets only a prison camp. Returning to his home town a drug addict, his behavior sends his mother to a suicide's grave.

Following a lengthy cure in a state "asylum," Barthelmess goes to Chicago where, in attempting to stop a riot, he is arrested as a Red agitator. Upon his release, he tries to take up his work again, only to be driven from Chicago by the police who still regard him as dangerous. Turned tramp, he is shunted from place to place by authorities who do not want him in their states.

And so we leave our hero, for some reason optimistic even after all he has suffered. Cheery, eh what? But it's well acted. (First National.)

EMERGENCY CALL

Good Acting Saves It: Coming third in a series of recent pictures having city hospitals as their locale does "Emergency Call" no good. It is by far the weakest of the trio. As in "Identity Unknown," a gangster menace provides most of the action. Not content with ambulance-chasing, this racketeer also desires to control the hospital supply business. What was it we once heard about an end to the gangster cycle?

A dandy performance by William Gargan and nice work by Wynne Gibson offer the chief points of interest in "Emergency Call." Bill Boyd and the others are lost in the shuffle. An example of the carelessness with which the plot was devised is the search of Wynne Gibson's hard-boiled nurse for a millionaire among her patients. She seeks this marriage in what we have just been told is the hospital's charity ward. There are other incidents as equally—and unnecessarily—absurd. (Radio.)

THE MAYOR OF HELL

Out Of The Ordinary—Wait For It: If you can overlook a too-muchness of nearly everything you will find out-of-the-ordinary drama in this tale of a boy's reform school. After having suffered at the hands of a brutal warden, the boys are given a chance to reform themselves by an ex-ward heeler now occupying a soft political berth as the prison inspector. The plan is something of an honor system and allows the lads self-government—making their former "hell" akin to Heaven.

James Cagney has what is really a supporting rôle to the youngsters. The outstanding star is Frankie Darro and how this kid can troupe! He gives the only repressed child performance in memory. Farina, Raymond Borzage, Mickey Bennett and others among the boys likewise eclipse the efforts of the adults. Allen Jenkins has a few brief moments, but Dudley Digges overplays the villainous warden. Madge Evans offers what love interest the picture contains. (Warners.)

SILK EXPRESS

Good Picture—Worth Waiting For: Good exciting stuff, this, designed for an entertaining hour. A carload of silk from the Orient must be transported from Seattle to New York in seventy-five hours that a nefarious monopoly in the material may be broken. And just to complicate matters further, there is murder aboard.

Besides its consignment of silk, the train carries a carload of capable actors. Neil Hamilton is the head of the silk mill association, Sheila Terry the daughter of Dudley Digges, a scientist whose life depends upon his reaching the Rockefeller Institute within three days; Allen Jenkins, a tramp; Guy Kibbee, a railroad detective who has been waiting fifteen years for a murder case; and a dozen other sinister or amusing characters.

Things happen almost with the rapidity of the speeding train and there is never a moment's let-down in the plot. Recommended for lovers of mystery and melodrama. (Warners.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO

At Least It's Different: After Serge Eisenstein left Hollywood without making the American picture for which he had been imported, the dean of Russian directors went to Mexico, where for nearly a year he wandered the country. The film he took en route was planned for release in five chapters, "Mayan," "Fiesta," "Peonage," "Oppression" and "Revolt." The final chapter was never begun, for Eisenstein's passport could not be renewed.

Instead of serializing the Eisenstein picture, it has been cut to a single feature. Abounding in exquisite photography, masterfully composed, and telling a slim story of oppressed Mexico, it will entertain all lovers of cinematic art. A particularly brutal torture sequence offers a repellent contrast to the beauty of the scenic grandeur. Then, too, "Thunder Over Mexico" shows all too plainly in the last reel that it is an incompleted work. There is no dialogue, but a lovely musical score. (Sol Lesser.)

COLLEGE HUMOR

Don't Miss It—Entertaining All The Way: This isn't the authentic college picture for which we all have waited, lo these many years. But it is a highly entertaining, often hilarious, musical comedy with a college locale. The plot offers a slightly more serious theme than is usual in musicals and as a concession to reality, there are no dancing choruses.

Fine performances feature the cast of favorites, with Jack Oakie making the most of the best opportunity he has had in some time. Dick Arlen also does splendidly with the football hero who goes wrong, and the silver-voiced Bing Crosby contributes a generous portion of song hits. Burns and Allen do their rapid-fire chatter at intervals throughout the story while Mary Carlisle, Mary Kornman and Lona Andre furnish piquant beauty.

All of which has been nicely balanced for this melodious comedy-drama of campus doings, climaxed, as it is, with a realistic football game. (Paramount.)

He's the JORY— You're the JUDGE!

Victor Jory looks like good news to you, judging from all reports. But he looks like bad news to all six of Hollywood's Male Sex-Appeal Sextet. He's going far, and he has come far, as you'll gather from this close-up of the screen's new sensation!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

HIS ascent to fame is a distinct surprise to Victor Jory—who is tall, broad-shouldered, with the square hands of a fighter, dark-eyed, dark-haired, straight-nosed, straight-limbed, with a faintly jeering smile. And the news of his ascent to top-billing will have a similarly surprising effect on Messrs. Gable, Cooper, Raft, Weissmuller, Tone and Grant, Hollywood's Sex-Appeal Sextet.

In curious tones, they are going to ask if you've seen Jory's work in "I Loved You Wednesday," his eighth picture for Fox, much as Victor Edwin Jory (once spelled Joré) asked, curiously, about the work of Metro's new triple-threat man, Franchot Tone, in "Gabriel Over the White House" and "To-day We Live."

If there is no professional rivalry among the sex-appeal males of the screen this season, there is certainly a healthy interest in what the other boys are putting over in the leaping gelatins.

Jory, should you not remember, was the garrulous barker in Will Rogers' "State Fair." He was the hoopla booth lad with the bounding Adam's apple, the sweating face, the Chevalier straw on the back of his head, who talked with the rapidity of a machine-gun, out of the side of his faintly jeering mouth.

He has a seven-year Fox contract and practically no competition, save for such Fox players as Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Spencer Tracy, Henry Garat, Will Rogers, James Dunn, John Boles, Warner Baxter and a few others. Baxter, he thinks, is swell because he has what makes up "a good guy"—"regularity, sincerity, tolerance." Jory, a man's man, a former light-heavyweight boxer, holding a title in British Columbia, and the National Guard wrestling and boxing championship of Monterey, California, seems to have the same qualities.

Victor Jory gets his big chance in "I Loved You Wednesday"—and convinces Elissa Landi, for one, that he is a Great Lover. Many another girl will echo her sentiments!

May Join "the Big Three"

HE apparently is slated for stardom, although there are only three accredited stars on the Fox card: Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow and Will Rogers. Jory has a generous portion of what the campus cuties call "M-m-m-m-m-m." The quality used to be called "It," but you know how things are since we have dropped the gold standard. Under either name, it is plenty potent. Jory exudes it. He also exudes a nice boyishness, plus a pretty display of showmanship, which prompts him to sit on the Fox publicity office floor when being interviewed.

"Sunburn, yesterday," he says with a flashing white smile. "I played six sets of tennis in shorts and had to eat standing up." Among his diversions are tennis, golf, boxing. His favorite recreation is to watch the fights on Tuesday nights at the (*Continued on page 82*)

"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..

yet I pay only 25¢ a tube"

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about $3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevvie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

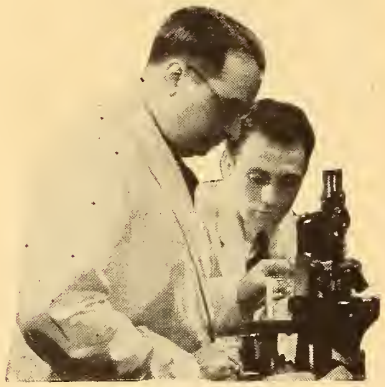
Helen

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER

Hollywood is simply wild



AUTHORITIES STATE . . .
"Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs" . . . *Read about it!*

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN: It contains has...and must have

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young . . . help guard it when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive.

But scientists give this welcome and all-important message . . . you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements,* is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking . . . softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking! Small wonder it is the *official* soap in all the large Hollywood film studios.

A Younger-Looking, Lovelier YOU

Science tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin *must have* to look youthful.

For EVERY Type of Skin

about this soap *Why?*

Photographed in Hollywood . . . where 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps skin young-looking. The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

precious elements skin itself to stay YOUTHFUL!

HOLLYWOOD has proved, through years of daily use, that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on *your* skin?

. . . oily . . . dry . . . "in-between"—

BEGIN TODAY!

"It really has made MY skin look younger . . ."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

At Last!!! Hollywood's New Reducing Diet That's *Safe and Sane!* (*Continued from page 30*)

complications with the average overweight person, and neither diet nor exercise will do her lasting good.

"This phase," he added, "I treat by the use of dehydrated vegetables—these being given in sufficient quantity and assortment to produce a natural stimulation of the glands. The dehydrated vegetables include the tops, as well as the roots, of carrots, turnips, beets and other vegetables—for medical science has proved that often there are more vitamins in the greens than in the roots of these vegetables.

"The dehydrated vegetable powder," Dr. LeBell added, "is simply an easier way of giving the patient plenty of vitamins and body-building material of a non-fattening sort. Few people would be willing to eat twenty helpings of vegetables in a day, which would be the equivalent of a day's dehydrated vegetable quota. But this very forcing of the system is what produces the desired result—that is, the toning up of the glands of internal secretion and the elimination of the sluggishness in the bowels, caused by eating concentrated and refined foods. Careful manipulation of the thyroid gland by gentle massage is also used in these cases."

How to Start on the Diet

A GENERAL outline of the system used by Dr. LeBell includes the use of pomegranate and fruit and vegetable juices, some dieting and prescribed exercises done in a special way—with the use of the dehydrated vegetables and some chiropractic manipulations and adjustments. For the particular use of anyone who wants to take up the LeBell system as far as possible, the following diets and exercises will work wonders in most cases.

For the first three days, only fruit and vegetable juices are taken—with a glassful of the desired juice sipped every hour. If dehydrated vegetables are used, the eliminative formula is taken twice daily with the juice—one teaspoonful each time. In gland cases, the dehydrated vegetable formula—to normalize glandular functioning—is used, with the eliminative formula one teaspoon daily. The first three days on juices are the cleansing part of the diet. Much loose watery fat can be lost quickly, but it is not wise to prolong this liquid diet longer than a week, unless the patient can rest frequently. Otherwise, it is likely to be exhausting—and exhaustion never helped anyone to regain physical fitness.

Following this cleansing period, one who wishes to make a rapid reduction can go on raw fruits and vegetables entirely—but not overeating on them, as this would also produce fat, due to the watery and sugary content of some of them. This rapid method should not be done for more than a week at a time.

The Follow-Up Diet

MOST of the Hollywood people on the diet prefer the less strenuous four-day diet to follow up the fruit juice eliminative diet of the first few days. It is as follows:

FIRST DAY

Breakfast: One-half grapefruit or cantaloup, or any fresh fruit in season, without sugar, using a little honey if tart. Black coffee.

Luncheon: Lettuce and tomato salad (peel tomatoes). Two slices raw or diabetic canned pineapple. Glass of buttermilk.

Dinner: Spinach with one hard-boiled egg. Celery and olives. Sliced orange. Tea or coffee (black).

SECOND DAY

Breakfast: Cup of bran (the crumbly kind), covered with orange or prune juice (unsugared). Coffee.

Luncheon: Endive salad or lettuce, with cottage cheese. Helping of fresh fruit in season. Half-water, half-orange juice—one glass.

Dinner: Brussels sprouts, sliced tomatoes, fresh fruit. Pomegranate or fruit or vegetable juice.

THIRD DAY

Breakfast: As before.

Luncheon: Cabbage slaw with mineral dressing. Stewed prunes. Unsugared lemonade, with a little honey.

Dinner: Hard-boiled egg with sliced tomatoes and raw cucumbers. Gelatin with oranges and pineapple (raw or diabetic-canned). Pomegranate juice.

FOURTH DAY

Breakfast: Grapefruit, with stewed prunes and stewed figs (unsugared).

Luncheon: Lettuce and cucumber salad. Sliced pineapple. Egg-nog.

Dinner: Boiled cabbage with lemon juice. Baked squash, stewed figs and either fresh or canned peaches without juice.

Dr. LeBell says that glands need toning up in most cases of overweight. He gently massages the thyroid gland

No One Would Starve on This

A GENERAL diet that may be recommended for a month or with occasional lapses—or indefinitely—is as follows:

Breakfast: Three strips of well-broiled (not fried) bacon. A plate of bran (one-half cup of the crumbly sort) with the juice of prunes (unsugared) or oranges poured over. Or a helping of some unsugared fruit in season, or stewed prunes, figs or applesauce (made with a little honey). Coffee, if desired, with skimmed milk.

Luncheon: Choice of combination vegetable salad, pineapple and cottage cheese salad (use fresh or diabetic canned pineapple) or fruit salad. Mineral oil or lemon juice dressing, if desired. Gluten bread toasted, and skimmed milk or pomegranate juice.

Dinner: No soups. Broiled steak or lamb chops (2), stripped of all fat, or roast beef or lamb, without gravy or fat. Choice of two vegetables among asparagus, fresh peas, spinach, baked squash, rutabagas, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage. Fruit gelatin or stewed or raw fruit. Buttermilk, coffee or tea (without cream and sugar) or skimmed milk.

Those first few days on any diet are very hard to follow; but if the liquid diet period is past, and then the four-day diet period—and one is well into the general diet—slight liberties may be taken. To assuage that hunger for sweets, a few cured dates or dried figs are ideal—for the temptation to overeat is not great and, because they are dry, they are filling.

It is possible to overeat when it comes to the luscious raw fruits, and even gain on them. One must lay off the liquor, too, because of its high sugar content. Eat no sweets except those listed, and no starches, either, except that once in three weeks one can indulge in a baked potato and drink a glass of milk for breakfast, dinner and lunch.

If a person goes human, now and then, and falls off the diet or water wagon and eats and drinks forbidden things, a day back on the fruit and vegetable juices will usually suffice to correct the debauch. Establishing the routine, however, is important.

Some Safe and Sane Exercises

EXERCISE, like diet, can be followed wrongly in the hands of the amateur—and flesh built, rather than lost, thereby, according to Dr. LeBell. Dr. R. D. Davis, who is in charge of the gymnasium at Dr. LeBell's establishment, uses several well-known exercises, which are simple in themselves, but most efficacious if done properly. However (to hear the doctor tell it), most people do not do them the right way. For example, he takes the exercise of bending-and-touching-the-toes. "This must be done," he says, "with bent knees—for the stiff knee posture in this exercise will build ugly muscles up the backs of the legs." All bending exercises for women, according to Dr. Davis, should be done with flexed knees.

Dr. Davis also recommends a potent reducer for stomach and thighs—which is done by spreading the legs while in a standing position, clasping the hands over the head, and swinging the head and clasped hands down between the legs as far as one can reach. The knees must be well-flexed as one swings downward. This is done to a fairly rapid count, swinging the hands and head upward, and then downward. Repeat several times. For a beginner, five times is entirely sufficient, though as you become stronger and your muscles become more adaptable, you can increase this exercise and the others to ten times or more.

Still another reducer for the ankles, calves, thighs and hips is the exercise called "the scissors." The person lies flat on her back on the floor with hands at sides—and raises the legs at right angles to the body. The legs are moved rapidly and alternately as far back and forward as possible, never touching the floor. The knees are rigid.

The popular bicycle exercise is done in this same position for reducing. If the hands are held back of the head, akimbo, the exercise will build muscle. The arms must lie relaxed at the side to reduce symmetrically. The toes must be pointed as one pedals in the air—the pedaling being done just as if the person were riding an actual bike.

A staple exercise, recommended daily for anyone wishing to reduce, is executed by lying flat on the floor and raising oneself to a sitting position, touching the toes with the fingertips. This is accomplished with best results by having the hands clasped above the head at the start and moving toward the toes with arms fully extended. This should be done not less than five times to begin with—and worked up till the tolerance of the abdominal muscles is increased to the tiring point.

BROWN AS A BERRY • YET SMOOTH AS SILK!

Sun tan no longer ruins the skin kept luscious, supple, fresh, this natural way!

Now . . . thanks to Woodbury's . . . you can have your berry-brown skin . . . long, lazy days in the sun in the most unrestrained of beach suits! Without the price of Dry Skin . . . and its ugly sisters . . . Roughness, Peeling, Coarseness.

A new Element, known as 576, has recently been introduced into Woodbury's Cold Cream. Always a help in keeping the skin exquisitely soft and smooth, with the new ingredient this cream possesses increased power to overcome Dryness.

Element 576—unique with Woodbury's, no other cream can boast of it—has properties akin to those of vitamins in foods. It energizes the skin, arouses it to new activity in its own defense, helps keep the little oil glands busy, vigorous, despite the drying influence of the sun.

With this new Element — so precious to the skin that is thin and sensitive, easily dried—Woodbury's Cold Cream now cleanses the pores more thoroughly, heals sunburn more swiftly, invigorates and stimulates the skin to throw out the oil it needs to keep the surface fresh and soft. Use it and fearlessly go out for tan. You'll keep a smooth, unlined, supple skin as well! In jars, 50c; in tubes, 25c.

Follow this treatment daily

Before Breakfast—A cold plunge—in the sea, the lake, the river, the pool — or under your own shower! To harden the muscles under the skin, get up the circulation.

Before the Sun-bath—As they do at all the smart beaches, oil yourself all over — except where that postage stamp bathing suit covers you — with Woodbury's Cold Cream. Leave it on as long as you can — fifteen minutes. Wipe off. Over the most exposed and sensitive parts of your skin — especially face, arms, throat, hands — apply a *very* thin film of Woodbury's Facial Cream — and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Now, fearlessly face the sun!

Before Luncheon — More Woodbury's Cold Cream — laid on with the grand gesture — *largesse!* And this time, let most of it stay on even at the risk of a shiny nose at lunch.

Before the Swim — More Woodbury's Cold Cream — leave it as long as you dare. Wipe off! Facial Cream next. And now to the briny!

For the Evening — Cleanse with Woodbury's Facial Freshener, apply Facial Cream, and Facial Powder in Rachel, Brunette or Radiant shades to match "your golden shoulder."

And so to Bed — A bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, rinse with cold. Then a Cold Cream massage — and watch your stroke! Leave on what hasn't been absorbed. And now off with you! Sleep the "sleep of the shameless" for at least you've played fair with your skin!

FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WEAF and N. B. C. network every Wednesday evening at 8:30 E. D. S. T.

MARION DAVIES—the Real Social Queen of Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 51*)

an informal party in her New York apartment. George Bernard Shaw, blunt, cynical, impolite to most of the world, was Marion's guest. And he was not impolite to her. Perhaps it was because Marion was Irish, too.

The list of celebrities could go on forever. Marion's lavish mode of entertaining draws famous visitors like moths to the flame. Her simplicity of self, friendliness and wit hold their friendship after they have met her.

Her home is a huge white Colonial mansion, and it stands on the shores of the blue Pacific. A narrow boulevard runs behind her house, and above it tower precipitously the brown Santa Monica palisades. Visitors always gasp when they first see that house. Its three stories, its great colonnades and gleaming porticos seem strangely out of place on that beach, where Spanish architecture is the rule.

"Perhaps it is strange," Marion admits, "but I have always wanted a Colonial house. That's why I built it. To me the most beautiful houses in America have always been Washington's home at Mount Vernon and the White House in Washington."

So, quite appropriately, the real social citadel of Western America is a big white house on the Pacific. Pickfair, well publicized as the ultimate in Hollywood social success, really pales beside the Marion Davies beach house. Marion entertains more widely, more frequently and more magnificently than Mary Pickford. There is absolutely no rivalry between these two famous women. The friendship of Marion and Mary is one of many years' standing. Mary is a frequent guest at the beach house, and Marion loves to go up to Pickfair.

She and Mary Are Chums

THOSE who know Marion best are well aware of her lack of conceit. Those who do not know her may be surprised at her almost fanatical regard for Mary Pickford. "There will never be anyone on the screen like her," she has repeated many times. And there, I suppose, another story is shot to ribbons. You could always talk about the social rivalry of Marion and Mary. But it's like the dodo bird. It doesn't exist.

It isn't easy to describe that beautiful beach house. It isn't simple to draw word-pictures of the enormous rooms, the dining room of baronial proportions, the great library and hall, the ballroom, the lovely bedchambers, and the fabulously exquisite marble terraces and swimming pool. It isn't easy to draw a word picture, and there are few actual photographs in existence. Marion feels that to have publicity pictures of her home would make it less than a home.

There are some thirty rooms in the house, and it takes ten servants to run the place. There used to be more, and Marion mentions "depression" to explain the cut in the house staff. The chef comes from a famous hotel at Bad Nauheim, Germany. May, the butler, is a character in himself; he knows the varying degrees of social distinction down to the last fraction. In addition to the servants, there are day and night watchmen. And no wonder! Something like one million dollars' worth of oil paintings hang on the walls of this house. There are originals by Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Romney, Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, Bouchard, Fragonard, Le Brun and Greuze. There is a library of rare first editions, and many volumes autographed to Marion by the authors.

And in the midst of this splendor, the hostess always achieves the informal in her parties. Formality may rule up at Pickfair, but at the Davies beach house, it's among the absent. There are bridge tables scattered about in the library and jig-saw puzzles without end. Marion, herself, can't leave the puzzles alone. The more pieces, the better.

Marion Davies likes to give costume parties best of all—especially on her birthday, which is New Year's. Here she is with Clark Gable and Eileen Percy at a "kiddie" party

Where Her Guests Congregate

MUCH to Marion's own amazement, the big center hall is the most popular room in the house. Guests sit around on steps, and gather in little groups for conversation. Sometimes it's a bit embarrassing when she wants to sneak off to bed early. She frequently does that, leaving a party in full swing on the lower floor. Occasionally it surprises visitors to have the hostess disappear completely, but her old friends think nothing of it. Perhaps that is one consolation of reaching the pinnacle of social success. You can do as you jolly well please.

The day's menus are submitted to Marion for approval, and incidentally, printed menus always appear on the luncheon and dinner tables. There's no danger of eating too many appetizers because you're afraid to take a chance on the entrée and dessert. Just watch the menu and judge accordingly. Marion comes to the dining room in plenty of time to arrange the place-cards—and that is really a task.

"That's the worst job of all," she sighs. "I try to place people together who will have interests in common. If I have a house party, I never place the same people together for both a luncheon and dinner. If I have more than one European at the table, it's twice as difficult. I've found that English people, particularly, always seem to distrust each other—unlike us Americans. When we meet in Europe, we greet each other like long-lost brothers. Once I made the mistake of placing Albert Einstein across the table from a German author. They conversed in German during the entire dinner."

She found George Bernard Shaw to be a more agreeable guest than many she has entertained. For example, there was the famous novelist whose table conversation should have been confined to a stag smoker. The eminent G. B. S. ate nothing but vegetables, which was all right with the hostess. It was a trifle disconcerting, however, when the Irish playwright looked with such evident disgust on the meat-eaters.

A Joke She Tells on Shaw

SHE thinks she has a good joke on Shaw. He asked for tea in the afternoon, and in honor of her distinguished guest, she brought out an exceedingly rare and expensive brand. It had been the gift of a famous personage in the Far East. Shaw turned up his nose and commented on the inferior grade.

"So I don't think he knows good tea from bad—even if he is Irish," Marion laughed.

Sir Thomas Lipton was an "old darling" and she liked the Coolidges. One or two of the famous titled Europeans she hopes are not planning immediate trips to America again. One possessor of an ancient title sort of wore out the welcome sign on the doormat. He stayed for weeks and wasn't a bit hesitant about running up bills on his hostess. It finally came to the point where Marion asked to have the servants tell the gentleman that she was working late at the studio. She would then sneak in the side door of her house and have dinner in her suite. Once she almost encountered him in an upper hall. She practically dove into an open doorway to avoid the meeting. But such things just add zest to the life of an international hostess.

Probably Marion's greatest social *coup* was entertaining Colonel Lindbergh on the evening of his spectacular reception in New York after he had conquered the stormy Atlantic airways. With public interest at fever pitch, the tall, young aviator had been besieged with invitations. One of the Vanderbilt ladies, on some assurance that the lion of the day would be available, had arranged a tea in his honor. Two hundred of New York's bluest bloods were gathered in her drawing-room. Mrs. Vanderbilt, herself, stood at the head of the grand stairway, waiting to receive her guest. Finally, an emissary informed her that "Lindy" would not be present. As the story goes, she fell into a dead faint. Lindbergh had not been consulted on the tea. He had made an engagement for himself, and for three hours he chatted and laughed with Marion, Constance Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and a half-dozen other guests in her New York apartment.

Guests Who Are Always Invited

THOUGH knowing royalty by the dozen lots, Marion has remained steadfastly loyal to her old friends. At her house, you are as likely to meet one of her chums from the old "Follies" days as a dowager duchess. There is a set list of guests kept on hand for all of her big parties. The secretary knows whom to invite. I have never seen that list, but I can guess at a

(*Continued on page 69*)

How this Vacation Romance was SAVED

1 FRIDAY . . . My first day at the shore—it's beautiful! And I've met the most wonderful man. He has a grand speed boat and he's terribly attractive. I'm sure he likes me, too, and we'll have fun together.

2 SUNDAY . . . I'm so unhappy. Yesterday afternoon there was a dance at the yacht club and Dave—that's the man I met on the beach—asked me for the very first dance. I was thrilled, and then . . . for some reason or other, he faded away. *What's wrong?*

3 TUESDAY . . . Today one of the girls dropped a hint about Luxing underthings every night, because without Lux you risk perspiration odor. Could *I* have been guilty?

4 SATURDAY . . . Everything's wonderful now! Dancing with Dave last night, a trip in his speed boat today. I'm so thankful Betty dropped that hint, for since then I haven't taken chances with perspiration odor. I should think every girl would protect daintiness with Lux.

GIRLS who wonder why they aren't as popular as they'd like to be should ask themselves this question:

"Am I offending others through even the slightest hint of perspiration odor in underthings? Can I *afford* to run such a risk?"

We all perspire—*frequently more than a quart a day.* Underthings absorb this, and the odor is noticed so quickly!

AVOID OFFENDING. Underthings absorb perspiration odor . . *Protect daintiness this easy way:*

Simply Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux whisks away perspiration odor, saves colors and fabrics. Avoid ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali, and cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

Mrs. F. Breed washed 318 items with one box of Lux

26 dresses, blouses, sweaters
54 pairs stockings, socks
110 pieces lingerie, silk shirts
88 towels, table linen
40 handkerchiefs, gloves
"And I did the dishes 21 times for 5 people."

LUX underthings after *each* wearing

Removes perspiration odor . . . Saves Colors—Saves Fabrics

Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair . . GIANT TUBE 50c.

AND YOU CAN
PERMANENTLY
DESTROY HAIR WITH
ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately. Large Pkge. $1.00
Treatment or FREE Demonstration at
Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, (46th ST.)

AB-SCENT
DEODORANT
STICK
For economy and effectiveness, carry this handy deodorant in your bag. Eliminates perspiration odor.
25c
Also a smaller size in an attractive elevator container for 10c

I've Faced These Temptations in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 49*)

to Florence Eldridge. They recently adopted a baby girl, who now takes much of their time. For a while they were very much in the social whirligig. Then, one night, they simultaneously tired of seeing canapes and cocktails coming their way—and since that time have pleased themselves and, probably, offended others by declining most of their invitations and issuing very few, themselves. Some day, Fredric told me, he and Florence plan to settle down on a farm in Connecticut. He also admits that they probably will do nothing of the sort; the life of the studios gets one—and no one ever escapes.

And speaking of the life of the studios brings us back to the temptations of Hollywood that Fredric, in the midst of all his activities, has discovered.

He said to me, "'*Don't be a spoiled child!*' would be my way of warning the other fellow to keep out of temptation.

"When you come to think of it, that's all that an egotistic actor really is—a spoiled child. A spoiled child demands and expects to be the center of attention wherever he goes, whomever he is with. He demands and expects to have all the toys he sees other children have, and he sets up an awful din if he doesn't get them—and he *will* get them if he can, by fair means or foul. He expects to be the ringleader of every stunt and party. He sulks if he doesn't come off with all the plaudits and honors on every occasion; whether he is legitimately entitled to them or not doesn't have much to do with it.

"He can't take criticism. He can't take punishment. He can't bear to see any other child receive notice or attention. He always insists that what he does is better done than what the other fellow does; he always insists that what he has is bigger and better than the things the other chap has. Now, compare these notes on a spoiled child with what you know of the antics of a spoiled actor, and if the two cases aren't identically the same, I'll eat my next script.

"While on the subject of spoiled children and actors with swelled heads, I surely have to hand it to Clark Gable. I think that Clark has stood up under fire better than any man I know. He is the same to-day as he was on the day before he became famous and sensationally popular. Clark is a man's man—a mighty fine and staunch sort of chap. He hasn't succumbed to a single one of the Hollywood temptations.

The Easiest Pitfall of All

"OUR first temptation—and I say 'our' because my temptations are also the temptations of my fellow-actors, I suppose—is to believe that we are just about the finest thing that ever stepped into the movie arena. We are very prone to sulk, if we do not get top billing. We are apt to pout, if we do not get the particular part in a particular play that we have set our hearts on. We are apt to feel a sense of injured dignity if the director does not give us all the breaks and see every scene and every character as we see them. And it is amazing how rapidly we can succumb to this temptation. Where one day we would have been grateful for a 'bit' part in a picture, a day later we are very hoity-toity if we are not accorded stellar billing.

"Our second temptation is to believe that every man looks at us with awe and envy, and every woman with longing and desire. It's easy to get that way. *I know.* The limelight is a very flattering light. It makes a big shot out of a rather mediocre human being. It's a good thing to keep in mind that the limelight is a false light, that it magnifies, and that the instant we step out of it or it is turned away from us, we are back to life-size again.

"Women? Of *course*, they are a temptation in Hollywood—if a man is looking for that kind of temptation. No doubt about it. For here is gathered together in one circumscribed area the picked pulchritude of the world.

"But it is not the stars, themselves—not the Dietrichs and Lombards and Sidneys and Hopkinses—who are the real temptations. The most potent temptations are the 'extra' girls and the 'bit' players. They are beautiful. They are young. They are lonely. They are ambitious. Stars, having reached stardom, are beyond most of the necessities. They are, usually, too busy for amours, for tête-à-têtes, for all the concomitants of what is popularly known as an 'affair.' They are afraid of undesirable publicity.

Higher-Ups Become Immune

"AND it is also true, on the other hand, that the higher we men get in our profession, the less the temptations become. Because people, women as well as men, rather resent us. Women will think, 'Oh, *he* thinks any woman will fall for him because he is so-and-so—well, we'll show him!' The result is that they are more stand-offish than they might have been in our more obscure days. And the men figure, 'He thinks he's the Prince of Wales or something—we'll show him that he doesn't rate so high with us.' That sort of thing.

"Another temptation, of course, is the temptation to be extravagant. This comes from the fact that so much money is made in Hollywood by people who are so young. None of us seems able to remember the members of our profession who have died in attics, or as objects of charity, poor and forlorn and forgotten. It is a terrific temptation to feel so important and so popular and so much in demand that we figure, 'Well, it may have happened to him or to her—but it couldn't happen to *me*.'

"It is a temptation for young men, I know, to want to strut their stuff before the eyes of the pretty girls and women. They are like the Indian braves who parade before the squaws, wearing their gaudiest headdresses and skins. Young actors in Hollywood see other men, stars, living in lavish mansions, driving imported cars, throwing expensive parties, entertaining and being entertained by Mary Pickford and Marlene Dietrich and the Harold Lloyds and others—and it's natural for them to want to do the same stunts, themselves. The only safeguard for this is to remember that those who are doing this sort of thing have worked their way up to it or are staging a show that is bound to go broke.

"I'm afraid it is true that the life of a picture star in Hollywood is inclined to make one less likable as a person. It is a terrific temptation to talk of no one but yourself, your work, your next picture, what the critics have said about you. It is a temptation to believe that you are the very hub of the universe, and to believe that the rest of the world thinks so, too.

Tempted To Stay Too Long

"IT is a temptation to keep on going on the screen long after our little day is done. I admire Ronald Colman immensely for what I hear he has done—shaken the dust of the studios from his feet while his

feet were on the pinnacle. The danger, of course, is that you may not know just when you are on the pinnacle, ready to make the steep descent. The temptation is to believe that your next picture will be the greatest thing you have ever done and to keep on believing that and on—and on—and on.

"It's a temptation to become a 'joiner.' I mean, a joiner of actors' clubs. I honestly believe that more actors become 'hammy' and out-of-date before their time by joining these clubs, than for any other reason. A crowd of them will get together and talk, largely, about the good old days when they played *Cyrano* or *Hamlet* or something; or when they did this or that, and the critics said this or the other thing. They begin to live in the Past, to forget all about the Present, and to think that the Future doesn't count because of the glories that have been theirs. They come to believe that laurels never wilt. This is one of the temptations I have NOT succumbed to. I didn't even join The Lambs in New York, for the reasons I have given.

"It is a temptation to become one of a set or a clique out here in Hollywood. There are several of them. There is the set of which Lilyan Tashman and Alice Glazer are the acknowledged leaders. There is the set led by the Conrad Nagels and the Fred Niblos and others. There is the charmed circle of Pickfair. An actor is all too likely to become so involved in the concerns and affairs of his own group that he will lose a great part of his individual life and the individual friends he would choose from other circles.

"There is the temptation of making your screen work your whole life—the temptation of forgetting that you have another life, a home-life, until the day comes when the screen days are over and, probably, your home-life, also.

"Yes, a fellow can do with backbone in Hollywood. He can get along better with less color, and more conscience. And if he'll try to remember that the limelight throws a wide arc and takes in more than one figure, he'll avoid more of the temptations than he'll fall for."

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

forests in diaphanous attire, supposed to have been spun from cobwebs. It should be something to look upon. But so is her personal wardrobe. The adorable white crêpe frock with the black band and the large flower at the waistline, together with its large matching picture hat, is what first caught our eye.

Another outfit you should know about is the one that Dolores restricts to the grounds of her beautiful gardens and the spacious patios of her Santa Monica home. It consists of a very full trouser skirt of soft green silk crêpe with a short white piqué jacket. At first glance, it is hard to tell that it is a divided skirt because of its fullness as the folds fall gracefully over the skirt split. And there is really nothing more to it than the trouser skirt and the jacket, as the little jacket goes right over her nude body and the trouser skirt ends at the waistline so that the area between the skirt and jacket remains exposed. Quite an idea for keeping cool and Dolores is crazy about it.

"Disgraced" is being filmed over on the Paramount lot and in it you will see Helen Twelvetrees as a bride in the modern manner and Adrienne Ames in a bridal outfit of early Twentieth Century design, somewhat like the one Mother wore.

Helen, as the modern bride, selects a sheath-like gown of white satin, one of the

(*Continued on page 73*)

The Olive green color in Palmolive

is Nature's own beauty trade-mark

—and olive oil makes Palmolive green

IN Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive oil. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal the precious, soothing olive oil that keeps skin lovely and alluring.

No wonder women in every land use Palmolive. For in every cake is poured the eternal beauty aid of the centuries—rich olive oil. No bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Just the natural green of olive oil. Use Palmolive freely . . . if you would keep your skin youthful and lovely. And it costs so little today that you and all your family can use it liberally.

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

"Olive oil preserves the youth of the skin," says Pessl of Vienna, one of 20,000 beauty experts who advise Palmolive.

Are you lighting your home with

DRIP! DRIP! DRIP!

If you could see the electricity wasted by an inferior incandescent lamp as easily as you see water wasted by a leaky faucet, you would replace the lamp at once.

But you can't see it . . . yet thousands of people are paying for light they do not get because the lamp bulbs in their sockets are obsolete lamps . . . worn out lamps . . . or lamps of inferior, unknown make.

When you use good lamps . . . General Electric MAZDA lamps . . . you make electricity an even more economical servant. They give the maximum amount of light for the current they consume. This is why the GE monogram on a lamp is worthy of your confidence. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

The Marriage Secret of Kay Francis—*Never Told Before*

(*Continued from page 31*)

I had been separated, really, for several weeks. I was packed and ready to sail. When—a friend came to call one evening, bringing a friend along. A man. The instant this man entered the room, the very instant I laid my eyes on him, I said to myself, '*I am going to marry this man!*'

Sure They Would Meet Again

"MY husband and I were really separated at the time, as I've said. But it might not have made any difference if we hadn't been. It might have happened the other way. I didn't know when I was going to marry him, or how, or why. I didn't wonder whether I was in love with him or not. I didn't ask myself whether I believed in love-at-first-sight or not. I didn't ask myself any questions at all, about anything. It was a stark and simple and unequivocal FACT. That is all. I had no idea whether he was married, divorced, engaged, or in love with somebody else. I didn't know who he was, what he did, or where he came from. I knew nothing whatever about his situation. It wouldn't have made any difference. *I knew that I would marry him.*

"He didn't have the same idea at all, as I later learned. It was, really, quite the contrary with him. For political reasons, marriage was unwise and all but impossible for him. For political reasons, I cannot, even to-day, divulge his name. He was afraid of marriage. He disliked the idea of it.

"Well, I didn't see him again before I sailed. I didn't hear a word from him, or about him. I didn't know when I would see him again. I didn't care. I just knew we would meet again *sometime.* I obtained my divorce and had one more week to stay in Paris when—I met him over there. He had gone over on a business trip. I had had nothing to do with it. We saw quite a bit of each other that last week in Paris. He didn't rush me particularly. He didn't seem especially interested. The only sign he gave of beginning to share my—my conviction was when he changed his sailing to go back on the same boat I was taking.

"On the way back, we were together a lot, of course. One week after we landed in New York—*we were married.*

The Story of Their Wedding

"IT was too amusing. It happened like this: Immediately we had decided to be married, he had to go to Boston and be there a week. We left it this way—that on a certain hour of a certain day he would send a wire to me and, at that precise moment, I would send one to him. If either one of the two wires decided against the marriage, that would be the end of it, the end of everything.

"I had no doubt about my own wire, or what it would be. It was my one experience with A Great Hunch, with an unshakable belief. My conviction had never wavered, from the moment of that first meeting. My wire read something like this: 'Will meet you midway between Boston and New York at such and such a place.' His wire, sent simultaneously, read, 'Will be in New York on such a train on such a day.'

"In the brief interim, I had decided to go on the stage and, by a lucky chance, had got the part of the *Player Queen* in the modern-dress version of 'Hamlet.' Which meant that I was in rehearsal when he returned.

"He arrived bright and early one morning and, with scarcely a word spoken between us, we went down to City Hall. While we were waiting in line, a reporter spotted us. It was essential that the marriage be kept a secret for the political reasons of which I have spoken. We paid the reporter off. We *bought* him off, with plenty of money. But we were afraid to be married there, after that. And then we had to search for a minister who would marry us. I had been divorced, you see, and that closed many doors to us. We finally found an obliging parson—and we were married!

"And what a marriage that was! We didn't have any ring. We didn't have any flowers. There was no wedding breakfast. There were no wedding presents. There were no friends, no family. Our colored chauffeur was one of the witnesses and the other was someone drafted from the minister's household.

"I had to be in the theatre immediately after the ceremony. I should have been there early in the morning. He had to catch the noon train back to Boston. He dropped me at the door of the theatre with a mere 'Goodbye, wifie.' I said 'Goodbye, hubby.' And that was all. He came down for the marriage that day. The next day he came down for the honeymoon.

"I explained my tardiness for rehearsal by saying that my mother had fallen and broken her ankle and I had had to find a doctor for her. Mother's ankle has been a great convenience to me on more than one occasion. The fact that she has never broken it is certainly beside the point. That's another secret. . . .

What Led to Their Parting

"ONLY two people in the world were ever told about that marriage during the whole two years of it. One was the colored chauffeur, and the other was the girl who shared my apartment with me. She had to know, of course, because when he came down for week-ends or for a day or two during the week, she obligingly vacated and left us to ourselves.

"Then—well, there are some things I cannot go into, of course. And I really don't know just what did happen to us, what broke us apart. Separations, I suppose. Divided interests. The impossibility of having a home together, of sharing each other's lives. Shortly after our marriage, I went out with the Stuart Walker Stock Company. By that time I was positive that I wanted to be an actress, to go on with the stage. Stock was the best way of learning what I needed to know. He had to go West on business. One thing and another kept us apart, kept our interests even more apart. It simply didn't work. . . .

"There was another divorce—very quiet—and then it was as though a stone, the stone of our deep secret, had been dropped in the depths of some sea. No one had ever known. No one asked. It was over, and hidden and finished—*until now, until today.*

"Of course, I was a little bit afraid of marriage after those—those two. There are some things I have had to omit from my story, of course. Things that have saddened me a little, left me wiser, I hope, given me emotional experiences I have probably benefited by. . . .

"Even when I realized how deeply I was in love with Kenneth, I was afraid. I asked myself questions about it. I discussed problems with him. He finally had to abduct me from a hospital bed, you remember, telling me not to be a little fool, that we loved each other, and what else was there to do about it?

"I can never be thankful enough that I was abducted. I have never been so happy in my life. I believe that on the background of experience I have built something *enduring.*"

Are you amazed—?

MARION DAVIES—the Real Social Queen of Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 64*)

few of the names—Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Charles Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Frances Marion, Harry D'Arrast, Lewis Milestone, Seena Owen and Harry Crocker. Constance Talmadge, her husband, Townsend Netcher, and Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall accompanied Marion on her last European trip.

Many of her friends are not particularly famous. As an example, the daughter of her former cook is frequently present at parties. When the mother died, Marion took the maintenance and education of the girl upon herself.

In a house where informality is the keynote, there is one set rule. Guests must be on time for meals. She is one of the two Hollywood hostesses to cling to the habit of "sit-down" dinners. Buffet type of serving has never been adopted at Pickfair or at the Davies beach house. If there are seventy-five guests, there are tables and place-cards for all. Naturally, to be tardy is inconvenient for the hostess. Marion does not tolerate it. If a guest is late, without an explanation, his place is removed. When he does arrive, another place is laid, but the guest does not feel too comfortable about it.

Even Charles Chaplin had to be brought to time. Notoriously late for engagements, Charlie tried it once too often on Marion. There was a long time when he wasn't asked back. He's prompt for dinners now.

After dinner a recent talking picture is shown in the big library. But that is optional with the guests.

Her Favorite Kind of Party

HER favorite mode of entertainment is the costume party. She has never outgrown the little-girl habit of "dressing up." Her friends know that and are usually prepared to change from evening clothes to fancy dress on short notice. The most fun of all her parties comes on New Year's Eve. That is Marion's birthday, and for a girl who has consistently refused to act the grand lady, birthdays are still important occasions. Another yearly social event enjoyed by the "younger set" is the party for children on July 4th. There are gorgeous fireworks, and Marion helps to dish out the ice cream and cake.

Though she lives in such splendor, it is one of Marion's most lovable qualities that no one is quicker in thinking of gracious things to do for the less fortunate. Many of her charities are well known. The Christmas tree party for poor children is one. Another is the Marion Davies Children's Clinic. Also, she gives an annual party for disabled World War veterans. There are many, many more which will never be known. One instance I know of. It was Marion's support that enabled a sick woman to win her long battle back to health. She threatened to withdraw her assistance if the story were ever published. No woman in Hollywood listens to so many tales of woe.

With everything in the world at her command, her own personal tastes are not extravagant. She loves to dress in pajamas and slacks. She's a good tennis player, and has Culbertson's approval at bridge. She's frightened to death of horses, and loves dogs. Gandhi, her pet dachshund, hasn't been more than six feet away from her since the day he was given to her.

She doesn't "command" anyone to come to her parties. But if you're ever invited, you'll break all speed laws getting there.

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—
COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

PERHAPS, like many women, you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy . . . even after brushing.

Here's why! The things you eat and drink leave *seven kinds* of stains on teeth. And *all* are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Two cleaning actions needed

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

Some stains can be removed by *emulsive* action. Others respond only to *polishing* action.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it over your teeth it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—lustrous!

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

I won't throw away my Youth!

I won't let Gray Hair spoil my fun

Without mercy, gray hair steals your richest treasures . . . youth, beauty . . . deprives you of the admiration that makes life a spirited adventure.

"Distinguished," your friends console you, as gray hair opens the door to Heartbreak Age. But you can't hide from yourself that the "silver threads" are robbing you of confidence, making you look and feel years older than you should.

NOTOX is a new method of recoloring gray hair, strictly scientific . . . undetectable! With Notox you can overtake even those first gray strands, for its clever shades blend perfectly with your own color. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface of dye as old methods do, Notox gently penetrates the shaft—and colors your hair inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft and lustrous and natural. Wash, wave and sun it all you like!

Ask any good hairdresser for Inecto Rapid Notox. And here's a warning . . . be sure you see the actual Notox bottle. *Resent a substitute* . . . no *like* product exists. You can buy Notox at any smart shop.

SEND FOR FREE COPY *of the fascinating booklet, "Heartbreak Age" . . . learn how to avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 61, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

• COLORS HAIR INSIDE WHERE NATURE DOES

This Month We See "College Humor" Through Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 42*)

keen interest the development of the story uninterrupted by incidental songs. It will pay particular attention to the technique with which Director Wesley Ruggles moves his characters into a scene while musical numbers are being presented.

Gone is the old technique of holding the camera upon the singer until his song is finished. This "tonsil photography," as it was termed, has been replaced by camera work on a wider scope—the theory being that both eye and ear should be entertained. Ruggles and his cameraman, Leo Tover, went the limit in making a *moving* picture from the script. As a result, there were hardly a dozen scenes for which the camera was not mounted on a crane or a "dolly truck" to follow the characters in action.

Hollywood will watch these details closely. So should you, if you wish to see "College Humor" through Hollywood's eyes.

A good many liberties were taken by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler in preparing a screen play from the novel, "Bachelor of Arts," by Dean Fales. Liberties were necessary, for the original novel was a scathing denunciation of student life in the typical American college. It was the novelist's contention, which he ruthlessly proceeded to prove to his own satisfaction, that the worth of collegiate athletics is far outweighed by the harm done to the youthful contestants. About all that remained of this theme, after Binyon and Butler finished making a musical comedy of it, was the character played in the film by Richard Arlen and a subtle, underlying irony that is unusual in college pictures.

Who's Who in the Cast

AFTER a first rough draft of the story was completed, Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston, the composers, were called in to work on a musical score. They contributed seven numbers in all and the shooting script was revised to carry action, as previously described, through each singing interlude.

Meanwhile Paramount began casting. Bing Crosby (who attended Gonzaga University), Jack Oakie (who claims he went to Knox—Hard Knox) and the radio team of George Burns and Gracie Allen were the first to be signed. Frances Dee (late of the University of Chicago), who was originally announced as the choice for a feminine lead, was replaced by Mary Carlisle, borrowed from M-G-M for the rôle. Mary Kornman (who used to vamp "Our Gang" in former years) and Lona Andre (ex-"Panther Girl") were then given the two next-most-important co-ed parts.

Randolph Scott (from Georgia Tech) and Buster Crabbe (from the University of Southern California) were both mentioned for the semi-heavy, but the assignment finally fell to the lot of Richard Arlen (from the University of Pennsylvania). Charles Ruggles, whose brother, Wesley Ruggles, directed, was considered for one of the professors, but withdrew after the part was cut to "bit" proportions.

With all of the leading rôles cast, Paramount then began a search for a suitable title for the production. Obviously "Bachelor of Arts," although it did well enough for the novel, was not a good title for the screen. Hundreds of suggestions were considered, most of which included the word "college." But it was the timely arrival of the morning mail that finally aided studio executives in reaching a decision. In the mail that particular morning were subscription copies of the popular magazine, "College Humor."

How Picture Got Its Name

IMAGINE the scene: A dozen writers are in search of a title. Their brows are furrowed in thought. The concentration is terrific. At that moment, secretaries appear with the mail. Pleased at any interruption that will allow them to leave their labors, even momentarily, a dozen pairs of eyes turn to the pile of correspondence lying before them. Their attention is caught by a colorful cover on a magazine. Idly, they note the name of the periodical. Then almost to a man, they rise to cry triumphantly, "That's it. That's our title. 'College Humor'!"

And so it was. Negotiations were entered into immediately with the publisher of the magazine and permission obtained to use the title, "College Humor."

The picture opens in the rooms of *Danvers* (Bing Crosby), who is the dramatic coach at Mid-West University (a mythical institution). With him are gathered three old alumni buddies—*Dr. Mandel* (Jimmy Con-

Jack Oakie, the football hero of "College Humor," strays into the wrong locker room between scenes and is greeted with six cries of "Ribber, Stay Away from My Door." Left to right, the fair co-eds are Toby Wing, Patsy Bellamy, Dallas Dexter, Audrine Briar, Anne Nagel and Jane Allen

lin), *Dexter*, now a civil engineer (James Burke), and *Lafflin*, an attorney (James Donlan). The occasion is a reunion to mark the beginning of another college year. Cocktails are in the progress of making and would be expedited if *Lafflin* could find an ice-pick.

This ice-pick gag occurs twice again later in the story. It is reported, although not substantiated, that an over-zealous assistant prop boy ruined the first "take" of the second sequence when, after hearing the actor protest loudly over the absence of a pick, provided one for the kitchenette set. No one had advised the boy that the protest was part of the script.

Oakie Gets "Initiated"

THE four convivial alumni watch the students arriving in droves. The campus is crowded with riotous, raucous youths seeking their dormitory quarters. Freshmen, obviously ill at ease, mingle with the mob. We follow one of the freshmen—*Barney Shirrell* (Jack Oakie), a cocksure ex-high-school idol—to his room. As he is unpacking, *Mondrake* (Richard Arlen) and *Tex Roust* (Joseph Sauers) enter to pledge the newcomer to Delta Alpha fraternity, which boasts most of the athletes on the campus. Both *Mondrake* and *Roust* are college football heroes, the latter being in his senior year and an All-American.

Among the first tasks given the cocky *Barney* in his initiation as a fraternity pledge is the shoveling of two tons of coal into the basement of the fraternity house. The scene has Oakie attacking the pile angrily, only to shift the work to a passerby under the pretext that he is digging for a lost ten-dollar bill. This gag was not in the script, but was one of those "ad-libbed" on the set. The production carried a gag-man, by the way, for just such interpolated scenes. He was Bobby Vernon, fondly remembered as a comedy star for many years with Christie Comedies.

The coal pile is only the start of *Barney's* long initiation. He is treated roughly by the "brothers" of Delta Alpha and slowly, under rough handling, he drops some of his offensive mannerisms to become a thoroughly regular fellow. The inevitable paddling is a feature of one of the fraternity house sequences. It so happened that the day of filming fell on April first—which temptation proved too much for the gang. They framed up on Oakie.

Jack was told that a close-up was necessary for the action of Arlen hitting him with a paddle. Uncomplainingly, he stooped to receive the blow. It came, but a bit harder than expected. Jack could not repress an "Ouch!" They informed him that his ejaculation had ruined the "take" and proceeded to do it again—not once, but nearly twenty times. Each time, something was declared wrong. Arlen wore out his socking arm, but others willingly substituted for him.

But Jack Could "Take It"

OAKIE proved that day that he could "take it" as well as he could "dish it out." Even after he learned of the frame-up, he failed to be angry. If Jack had not already established himself as a popular favorite with his co-workers, his good sportsmanship regarding his beating would have made him popular.

Practical joking, except for this incident, was at a minimum, however, during the filming of "College Humor." This is probably due mostly to the fact that members of the company from the start looked for difficulties to brew between Oakie and Wesley Ruggles. It was the first time they had worked together since their well-remembered contract trouble. Ruggles, as you recall, held Oakie under an exclusive contract, which Jack sought to break. He sued the director in his effort to be free of the agreement, signed when he was an unknown. The

"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

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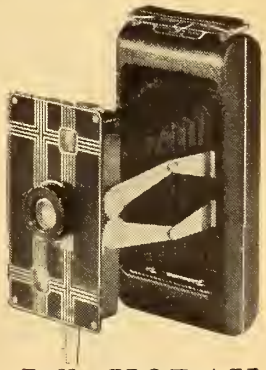

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suit was finally settled out of court, but the terms were never made public.

There is little doubt that Ruggles and Oakie sensed the troupe's uneasiness regarding their supposedly strained relations and purposely helped the rumor to gain circulation. It wasn't until the picture was completed that they revealed their real friendliness. Then they told how they had shaken hands and forgotten the whole affair on the day they reached a settlement.

"And we thought you were enemies all along," someone remarked sadly.

"If you had been informed differently, it would have spoiled a lot of fun," replied Ruggles.

"You don't realize how near we came to staging a fake fight for you," added Oakie.

Two Luscious "Blind Dates"

BUT to get back to the story: *Barney* and *Mondrake* strike up a close friendship. It is *Mondrake* who takes *Barney* on his first campus date (a blind one), on which he meets *Amber* (Mary Kornman). *Mondrake's* girl for the evening is *Ginger* (Lona Andre). Together, the two couples go down "The Ox Road."

This is the production's most spectacular musical number. It would be senseless to describe it, other than to point out that it could never be accomplished on the stage. At the end of the song, Burns and Allen are introduced. The characters they play under their real names are caterers to the college—until the radio discovers them. (All of their material, by the way, they write for themselves. In the script, their entrances and exits were merely indicated, and Burns and Allen were left to manufacture their own gags to fit.)

Toward the end of *Barney's* first year in college, *Roust*, the football hero, quits before graduation to be married. He charges *Barney* to take his place on the squad and, as a good-luck emblem, gives the youngster his famous white helmet.

During the next season, *Mondrake* and *Barney* are the outstanding football stars. But *Barney's* sister, *Barbara* (Mary Carlisle), has now enrolled at Mid-West and offers complications. Her favor is sought by both *Mondrake* and that personable young instructor, *Danvers*. It is in the scene of *Barbara's* meeting with *Danvers* that we first see the musical professor saying it with music.

Shooting this scene brought to light several interesting professional secrets about Bing Crosby. It was discovered that Bing is such a quick student that he never reads his script until he steps on the set. Then, in one rehearsal, he learns all of his lines and is letter-perfect thereafter in the complete dialogue demanded of him. And unlike many actors who study quickly, Crosby retains what he learns. It is estimated that he knows the words of more than a thousand songs, although he cannot read a note of music nor does he play any musical instrument. The piano music you apparently hear him play had to be dubbed into the picture's sound-track.

The College Hero Is Expelled

THE rivalry between *Mondrake* and *Danvers* over *Barbara's* affections reaches its climax during a dance at the sorority house. *Mondrake*, bitterly drunk, crashes the party and starts a fist fight with the instructor, who is dancing with her. As a result of the brawl, he lands in jail and is cashiered from college. *Danvers*, in trying to defend the boy, has words with the president that lead to his own resignation. He then goes on the radio—you guessed it—as a crooner.

Another year passes and *Barney* is the sole survivor of the trio of football stars. It is the day of the game with Yarwood, the big event of the season. In the alumni section of the grandstand sits *Danvers*, now a radio crooner, with *Barbara*, now his wife (ending the *Danvers-Mondrake* debate). In the "Outcasts'" box are *Mondrake*, the rejected suitor and ejected student, and *Roust*, the latter with his wife and twins.

The twin babies obtained for this sequence were the source of unusual interest on the set. Yet the attention they received is understandable when it is recalled that Director Wesley Ruggles had just become a proud father and Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen were both expectant ones. It was Jack Oakie, of course, who was responsible for the crack, "With Wes, Dick and Bing all paternally minded and Mary Carlisle and Lona Andre currently Wampas Babies, the title of this picture should be changed to 'Stork Song.'"

Throughout most of the shooting, students from the University of Southern California were used as "extras." The rooters, six hundred and fifty strong, who spell out their cheers with cards for Mid-West, are U. S. C. students. One cloudy morning while on location, Bing Crosby entertained this group by singing to them. He sang for nearly two hours before they would let him go. It is said that a dozen or so co-eds refused checks for their work the day Bing crooned, but that is just a report.

The U. S. C. football squad doubled for both teams in the games played for "College Humor." Amateur regulations prohibit them from accepting individual pay for their acting, so the money for their work went into the University's Athletic Fund. Another quirk of this amateur ruling prohibits Paramount from mentioning by name, in publicity or advertising, any player who takes part in the picture. You will do your identifying when you see "College Humor."

Downey an Unwilling "Extra"

AND while you are looking closely into these mobs of players, don't overlook a forlorn-appearing chap who sits on one end of the Yarwood bench. You're right—he is Morton Downey. The radio tenor journeyed out one day to visit his friend, Bing Crosby. As he attempted to make his way across the stadium, a self-important assistant director forced him into the scene. The fellow wouldn't believe Downey was Downey.

Howard Jones, the nationally famous football coach who brought his U. S. C. team through last season again undefeated, plays his real-life rôle in the picture. He is not affected by the amateur rules, as are his players. Cast to enact a fire-eating, vitriolic coach, Jones simply wasn't the type. The script called for him to cuss out his squad between halves in the traditional manner. But Jones, who never uses such hard-boiled pep-talks with his own boys, couldn't make the lines sound convincing. You will see how the script was changed to fit the naturally mild-mannered "actor" when you see "College Humor."

Coach Jones also served as technical adviser on all the football scenes. He thought it advisable to film an actual game, rather than "stage" one. Certain parts of the scrimmage could then be duplicated for close-ups—those in which *Barney* appeared, for instance—but the longer shots would be "the real McCoy." By pure chance and without any direction, the two teams played a full game, which ended in a score of 14 to 13. The script called for the final score to be 13 to 12. It couldn't have been better, if planned. We will leave you to find out for yourself whether Yarwood or Mid-West won. Suffice it to say that *Barney* wears the helmet that *Roust* had once made famous—and afterward you see what becomes of the principal characters, after college.

Rest assured that Hollywood knows all of the anecdotes and sidelights of the production that are presented in this article. Now that you know them, too, you will have no difficulty in seeing "College Humor" through Hollywood's eyes.

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 67*)

newest developments in bridal robes, and a circular short veil, edged with three rows of ruffles, worn over the face. The puffs of the sleeves are of satin and the rest of the tightly-fitted sleeves and the yoke of the gown are of net. Two silken lilies adorn the neckline. She is a sophisticated bride, if there ever was one.

Adrienne Ames looks very demure, as befits a girl wearing a bridal outfit of early Twentieth Century design. The gown is achieved in somewhat stiff white satin and trimmed with heavy lace. A band of orange blossoms is used to gather the tulle veil over the hair at the back. Just a wee bit old-fashioned, but oh, so sweet and charming!

Though Bebe Daniels wears sensational clothes all through the production, "Cocktail Hour," she chose for the ship sequence a very sweet organdie dinner frock that could go dancing at any moonlight party this Summer. The very plain, and not-very-long skirt is made unusual by the "fish fin" application of ruffled organdie along both sides, touching the floor and giving the necessary length illusion. The wide ruffled organdie collar serves the purpose of a wrap, as well as a collar, and can be detached. Bebe wears matching bracelets on both arms and Sidney Blackmer looks *that* impressed!

That "Gibson Girl" Effect

"WHEN LADIES MEET" stars Ann Harding, Alice Brady (who has returned to the screen after a ten-year absence), Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery. And when three such interesting ladies as Ann, Alice and Myrna "meet" in the bedroom of Alice's movie house, you may expect some interesting fashion points. In this scene you see the rest of the ensemble that goes with Ann's fringed hat, which I mentioned earlier. How do you like the suède-trimmed sports coat of canary basket-weave, with the novel cuffs? The skirt, like the sports coat, is of beige-colored basket-weave material, the blouse is brown and very smartly trimmed and tied in suède!

No wonder Ann is smiling so cordially at Alice Brady, who is wearing a "hostess frock" of red and white plaid chiffon, trimmed with a red velvet girdle and bow! Myrna Loy looks on admiringly—and is worthy of plenty of admiration, herself, in her white crêpe skirt and blouse, the latter trimmed in a stunning white and red polka-dot fichu. *Adrian*, who designed all three of these costumes, particularly likes the shirt-waist-and-skirt effect of Myrna's dress. The shirtwaist effect is going to be very good this Summer.

Says *Adrian:* "For Summer street and afternoon dresses, the blouse treatment will be all important. Collars and cuffs and jabots will play a more important part in this Summer's modes than they have since the good old days of the Gibson Girl. This does not necessarily mean the return of the shirtwaist and skirt—but the *effect* of the shirtwaist will be very smart."

Marion Davies, in "Peg O' My Heart," illustrated Adrian's jabot point in the most feminine sort of a lace-and-net collar set. The frills and the buttons were so quaintly old-fashioned that they were brand-new!

It may be clothes gossip to Hollywood, but it's clothes NEWS to the rest of the world, when the designers create new styles for stars. They're constantly doing it—which means that *Marilyn* has news for you every month!

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NEWS! The Patented★ Equalizer... a device which may look simple, but took over two years to perfect. It adds 20 to 30% greater protection. It cannot be copied, cannot be duplicated.

An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness because of the specially processed center strip.

Ends must be phantomized

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Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer...and this is why:

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Chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum is a mighty pleasant way to keep happy. Many find that it helps prevent indigestion. Make it a daily custom — chewing Beeman's.

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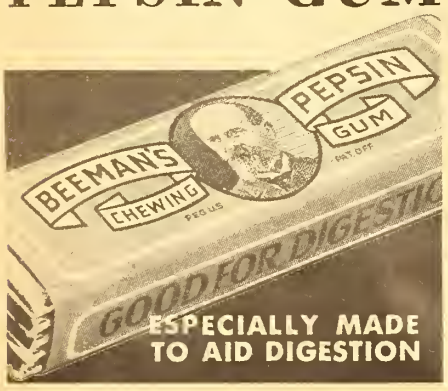


Mae West Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page 55*)

If I come to Hollywood and make a success, would you marry me—I mean, if something happens to your husband some day? (Lookit, Mae, you must have floored this one for the count.) I'm not married, and I haven't met a man I'd care to marry yet.

How would you advise a young girl to overcome an agonizing self-consciousness? Go out and meet people. Interest yourself in what others are doing. Get rid of fear. Remember that nobody, nothing, can hurt you but yourself. Someone has written wisely, "It isn't life that's important; it's the courage one brings to it." Have courage. When there is something or some problem that causes you to fear, attack it directly and you'll find that the cause for fear existed only in your mind. It works.

Did you write the book called "The Constant Sinner"? Yes.

How could you make the part of Diamond Lil *in "She Done Him Wrong" so realistic from pure imagination—or was it?* There ***was*** such a character as ***Diamond Lil*** in the Gay Nineties. First of all, I possessed myself of all the information I could find about that character. My experience as an actress, my own knowledge of human nature and my observations of life gave me all I needed to play the rôle.

Do you really believe that only flagrantly immoral women are attractive—and that good women are dull? Certainly not! Not all immoral women are attractive, nor are all good women dull. But where a story is concerned, the life of an immoral woman is necessarily more colorful and more incidental. The lives of good women, as a rule, are too uneventful to make interesting story material. Which would ***you*** be more curious about—Mrs. Smith, who is happy with her husband and her baby, or Mrs. Jones, who is continually entertaining men visitors while her husband is away on business?

Is your personality off-screen the same as it is on-screen? If you mean to ask whether I am the same sort of person off-screen as the character I played in "She Done Him Wrong"—the answer is an emphatic NO. I'll match my private life with any woman's.

Is it true that brown-eyed girls can't get in the movies? I never heard that one before. Of course, there's no truth in it.

Do you really wear as many diamonds in real life as you do in pictures? I don't wear as many since I was held up and robbed.

Are you really married to James Timmoney? I'm not married to anyone. And I never have been married.

In your picture, "She Done Him Wrong," you said that men always hold the upper hand and that you played their game in their own way. How do you play it "their way"? I'm afraid you're confusing my screen character with my private character. But on the screen, the character meant that man's game was to take all he could get and give as little as possible in return. She, herself, played the game their way. She took all she could get out of them and then unloaded them for others who could give her more.

Will you always remain the refreshing, magnetic, fascinating Lillian Russell personality and never become a slushy, sloppy, ultra-modern sex exponent? I assure you I will continue to do my very best.

How long have you played the "She Done Him Wrong" type of rôle? Since I started writing my own plays—beginning with "Sex," and continuing with "Diamond Lil" and "The Constant Sinner."

Where and how can I get a start in the show business? (Once more dozens of you asked for such advice. One answer will suffice for all.) If that is what you want, only persistence, hard work and real talent will bring you success. There is no easy road. I know from experience.

Do you believe motion pictures offer a better medium for your type of stories than did the stage? What is the attitude of the censors? Pictures are considerably more restraining as to freedom of expression than the stage, yet there is a great satisfaction in being able to entertain so many people.

What's this about your marriage? Have you done us wrong? Nope. I'm doin' you right. For the third time I answer—I'M SINGLE!

Where did you get your ideas for the book you wrote called "The Constant Sinner"? Through observation and actual study of Harlem life, and from various true incidents that occurred in that colorful section of New York.

Is the story of Babe Gordon *in your book, "The Constant Sinner," true?* There is much woven into the story that is based on actual fact, and there had been more than one white girl in Harlem, who, in certain essentials, paralleled ***Babe Gordon's*** gaudy career.

What salvation do you think there is for a sixteen-year-old girl who is poor, hopelessly unattractive and devoid of personality? No one is ever hopelessly unattractive or devoid of personality. At sixteen lots of girls imagine things of that sort. It's an inferiority complex you're suffering from—something to get rid of right away. The way to do that is to do everything that interests you and do it just a little better than everyone else. Try to excel in the things you like to do. Forget any idea that you're unattractive. Keep busy, wear your brightest face, like people and they'll like you. Suddenly you'll discover to your surprise how attractive you really are.

Were you frightened when you first started acting in the movies? After being on the stage since the age of six, it is difficult to be frightened of anything.

Where do you do most of your shopping? Between the stores in New York and the stores in Hollywood, I manage to keep from going naked.

Where were you born and how old are you? I was born in New York—and it all evens up in the end.

When is your birthday? I never have birthdays, for I was born at night. On August 17, if you insist.

Did you really make that unkind remark about Clark Gable and potato salad that was attributed to you in a recent magazine? Hardly, since I've just asked for him as a leading man.

Are all of the stories written about you in the magazines true or are they just a lot of "hooey"? Most of them—with the exception of the one that said that I am married—are true.

Do you ever grant personal interviews? You are the only star I've ever cared to meet. Yes—but the appointment must be made through the press department of Paramount.

Is being refined, gentle and well-bred an obstacle in the business world? Those qualities are praiseworthy, but they must not be permitted to form a negative character. A positive character is the first asset in acquiring success. Be firm, be strong, be confident in yourself and in the things you do.

Which do you think is the more important—beauty or a sense of humor? Beauty can be unhappy, but unhappiness never lasts long where there is a sense of humor.

What do you think of trousers for women? I don't approve of them, except for sports wear.

Do you know Freddie March? Is he as lovable in real life as he appears to be on the screen? I don't know him well enough to answer your question. But I presume he is every bit as nice as you think he is.

Can your plays and novels be bought in book form and if so, where? From the

Macaulay Company, Publishers, New York.

What was the title of your first motion picture and who was your leading man? "Night After Night" was my first picture. George Raft played the male lead.

How can I gain weight? I want to gain at least twenty pounds. If you wish to gain weight, I can safely recommend nine or ten hours' sleep every night, plenty of exercise, fresh air and sunshine, a quart of milk a day, creamed foods, potatoes, plenty of butter and—most important of all—a mind free from worries.

Do you like music, and what sort of music do you prefer? I'm very fond of music, all kinds, but I prefer the modern melodies and rhythms.

Do you like to be called "hard-boiled"? Not being "hard-boiled" really, I don't mind being called that. I'd rather be called "low-down."

I think the parts you play are revolting—can't you act like a real lady? Tch! Tch! Where's your sense of humor?

If you wanted a certain man badly, and he was out of your reach—what to do about it? And how to do it? No man is ever out of reach. The idea is to make him reach for you. Get his attention, somehow, and then, when you have it, pretend you don't want it. Something's bound to happen.

Why don't you keep your body more covered? (This question came unsigned.) Because I'm not ashamed of it—as you apparently are of your name.

Is it true that you wore padded dresses in "She Done Him Wrong"? If so, why? Was it to conceal your beautiful form? Stage experience, not modesty, dictated the use of padded dresses.

Do you enjoy life in Hollywood more than you did on Broadway? One lives more tranquilly in Hollywood. On Broadway you have to hurry to keep on top and when you look down, the bottom seems only a foot below you. Hollywood and I agree very well.

Is Mae West your real name? Yes.

If a boy loves acting and has dramatic talent, which would you recommend—Hollywood or a stock company? If you really want to become a finished actor, the stock company will give you invaluable training. Learn your craft before thinking about Hollywood.

Are you as happy in real life as you appear to be on the screen? I know of no one who is more completely happy than I am.

Would you like to play the part of Lady Lou *in "Dangerous Dan McGrew"?* I'm afraid that story has been worn threadbare.

Have you any brothers or sisters? I have a sister, Beverly, and a brother, Jack.

What is your impression of sailors? I am of the Pacific Fleet and am anxious for the reply. I think they're real he-men. If I were a man, I think I should like to try at least one enlistment. Sailors get around and acquire a kind of interesting cosmopolitanism.

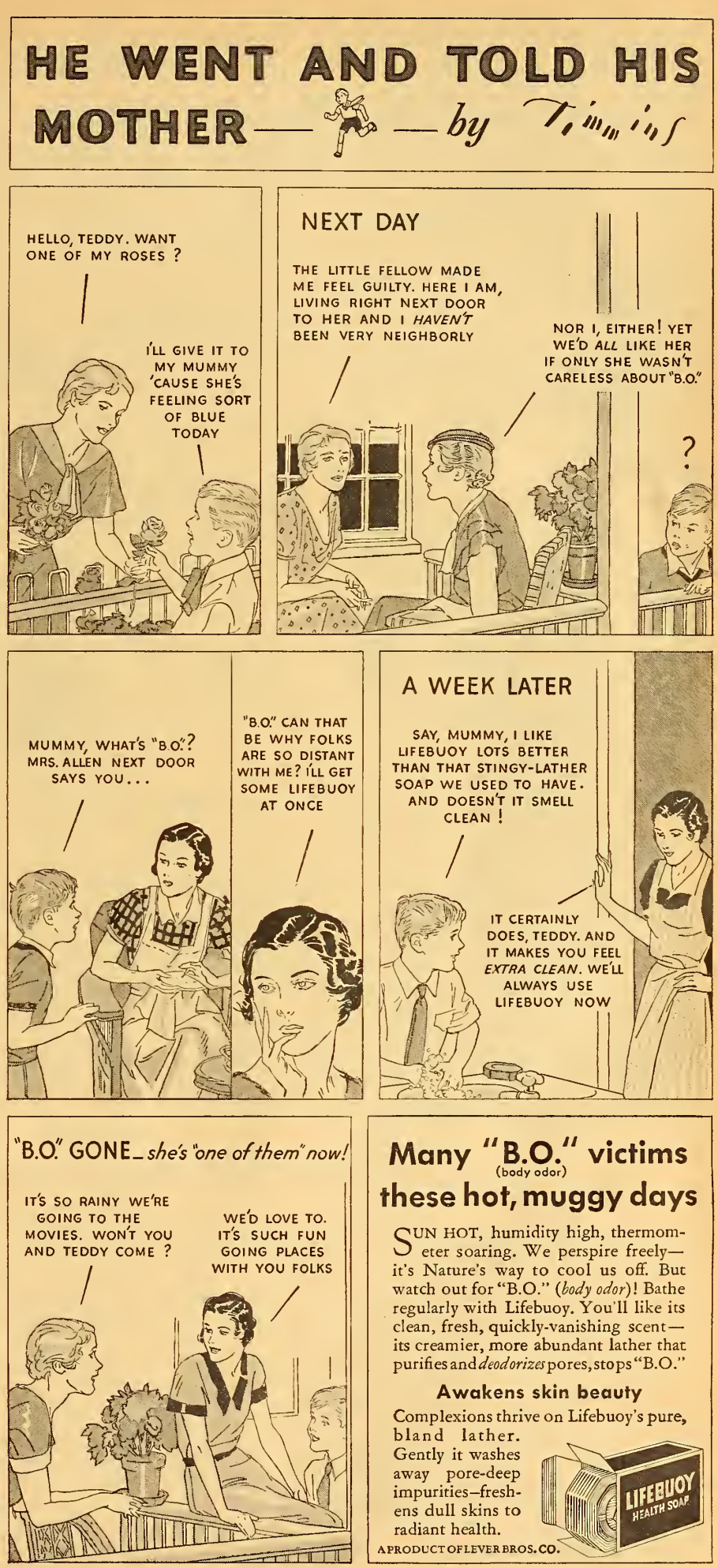
Do you remember when you and your sister went out with Fred Minton in New York? I can't remember—my mind works so fast.

Do you think the revealing garments you wear in pictures are decent? There's a saying, you know, "The evil is in the eye of him who sees it."

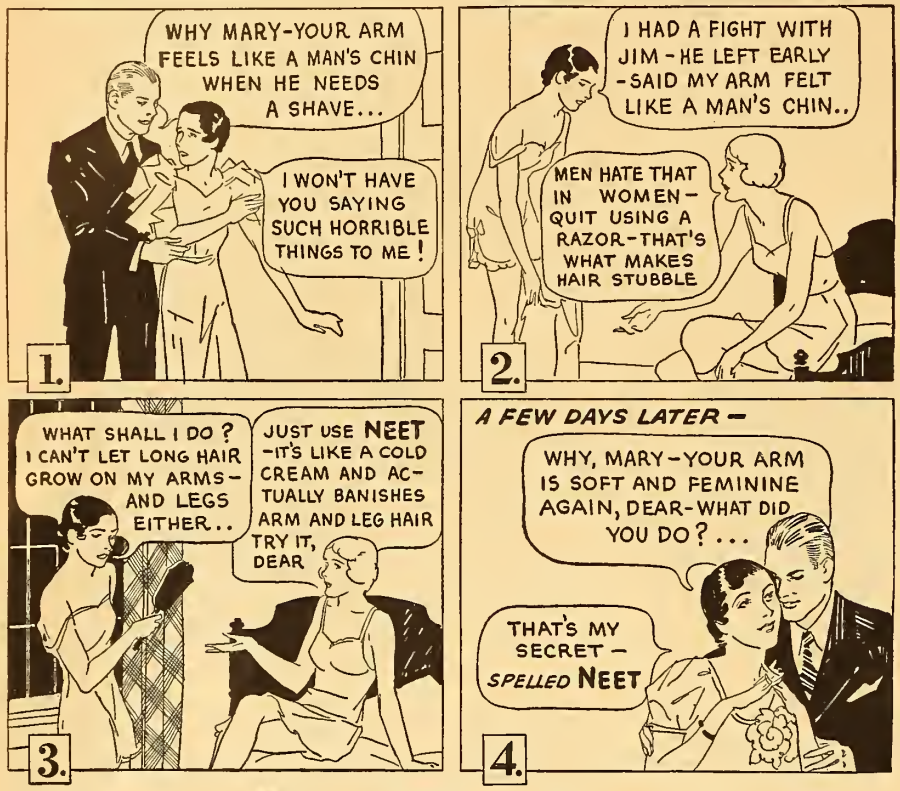
How do you feel after finishing a successful picture? Tired.

How can I get a man? And how can I keep him? If you keep your personality attractive at all times, nature will take its course and you'll get him. After you get him, continue the same policy. And good luck!

And so ends the inquisition of Mae West, who is not only an expert at arousing curiosity, but good at satisfying it. And with this inquisition also ends MOTION PICTURE's present series of "public cross-examinations" of stars—interviews in which moviegoers, themselves, have asked all the questions. We hope you have enjoyed them as much as we have.—Editor.



MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR by Wells



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This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

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The woman who entertains well—

THERE'S something indescribably fine about the woman who entertains well. From the cheery appearance of her home to the service she so deftly affords—everything is so natural—yet so charmingly different.

Such splendid hostesses, once very rare and belonging only to the idle classes, are now to be found everywhere. They grace homes in every walk of life—making them happier through the many friends they attract.

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The woman who entertains well must read the advertisements. Not only to keep pace with progress—but to learn how to do so on a limited purse. For advertisements are more than harbingers of style—they are announcements of economies that may be practiced safely.

Read the advertisements—to know what is new, what is correct—and what is economical

A Secret Wedding for Myrna and Ramon?

(*Continued from page 41*)

production. After a brief introductory conversation, marked by neither brilliance nor wit, Myrna retired to her dressing-room and read—her habitual procedure.

Did Love Scenes Start It?

AFTER a few days Myrna and Ramon engaged in love sequences for their picture. Ordinarily, when a handsome man kisses and caresses a beautiful girl, even though it is for a motion picture camera, some emotional reaction must result. When the average masculine star whispers honeyed words into his leading woman's ear, though they are only for the microphone, their meanings cannot be entirely ignored—not if the scenes are going to look "real."

However, Ramon and Myrna have been indulging in such intimate scenes for many years. They have long since ceased to be moved by the near presence of screen lovers. They have, in fact, acquired personal reputations for being emotionally unapproachable. Did this very fact attract them to each other? Were Myrna and Ramon *dared* by each other to penetrate their supposedly case-hardened exteriors?

Following romantic picture sequences, the actor and actress established a less

When Myrna saw Ramon aboard his train, that long last handclasp and that long last look into each other's eyes told more than words could about their hope of an early reunion!

professional relationship. Instead of retiring to her room to read, Myrna remained on the set and talked to Ramon. He apparently relished her presence because, according to one of the studio workers who has observed him for years, Ramon presently ceased to bring books to the set—an unheard-of oversight for the Mexican star.

Now, both Ramon and Myrna are intelligent—even brilliant—human beings. It was only natural that such minds as theirs should strike a common impulse of interest when they talked together. They found many topics to discuss and even if they were not then interested in each other, at any rate, they had no difficulty in finding conversational subjects that were mutually intriguing.

Lunched Far From Studio

THE set talks broadened into studio luncheons together; daily the two occupied quiet corners of the studio café. Then Hollywoodians who habituate the Brown Derby were amazed to observe Ramon and Myrna in that public eating place, where they calmly went through the rituals of a luncheonette-for-two.

One wide-awake young columnist, who never misses news if it happens right where everybody can see it, practically ran across the Brown Derby to reach the table where sat Myrna and Ramon.

"What is this? *Love?*" he demanded.

Ramon and Myrna shook their heads vigorously. Not love; just talking over their picture, they said.

Does it strike you as odd that they should have chosen the Brown Derby, twenty miles from their studio, as the place in which to discuss their picture?

Perhaps the over-zealous columnist put an idea into the heads of Ramon and Myrna. At any rate, they were soon seen together *at night.* He took her to the opera and they discovered that music is another of their common weaknesses. She has a remarkable collection of musical recordings, and she often sits beside her phonograph for hours at a time. He owns an equally fine musical library.

The next step in the course of their romance was Myrna's attendance at a dinner given by Ramon in his home. There he sang—and Ramon has a beautiful (and romantic) voice. Lacking the volume for opera, it has a soft charm that few opera singers can equal. Myrna certainly cannot be blamed if she found herself intoxicated, swept off her feet by Novarro's amorous arias.

Getting Used to His Home?

A FEW weeks ago Ramon went to Europe. He had signed contracts for a concert tour long before he met Myrna. Even had he wished to remain in Hollywood near her, there were those contracts. Ramon *had* to go abroad. Because of her own contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Myrna could do nothing except remain in Hollywood.

But see what else happened! Myrna rented Novarro's beautiful hillside home, heretofore sacred only to Ramon. Not many people know that she has been living there ever since he went away. She loves the place, she says, because it is high above Hollywood and lonely. She sits near a window that overlooks the city, and she listens to her music, played upon his phonograph. Does she also yearn for Ramon?

Myrna admits nothing. She denies any engagement to wed. Long the mystery-woman of Hollywood (far more mysterious, actually, than Greta Garbo), she is as impenetrable as the Sphinx. *But now Myrna giggles and she blushes!* And she has asked her studio for a long leave of absence. Perhaps for a honeymoon?

REVOLTING!
the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs

Why do it?
use KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

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And, above all, think!—never, never again the revolting job of washing dirty handkerchiefs. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex.

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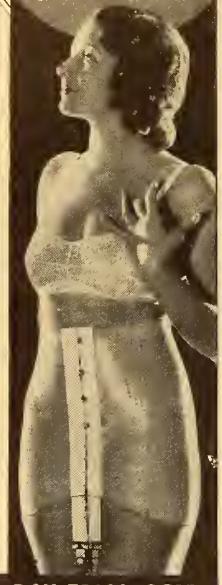

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An Outline of Hollywood's Hysterical History

(*Continued from page 53*)

way that we might have all the money, but Europe certainly had all the art. It was SO confusing!

You can hear exact repetitions of those conversations going on in nearly any Hollywood drawing-room to-day.

Remember the Actors' "Strike"?

ALL this was forgotten a few months later when the second shutdown occurred (this is Chapter VII) and—did I hear someone mention salary cuts?—was followed by an attempt to reduce everyone's weekly pay-check by ten per cent. This brought on the first Equity strike.

Now, of course, the hysteria mounted as it had never mounted before. People opined that pictures had been merely a fad and that there weren't going to *be* any more pictures—that radio was killing them. What had really happened, of course, was that an epidemic of "epics" had made large, gaping holes in studio bank accounts. Producers who thought that the more people you had *in* a picture, the better it would be, learned to their sorrow that even if the thing ever paid back the original investment, the turnover was so slow that by the time the bacon came home, everyone had nearly starved to death, waiting for it. So they had to mark time for a while.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences came into being just here—an organization whose avowed purpose was to promote amity and brotherly love between employees who were having their salaries cut and producers who were cutting 'em. Lots and lots of speeches were made and we were knee-deep in sweetness and light for weeks. But business grew no better until . . .

Chapter VIII.

Scared All the Old-Timers

SUDDENLY Warner Brothers, whose studio had been closed for months, produced "The Jazz Singer." Now, even if you live in Timbuctoo, you must have heard something of what happened to Hollywood after talking pictures made their appearance. Sound stages sprang out of the ground like fungi, and electrical engineers scrambled about their laboratories with volts and amperes or whatever those things are, crackling and snapping at a terrific rate, trying to perfect sound equipment.

Everyone in the world who could speak, sing, tap-dance or make a noise like a rooster came bounding to Hollywood, buckity-buckity, and in their wake came swarms of voice teachers, elocution teachers, dance instructors, orchestra leaders, songwriters and trombone players. Everyone who could make any sort of noise at all came to Hollywood and *made* it—mostly, it seemed to me, in the lobbies of the big hotels, hoping, with an almost pathetic optimism, to sell his particular squeak, bellow or caterwaul to the talkies. Some of 'em succeeded.

All of the people who had been engaged, until then, in the making of silent pictures, went right to bed with nervous headaches and the quantities of aspirin consumed were terrific.

Most pathetic of all these, perhaps, were the writers of subtitles, some of whom, by that time, had achieved salaries that vied with those of stars and executives. Those unfortunate gentlemen wandered about forlornly, inquiring, "What is to become of *us?*" And well they might! Their tribe is now as extinct as the dinosaurus.

Talking pictures, of course, brought several minor panics, due to technical difficulties, influxes of stage actors and so on. The latter certainly exceeded any foreign invasion up to that date! There was a slight flurry over accents when it was discovered that what seemed like very elegant English to New Yorkers, when heard upon the stage, seemed like a lot of fluff to Keokuk and points West and South. The denizens of those territories occasionally laughed a picture off the screen when its hero or heroine became too effete in pronunciation. Some of Ruth Chatterton's early efforts, which did very well in the cities, met a sad, sad fate in what Hollywood calls "the sticks"—until Ruth learned not to roll her "r's" so thoroughly.

Came a day—a flourishing day—when it was discovered that Constance Bennett was earning (or, at least, receiving) some thirty thousand dollars a week. On almost the same day, P. G. Wodehouse gave an interview in which he voiced a loud plaint that for the thousands of dollars he was receiving for his sojourn in Hollywood, he was asked to do practically no writing at all. Mr. Wodehouse, one gathered, was a little hurt about it—although appreciative of the dollars.

Those stories reached Wall Street and a week hadn't passed before a flock of agitated bank representatives arrived on the Coast to find out just what WAS becoming of their money! Right after that, we found that bankers were becoming executives, whether we liked it or not. But there is some doubt just now about whether bankers know much about running their own business, and as for letting them run ours—well, how would *you* feel about it? When a banker was called in on a story conference. . . .

Oh, well, what I am getting at was that the banker epoch was our next hysterics period. And a good one, too.

The Latest Bad Scares

OF course, there could be several other chapters in this History. The gangster scare. The kidnap scare. Most of our important people have iron bars at their expensive windows and are followed everywhere by armed guards this very minute.

Our present hysteria is pretty spectacular and probably just as serious as all the past ones. Studios are suffering from a rush of theatres to the bank book. They are also suffering from a bank holiday depletion and a number of other things. But the studios which are making good pictures are still making money—just as they always have—and will for a long, long time to come.

None of this frightens us—we have been through it too many times before. By this time next year—or maybe along about next October, motion pictures will have found something new to fret about. The fifty per cent cut will have been forgotten, along with mergers, receiverships and threats of reduced personnels. Some deadwood, no doubt, will have been cleared away. And that will be an advantage to everyone except the deadwood.

The only thing which would appear at all serious to us old-timers who date back as far as six long years would be if Hollywood should show a tendency to cease to worry—if our annual hysterics season should fail to manifest itself. Now, that would be *something!*

But it doesn't look as if that day will ever dawn—not with Congress muttering about investigating the movies, not with Wall Street tightening the purse-strings, not with television already peeking around that well-known corner, all set to make new demands of actors and actresses!

Wanted! A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Movie Actors!

(*Continued from page 35*)

Had No Rest, But Made Money

"AND that," George reported, ruefully, "was my vacation. When I came back, I was supposed to be all nice and rested and ready to go right to work!"

Perhaps that wasn't cruelty. He was being paid a good, whopping sum for his efforts. One of the things our Society is going to require is a committee to decide just what constitutes cruelty to an actor. Was it cruelty, for instance, when George was cast in the leading male rôle in "The Story of Temple Drake"? George apparently thought so. The rôle, as he saw it, was an extremely unsympathetic one — a character with scarcely a redeeming feature. He refused to play it. He thought that it would do him a great deal of harm with his public. Of course, if that was true—then he was right and it *was* cruelty. But Jack La Rue willingly took the rôle and thought it would help the public to remember *him*.

The committee for determining what is cruelty in our Society is going to find itself with some tough problems on its hands! Are physical risks, for instance, cruelty? George O'Brien had a narrow escape from being trampled by a herd of cattle. But that danger confronts cowboys constantly and they do not think it is cruelty on the part of their employers. They *know* about those risks when they undertake those jobs. And George must have known, too.

Cary Grant says that the cruelest thing that was ever done to him was to call him for some of those eternal retakes on one picture and then to tell him, immediately afterward, to report on another set to make his biggest scene in his most important picture to date.

"No time to study the lines. No time to consider the action, the business!" he wailed. "And it meant so much to me. I was bad in that scene. I knew it and I couldn't help it. That was *real* cruelty!"

Now there would be a situation for our Society to consider!

They Didn't Save His Face

LIONEL ATWILL, "the *mental* Lon Chaney" who seldom dons horrible make-up, thought that what happened to him in "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" was kinda cruel. He had, in that picture, one of those painful and difficult make-ups that takes hours to apply. He was supposed to be a man who had been frightfully scarred. Later on the story called for him to have a wax mask made to cover his scars —and then to have the thing smashed right on his face.

When the picture was released, Lionel found that many of his scenes had been cut out of the picture, owing to the fact that his make-up made him look frightful so successfully that the Powers thought that women and children in their audiences would not be able to bear it! After all his work at that frightfulness, too!

I don't know just how the Society would feel about that. It's a little more difficult to prevent cruelty to actors, you see, than it is to bulls.

I do think that it was a little bit cruel to leave Buster Crabbe alone with that lion —when he had never had any real, social contacts with lions before. The beast playfully nipped a little chunk out of Buster. Personally, I am sure that I should have complained a good deal about that episode, had I been Buster. After all, a lion, however refined, isn't anything I want to toy with!

Joan Crawford said it was "just part of the day's work" when she had to have fit-

(*Continued on page 81*)

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Turn back the days? *If you only could!* Jump them ahead? *Impossible!* So you wait and worry. A victim of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . that gnawing FEAR which usually starts with a minor feminine disorder . . . that taxing FEAR which sometimes brings on a major physical collapse.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. If you guessed the names of the six pictured on page fourteen as being (from left to right) Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, with the deep brown and almost mulatto make-up, Leslie Howard, Heather Angel and Franchot Tone, attending a party at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, you are 100% correct. They say that Joan and Franchot are very much in love, but neither of the two will confirm the rumor.

2. Ann Harding, Alexander Kirkland and Ann's secretary met with a terrible experience when they went to Havana for a vacation recently. They had a miraculous escape from drowning and death in the shark-infested waters a few miles off the coast of Cuba, in the Gulf of Mexico, when their boat overturned. The skipper of the sailboat who started out to swim ashore for aid was killed by the sharks while Miss Harding and her companions, clinging to the keel of the capsized boat, looked on. After several hours of terror they were rescued by a passing craft.

3. Joe E. Brown, motion picture comedian, has more than just a fan's interest in baseball. He has made his favorite game his hobby and business by buying an interest in the Kansas City Blues baseball team. However, he has definitely decided to let his players perform in the future and he will look on as he sustained a broken finger when he participated in a baseball game with his team recently.

4. Billie Dove, the beautiful screen beauty, became the bride of Robert Kenaston, handsome and wealthy ranch owner, in Yuma, Arizona, on May 4th. Billie was divorced from Irvin Willat, motion picture director, in 1931, and after that she was reported engaged to marry Howard Hughes, the producer, but nothing ever came of that romance.

5. Jack La Rue is being sued to the tune of $100,000 by Cologero Migliore, who claims that La Rue alienated the affections of his wife, Minetta, who at one time appeared with the screen villain in several stage productions. Mrs. Migliore was known on the stage as Annetta Leau and Drene Breach.

6. Richard Arlen, handsome leading man of the films, is the latest player to become a daddy. His wife is the former Jobyna Ralston, also of the screen, who presented Dick with a son on May 17th. The Arlens were married in 1927 and this is their first child. They are planning to call the baby Richard Ralston Arlen, but this name is subject to change when the child becomes old enough to pick a name for himself.

7. The passing away of Ernest Torrence, one of the screen's best character actors, on May 15th, 1933, came as a very sad shock to his Hollywood friends. He died while a patient in a New York Hospital, but his body was returned to California for interment. His death recalls to mind the grand party given by Mr. and Mrs. Torrence to all their friends last December when they celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

8. Garbo named John Gilbert as her choice for her leading man in "Queen Christina," but as Gilbert's contract expired several months ago and was not renewed, Metro wouldn't hear of it. Therefore, Greta will have to content herself with Nils Asther playing opposite her. Recalling the torrid love scenes from "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs" when these two were teamed, it would have been quite a treat to have Gilbert and Garbo together again.

9. Charles Chaplin gave up long ago trying to make people believe that he and Paulette Goddard had not been married, for everybody preferred to believe that Charlie and his beautiful companion had secretly said their "I Dos." But now that the rumors have gone so far as to say that they are soon to be divorced just as secretly as they were married, both Charlie and Paulette join in denying both rumors.

10. The lovely and blonde Miriam Hopkins is coming in for a lot of attention, which shows signs of a romance blooming, from King Vidor, the director, who was recently divorced from Eleanor Boardman. Vidor is directing "The Stranger's Return" for M-G-M, for which Miriam has been loaned to them by Paramount.

11. The original of the undraped statue of Marlene Dietrich, a work of art by S. Gaetano Scarpitta, eminent sculptor, which was made for the film, "The Song of Songs," and for which Marlene had to pose about three weeks, is on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. A replica was used in the scene of that picture where the statue is smashed to bits.

12. Minna Gombell made good her promise that she would never fall in love with a "collar ad type" of man when she eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and was married to Joseph W. Sefton, a San Diego banker. Sefton is manly, rugged and athletic and answers all Minna's requirements for a husband.

13. Mary Brian is Dick Powell's best and only girl and Dick admits that his chances of going to the altar with Mary are excellent. Powell has cut in on Buddy Rogers' romance of long standing with Mary, but the boys are still friends and, therefore, there can be no hurt feelings.

14. Katharine Hepburn, who goes right on sitting on the curbstones to read her mail and keeps right on wearing her patched overalls to the studio and doesn't care a whoop who likes it, has another habit which can be added to that list of Katie's funny doings. She always takes off her shoes when she has to do a highly emotional scene for a picture.

15. Buster Crabbe, the Olympic swimming champion, who is now at work on his second for the screen called "Stairs of Sand," changed his name from Clarence Crabbe to Buster Crabbe. Buster has a hard time getting fitted for suits as his shoulders measure 44 while his waist measurement is only 33. Did we hear you say "Whattaman"? Crabbe's first screen rôle was that of the lion man in "King of the Jungle."

16. Doris Kenyon, who was widowed by the death of Milton Sills, the film star, has found new happiness. She became the June bride of a New York real estate broker, Arthur Hopkins. Her Hollywood friends remember how hard Doris took the death of her husband three years ago and they are delighted that she is happy once more. Doris met Hopkins while making a concert tour in the East.

17. Two masked and well-dressed bandits got away with $30,000 in gems when they held up Zeppo Marx, one of the Marx brothers, in his apartment recently. Not very many months ago, while Mr. and Mrs. Marx were out of town, their apartment was robbed of jewelry valued at about $35,000. Zeppo says it's getting to be a habit.

18. Lilian Harvey, who was brought to Hollywood from Germany to appear in Fox pictures, can boast of having a smaller waist than any of the other players. It measures 19½ inches.

19. Paris was not as kind as Hollywood and New York had been to Marlene Dietrich's fad of attiring herself in male clothes. Paris, the fashion center, prefers woman dressed in very effeminate clothes and when Marlene arrived wearing pants, the crowd which had gathered to get a glimpse of the star booed her.

Wanted! A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Movie Actors!

(*Continued from page 79*)

tings on fifteen costumes in three days between pictures. If you ever stood up to be fitted for fifteen costumes in three days, I'll wager you would think it was a real chore! There is nothing in the world so tiring.

Myrna Has No Private Life

MYRNA LOY doesn't exactly complain of cruelty on the part of anyone, but there seems to be something wrong somewhere. "For the past three years, I simply have not *existed* except when I have been on the set," she says, wearily. "I have been so dog-tired when I was not working that I couldn't do anything—have any sort of life of my own. And the periods between pictures have been so short. Of course, I think I have been ever so lucky to have that much work. But I was afraid not to take advantage of every opportunity that came my way—with the result that I have had time to be nothing at all except Myrna Loy, actress!"

She did think it was a little cruel that time she tried to go away to the desert for a brief vacation between pictures. When she reached Riverside, a scant sixty-five miles from Hollywood, and paused for gasoline and sandwiches, she received word that she was being paged by radio to return for retakes on a picture. Perhaps this should be called a Society for the Prevention of Retakes—since they seem to cause such a lot of the trouble!

But the thing that amazes me is that actors don't complain much—any more—about these things. I had lunch with Gary Cooper one day when he had one of the worst colds I had ever seen. It was when the "flu" epidemic was raging and no one ever knew what would come of things like that. He had been working all morning and was scheduled to work again that afternoon, in the water on the "back lot," fully clothed and with a wintry breeze doing its best to induce pneumonia in anyone who ventured out at all. But he didn't seem especially disturbed about it.

Neil Hamilton didn't complain, either, when he had to work in "What Price Hollywood?" with two broken ribs. Maybe we are developing a huskier brand of actor.

Is it "cruel" to photograph a brand-new baby? Photographers couldn't resist snapping Richard Ralston Arlen, son of Richard and Jobyna Arlen!

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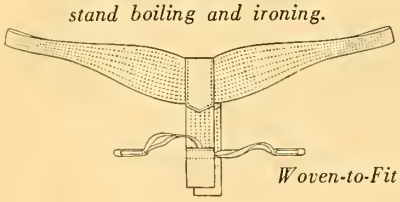

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DEL-A-TONE
The Quality Hair-Remover

He's the Jory—You're the Judge!

(*Continued from page 58*)

Olympic Auditorium, and on Fridays at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. He has an Anarchist friend, sympathizes with the more altruistic features of Communism, believes that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is making a swell job of running the country (he knew he would; that's why he voted for him in November) and believes in a Divine Will that might as well be called God.

He likes to fish for trout, in Colorado, and to hunt. He collects books, but no Dickens first editions. He has a fairly representative collection of erotica, including "Salome" and others; and is amused at the eager absorption with which some of the studio workers are collecting a new and ninety-eight-cent printing of "The Decameron," et cetera. He isn't sure whether it's merely healthy curiosity or intellectual snobbishness. Whatever it is in *them*, there's a good chance that Jory, himself, will never grow snobbish.

Will Play the Devil

AFTER eight pictures ("State Fair," "Handle with Care," "Second-Hand Wife," "Broadway Bad"—he was deleted from this, "Infernal Machine," "Sailor's Luck," and "Trick for Trick"), Winfield Sheehan, Fox mogul, took a look at Jory's work with Elissa Landi, Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan in "I Loved You Wednesday," called Jory into his office, and presented him with the lead in "The Devil's in Love." He is to play the *Devil.* Also, he is going to play the devil with the matinée girls' hearts. It's that look of faint disbelief in man and his woman in his eyes, which are bright, penetrating and French, that will do it. He is of French descent. From Alsace-Lorraine, to be exact.

He is surprised at his sudden good fortune, and cannot account for it. Sitting on the floor in mazy black-and-white checked slacks, a heather-colored sports coat with leather buttons to match, white shirt open to reveal browned throat and porous underwear, black lisle socks, grey suède perforated shoes and a grey handkerchief, he looks up, a little puzzled, and says:

"I don't know how it happened. I was sitting in my dressing-room, having a Scotch with Herb Sollars, after the day's shooting. Then I went home. The next morning Mr. Sheehan sent for me and told me I was to have the lead."

There is no bewilderment among the Fox officials about the assignment. The boy's an actor. He has been on stock company stages since he was fifteen. He has lived in Greenwich Village, New York (and doesn't think much of its artistic contributions); has lived in Vancouver, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Denver, Toledo, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Dayton and Hollywood. For the last ten or twelve years he has made his permanent home in Pasadena, California. He was born in Dawson City, Y .T., and is almost thirty-one. He looks about thirty-five. "I was born November 23, 1902," he says, quizzically, "so I must be about thirty-one." It's as good an age as any. And that's probably the way the studio feels.

He Knows His Acting

HE has five hundred and thirty-two plays in his repertoire, including everything from Pirandello to Avery Hopwood. He thinks Shaw and Eugene O'Neill slightly *passé.* He has worked with the Pasadena Community Players, played *John the Baptist* in Hollywood's Pilgrimage Play (a Biblical dish after the Ober-Ammergau style), and romped under the Hemet, California, sun as *Allessandro,* the stalwart Indian, in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," a good old Anglo-Saxon get-together in the Spanish fashion that takes place annually.

He has written two plays, "Five Who Were Mad," produced on Broadway, and "Bodies By Fisher," about to be produced. He has written the lyrics for several songs, the most popular being "Sundown Trail" and "Without You." He writes poetry and plans to get together enough for a booklet this Fall, if he has time. He rather regrets that the motion picture business is an ogre that devours his moments. He is in films to make money, but don't let him kid you. If he didn't like to prance around in make-up, he'd be digging ditches (which he has done), or baling hay or washing dishes or cutting lumber. All of which he has done, at one time or another, with pleasure and for money. "You see," he says, "I was very poor when I was a child."

His parents followed the phantom of gold. That's why Victor Edwin, their only child, was born in Yukon. If he had a million dollars, he says, he'd buy a yacht and go fishing, taking with him his male cronies, with Herbert Sollars, painter, writer, fighter, constant companion, as one. Also he'd buy a hunting lodge in Colorado.

Jory's favorite actor, and he speaks of him with idolatry, is Spencer Tracy. He has no favorite actress, although he thinks Miriam Jordan is pretty swell, because she is so feminine. He likes feminine women.

Safe from Romance Rumors

IN six months' time the predatory Hollywood ladies are going to cast mascaraed glances at him, if they haven't already. But he's going to hurry home to Pasadena and wife Jean Spurney Jory, plus daughter Jean, aged two. This he promises. One gathers the promise isn't necessary. He is far too preoccupied now, wondering whether he should concentrate on camera angles or acting, on pantomime or vocal perfection, to bother about the so-called necessary evils. Besides, there are the Jeans. Jory regards himself as a capable craftsman who has something marketable to sell to the screen. That's all.

His voice is low-pitched and has M-m-m-m-m-m. He says "if I had my druthers," and occasionally flecks his speech with am emphatic "Gee-zus!" He nudges you amiably on the arm by way of emphasis; and carries with him a black enameled cigarette case, inscribed "Vic," that his bootlegger gave him, presumably because he prefers Scotch to beer. Beer is inclined to make him fat. He weighs one hundred and eighty-two pounds, stands six feet one and one-half inches, and is not superstitious. And he doesn't like pomade on his hair.

He is quick with his fists and, one imagines, occasionally uses them to settle tiresome arguments. But not as much as formerly. As a boy, he spent his time "knocking kids over." He claims that he never had much schooling, and that he never could spell; but school records show him entered at the grammar schools in Dawson City, Y .T., and Vancouver, B. C. He attended a high school in Pasadena; Junior College at Fullerton, California; and went for less than a year to the University of California at Berkeley. His education was frequently broken into by excursions into bread-and-butter-winning acting. It was in Salt Lake City, Utah, that he made his stock début. It was in Provo, Utah, that he saw his first insane asylum. Since then he has made a collection of them. Also penal institutions. They have a fascination for him.

Where He Found THE Girl

HE was leading man at the Denham Theatre, Denver. He played in stock at Elitch's Gardens. He joined the Stuart Walker stock company in Cincinnati. In

Detroit, six years ago he met Jean Inniss, whose real name is Spurney, of Czech descent. She was in the same stock company. They were married. "But I don't think the studio wants much said about marriage," says this newcomer, who made his first appearance on the Fox lot on September 24, 1932.

Jory has played in New York City on several occasions. He played in revivals of "Berkeley Square," "Tonight or Never," "What Every Woman Knows," and "The Truth Game." Before he signed his Fox contract, Mascot, an independent film company, starred him in "The Pride of the Legion." It was the natural turn of events that he should land, permanently, in films. The gush girls and their boy-friends are going to like him because he is regular.

He likes highly-spiced foods—chili, enchiladas, tostadas, tamales, frijoles, chicken mole, spaghetti, ravioli—and thinks that Warner Baxter concocts the best chili that has ever slipped down his sunburned throat. He likes good reading, but denies that he owns the five thousand books with which he has been credited. He rents them with the vine-covered Pasadena house. He does, however, own some nine hundred volumes, and, sitting on the floor, chatting idly, he recommends that you read Walpole's "Fortitude." It is, he says, good writing.

When Jory recommends this, you feel that the fellow knows what he is talking about; that there is a primitive and untutored wisdom about him that makes him know, instinctively, what is art and what is sham.

That's probably the way Winfield Sheehan, Vice President and General Manager of Production for Fox Film Corporation Studios, felt. Therefore: Victor Jory, the screen's latest potential lady-thriller.

Hollywood Goes Buy-Buy

(*Continued from page 33*)

He's having his lodge at June Lake enlarged and remodeled. He's spending more money on his airplanes and his hunting trips. He has had his Beverly Hills home refurnished. And in the process of all this he has put those "forgotten men" to work.

Not one star have I been able to find who has materially cut down his scale of living, not one who has been thrown into a panic by the dire conditions in the industry, not one who has dismissed his servants, or drained the swimming pool. On the contrary, many are buying as they never bought before!

The present low price of real estate has proved an irresistible lure to Hollywood. It would—for stars, most of whom have lived vagabond lives, inevitably develop the home-urge. Walter Huston purchased several acres in the San Bernardino Mountains and built a luxurious retreat. Jean Harlow has just built a Holmby Hills mansion that cost a pretty penny. Bill Boyd bought a ranch in the mountains near Malibu, stocked it with cattle and blooded horses, and now employs twenty-two men on the property. Bing Crosby is building a new home, Leila Hyams is building, Fredric March has invested heavily in Laguna Beach real estate and is just completing a seventy-thousand-dollar home on his land. Ramon Novarro has built the most luxurious "modernistic" home in the colony, and Marie Dressler paid fifty thousand dollars in cash for a Beverly Hills "cottage." Adrienne Ames bought a fifteen-room palace and, not content with it as it stood, refurnished the entire house, re-landscaped the grounds, rebuilt the upper story and constructed a new swimming pool.

Even that fellow of simple tastes, Richard Arlen, has fallen in line. He has had two new wings added to his Toluca Lake man-

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BETTE DAVIS

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"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor...that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has created make-up for the stars and studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."

1. "For my colorings...blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin...I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me...and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering...always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony...it's moisture-proof, permanent in color and lasts all day, which are three good reasons why I use it."

P.S. "Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every feature picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

For your own personal make-up color harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

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Cosmetics of the Stars ★ HOLLYWOOD
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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
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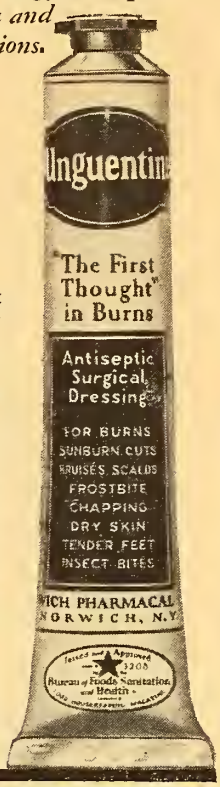

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sion, had the entire house redecorated, and built a gargantuan swimming pool.

Why Dick Built That Pool

"WHY not?" he wants to know. "With prices as they are now, I was able to have the whole job done for just about the same amount that the pool, alone, would have cost three years ago. I've been wanting that pool for a long time." And "Why not?" inquired Richard Dix when he had his San Fernando ranch revamped, renovated and revalued by the toil of thirty workmen and the expenditure of a great many dollars. Moreover, Dick and Rich have just acquired new heirs—and babies are expensive propositions!

Rentals having fallen in proportion with land values, many stars have been moving into better homes. Gary Cooper, for instance. He has leased a thirteen-room house and acquired a swimming pool. Claudette Colbert rented a house, discovered that she didn't like either the furniture or the grounds, and promptly proceeded to buy new furniture and employ a small army of landscape gardeners.

One dollar to-day does the work of two in more normal years and Hollywood is taking advantage of the fact with enthusiasm. New cars, more servants, and more once-expensive travel. Have you noticed how cheaply you can tour Europe this year? John and Jane Star have, and the railroads and steamship companies thank Allah for it!

Constance Bennett, who returned from Europe only a few months ago, is now vacationing in Honolulu—and she took five people, all expenses paid, in her party. Douglas Fairbanks, just back from Europe, is now heading for China. Doug, Jr., hopes to spend the summer in France, writing a book. Clive Brook plans to leave shortly with his wife and children on an extended tour of the world. Garbo has just spent almost a year in Europe, vacationing. Sally Eilers is touring the Continent for the first time. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have been investing in travel. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent went to Spain—just to see a bullfight. George O'Brien has just returned from a Mediterranean tour. Ann Harding has been burning up the air-lanes, Warner Baxter is in Hawaii, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are doing Europe, and so on, ad infinitum.

No Pessimists Among the Stars

THIS spending spree, mind you, is being carried on in the face of falling salaries and vastly depreciated investments. There's hardly a major star in Hollywood who hasn't taken, either voluntarily or involuntarily, a sizable slash in pay. Furthermore, the hard-pressed producers have indicated in no uncertain fashion that the day of "sky's-the-limit" salaries is past. More than one recognized authority has predicted that the entire industry must be reorganized, if it is to survive. What the fate of the individual stars will be, in the event of a sweeping reorganization, no one can say. But certainly the stars seem unconcerned.

Hollywood's celebrities have always lived prodigally, spending from fifty to one hundred per cent of their earnings. Their necessary expenses are great, their extravagances are even greater. It would be only natural, if, in keeping with the retrenchment of all other classes, they started hoarding, cut down their domestic staffs, bought cheaper cars and clung frantically to their ready cash.

The fact that they have taken the opposite course should command our applause, for every dollar that they spend passes through the hands of an endless chain of tradesmen and earns every one of its handlers a profit. Hollywood's weekly payroll runs into the millions. It is a goodly portion of California's economic blood

stream. To stop its circulation would bring tragic results.

The other day an automobile dealer told me: "I would have lost my business if the movie stars had followed the example of many business men who used to be good customers of mine. The stars have kept buying, while business men, with just as much ready money, have grown panicky and refused to part with their cash."

Keeping Business Men Busy

HE showed me a sales slip—two new and very expensive cars sold on the same day to Fredric March. Alexander Kirkland also just bought a big car. No wonder that automobile dealer is a red-hot movie fan! And nine out of every ten merchants in Hollywood could tell the same story. Their stores have survived the depression principally because the movie folk have gone buy-buy while everyone else nursed his fears and his bank balance.

Take Elissa Landi, for example. She has an absolute passion for fine books. All this year she has been buying. Her library has doubled in size and quadrupled in value. For good books have been selling at unheard-of, give-away prices.

"I regard my library as an investment," she says. "I would have been guilty of criminal negligence if I had failed to take advantage of this year's opportunities."

Incidentally, Elissa has also purchased one of the most magnificent estates in Southern California, right next-door to that of Will Rogers. The house and grounds require a small army of servants—so, you see, by going buy-buy she has benefited others, as well as herself.

They're all doing it, spending freely and reaping a harvest of possessions at half-prices. Some of the most canny, of course, are setting aside a portion of their incomes for the creation of trust funds, but even those careful ones are spending the remainder.

"It's a grand year to re-stock," says Hollywood. And hasn't Jack Oakie, once famous as the worst-dressed star in town, doffed his Bohemian pose, bought a new house, a new car, hired a chauffeur and dug deep in his jeans for a dazzling new wardrobe? And George Raft gets a new suit every week!

The pessimists claim that Hollywood is burning, but, somehow, there's a very joyous note in that fiddling that I mentioned.

David Manners has long had the ambition to own a home on the range. Now, with dirt cheap, he has his land—and is digging the foundations!

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A Love Expert Comes to Town—Francis Lederer

(*Continued from page 40*)

Meanwhile, Lederer's appeal was strengthened by the establishment of a certain wise and discreet isolation. He lived a systematic, well-regulated life—with two young men secretaries between him and his telephone—in a place where ladies are barred entrance beyond a reception room at the door and in certain dining rooms. This was the New York Athletic Club. Here he set up the daily routine of physical exercise, walking, riding (in Central Park), boxing and wrestling, which he has kept up since his two years in the (then) Hungarian army.

Stayed Away from the Parties

AND nothing was allowed to interfere with his work. On the opening night of his play in New York—certainly a night when any young man of Francis Lederer's twenty-six years might be forgiven for putting on his best evening clothes and going on to a party or two after the show—he slipped into his beloved black turtle-neck sweater, an old gray suit and cap, and hustled past the stage-door crowd, back to his club. He went right to bed after having a sandwich and leaving notice to send up all the morning papers early.

But the great burning question of the hour now is: Will this young Czech actor wreak the heart-havoc in American pictures that he has on the stage? Can his natural charm (not to mention his artful casualness) be caught by the camera? Will his foreign accent—which is so pleasant on the stage—cause him difficulties before a microphone? Will they give him stories to fit his personality?

Will Clark Gable and Gary Cooper and all the other native boys find their good old wholesome stuff a little too homespun and plain beside the romantic overtones of Lederer's Continental background?

As I have said, the Broadway betting seems to be that Francis Lederer stands a good chance of becoming Hollywood's next big answer to the maidens' prayer—and much more. Lederer is no mere charmer of ladies' hearts, the critics know. He is, first of all, an actor—moreover, one who has between two and three hundred stage rôles at his command.

Part of Lederer's fame on the Continent is due to the fact that he is considered Europe's greatest interpreter of Shakespeare's most famous lover. In "Romeo and Juliet" he made an overwhelming success in Max Reinhardt's repertory company in Berlin—after being "discovered" by Elizabeth Bergner, who was to play *Juliet*. She had rushed to Reinhardt and insisted that the young actor was "the greatest *Romeo*" and that she must have him to play opposite her.

Started as a Draper's Apprentice

LEDERER'S history is as romantic as his appearance. His brilliant ascent from the obscurity of a leather merchant's home in a small village just outside of Prague to the greatest theatre of middle Europe has been signally forwarded by the interest that several of Europe's great actresses have taken in him. Elizabeth Bergner was not the only one who "discovered" him.

In his early boyhood he seemed doomed to purely commercial pursuits in the cloth industry. His father found work for him at an early age with a draper in the city. However, when he was thirteen, a friend slipped him into the new German Theatre in Prague and showed him his first play—from the wings. That changed his life.

One of the stories that shows the simplicity of his youth is the one that he was almost diverted from thoughts of a stage career, because there was smoking in that first play he saw. He had, before this, taken a firm vow with himself that he would neither drink nor smoke—and he does not smoke or drink even now. Fortunately for the theatre, Frantizek Lederer (which was his name in his original Czech tongue) soon learned that one does not have to smoke or drink to play a merry villager or a courtier in a palace scene—or *Romeo*.

Seeking a chance from that time on, he was given a small bit some months later, cleaning some shelves on one side of the stage while the principals held an important conclave on the other side. Before long, the director discovered that the audience was far more interested in the thoroughness with which this handsome boy was cleaning his shelves than in the conversation of the leading characters.

Such industry led to ever-larger bits. Young Lederer took four lessons in dramatic art from an old actor. But with the plays being given mostly in German or Hungarian, the lad soon learned that he would have to add these languages to his native tongue if he ever hoped to play in the theatres of Vienna and Berlin.

Where He Learned His Acting

SO he concentrated on language lessons, studying other actors to learn stage technique. He worked hard at his two new languages and eventually hied himself to Vienna and then to Berlin—only to find that he needed practice both in acting and in using the German language. So he decided to go to the German-speaking provinces, where he could play with small companies and learn a variety of parts.

Some time after he had played in Berno and Breslau, Lederer was offered a job with UFA, the German film company. UFA had decided to experiment with the type of picture so popular in America, on the order of the Rudolph Valentino films, with lithe, attractive young men as the heroes.

Eric Pommer, the director, was searching for such a lithe, attractive young man—who could also act. He could find, he complained, plenty of actors who were not young and lithe—and also plenty of athletes who could not act. Max Reinhardt tipped him off to Lederer, and Franz (that was what the Germans called him) not only passed his screen test, but made four pictures for UFA, which have been released in this country. The strongest was, perhaps, "The Beautiful Lie of Nina Petrowna," with Brigita Helm. The others were "Pandora's Box," with Louise Brooks, the American actress, "Liebesnaechte" and "Neineid."

While Lederer was associated with Max Reinhardt in Berlin, he was offered his first American motion picture contract. It was from Lillian Gish, who was in Europe, consulting with Reinhardt about a silent film that he was going to direct with her in Hollywood. She put him under personal contract to appear with her in the film, but the picture never got started, because silent pictures suddenly became outmoded. Furthermore, Lederer could not speak English at that time.

Franz Lederer's last performance in Berlin was in "Die Wunder Bar," in which he was billed as "the singing and dancing Romeo." He had the rôle of a gigolo. His work brought him offers from everywhere. He decided to go to England—but not to stay there. His eyes were on Hollywood.

Dazzled London After Six Weeks

AS he was growing up, Franz Lederer had always been a favorite with women, but it was in London that he began to cut a wide swath in matinée circles—learning enough English in six weeks to play the lead in "Meet My Sister." (He says, by the way, that in that time he could learn a rôle in a play in any language because of his natural affinity for languages.)

While he was playing in his first London engagement, some English managers decided to put on a play called "Autumn Crocus," though they did not think much of it. It was a play about a schoolma'am. Heaven knew there were enough schoolma'ams in England. They might fancy the play, especially if the producers could find a likable young actor with a good middle-European accent to play the owner of the inn in the Austrian Alps where the schoolma'am goes for her vacation and falls in love—in a sort of autumn blooming. The producers found the likable young actor in Franz Lederer.

His name was Anglicized to Francis, which the producers thought improved upon "Franz," though we have our doubts. They curled his hair, got him several sets of picturesque Tyrolean costumes with gaily-embroidered suspenders, open-neck shirts and knee-length shorts, which set off his splendid physique—and waited to see how the schoolma'ams would take the play (and the hero).

No one was prepared for the wild fury with which not only the schoolma'ams, but shop-girls and even duchesses ate up the dramatic trifle. Lederer had to move to a small house in the suburbs with his police dog to side-step the avalanche of invitations that threatened to swamp him. For eleven months he played in England, and last November opened in the play in New York, having appeared in London in the meantime in "The Cat and the Fiddle." The day after "Autumn Crocus" opened in New York, RKO signed a contract with Lederer for pictures—his screen career to begin when the play closed. They had a long wait.

He Amazed Dorothy Gish

THE play drew tremendously on his enthusiasm and spontaneity. Dorothy Gish says that she has never acted with anyone who, after two years in a play, still retained the freshness and vitality of Francis Lederer. She came into the play after it had run two weeks in New York (replacing Patricia Collinge).

All acting aside, it may be said that all this bother as to what constitutes his fatal fascination for the ladies does not please him at all—any more than does the suggestion that he is expected to be a rival of the popular favorites who are "sheiking it" in Hollywood at present.

He is willing, of course, to do any good part to the best of his ability and let the applause fall where it may. But as we judge him, he is far too earnest an actor and too real a friend of his audience, to build his reputation by playing deliberately on the loneliness in women's hearts. Lederer has too much genuine sympathy with others' troubles to exploit them.

It is my belief that the secret of why Francis Lederer has been so successful as a matinée idol, whether or not he is conscious of it, is that he understands one foible of the feminine heart—which is a masculine foible, too, for that matter. Ladies love to be appreciated. One of the old, old causes for grievance among wives is that their husbands take them for granted. The trial of many a woman has been that she has never known a man who could even begin to appreciate her.

Thus, when he plays the rôle of an appreciative young man who can see that the

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gal back of the spectacles and dreadful schoolma'am clothes is not funny, but a honey—all the ladies who are longing to be appreciated, themselves, respond because of his sympathy.

What He Looks Like

HIS facial characteristics? His head is medium-sized and well-shaped. He has—almost—the firm jaw and thin lips of a reformer. There is a sensitiveness about his expression of the person who feels intensely. His cheekbones are prominent and suggest the Slavic in his blood. His eyebrows are rather heavy, though not in any sense bushy. His nose is slightly aquiline, with deep nostrils. His ears are medium-sized and do not hug the head too closely. People of sensitive natures (artists and musicians in particular) have ears like Lederer. He is of medium height and weight. So much for the physical side of his personality. He will remind you of no one now on the screen!

"There are no rivals in art," he leaps to say, when comparison is made between him and other players. "We are all different—our value lies in being ourselves, unlike others. I could not be like Wallace Beery or Maurice Chevalier, no matter how much I might want to be like them. To me, Mr. Beery is the most human actor of them all, so very natural. Maurice Chevalier does everything just right. I do not believe people know what a great actor he is. In the scene in 'Love Me Tonight' where he says, 'I am so happy,' and there are tears in his eyes—he is perfect."

And what about romance? He says that he doesn't intend to marry until he falls in love—but he is willing to reveal what type of girl might make him want to give up his liberty.

"She would have to be not only beautiful to look upon, yes," he said, "but beautiful in a spiritual sense to reveal her character. I should not marry any woman, however, without telling her frankly how I feel about marriage. Marriage is marriage only so long as love lasts. No ceremony can bind them together if the love between two people dies. The love *is* the marriage. I would tell the girl I marry that I could not continue living in a marriage arrangement if the love of either had grown cold.

Optimistic About Marriage Now

"I HAVE more hopes for happiness in marriage since I have come to America than I ever did before," he continued. "Too many young people in Europe consider marriage an old-fashioned, outworn institution. However, over here, I am surprised to find out how many happy marriages there are among my friends."

But whatever his married or unmarried life may be like, his career is bound to be a serious one. Having been born in the storm center of Europe, and having been an actor since his early youth in many of the countries that were devastated, he has seen morale crushed, and happiness. And he is determined with a seriousness that is almost grim to do everything he can, both by talking and in his pictures, to keep the world from forgetting that there is such a thing as joy. He wants to make human, happy pictures of real people. That's why he wanders along waterfronts and through slums, among simple people, studying "the primitive emotions."

But while he is a young man with a serious purpose, he is also one who is fond of fun. He loves the outdoors. He drives a car. And he can dance and sing his native Czech songs like a gipsy.

He looks as if he will go far, this handsome newcomer with the "something" that appeals to women without annoying the men who take them to see him; with the physical appearance and the imagination and integrity to make him "Europe's greatest *Romeo*"; with the burning desire to help the world to be a little happier.

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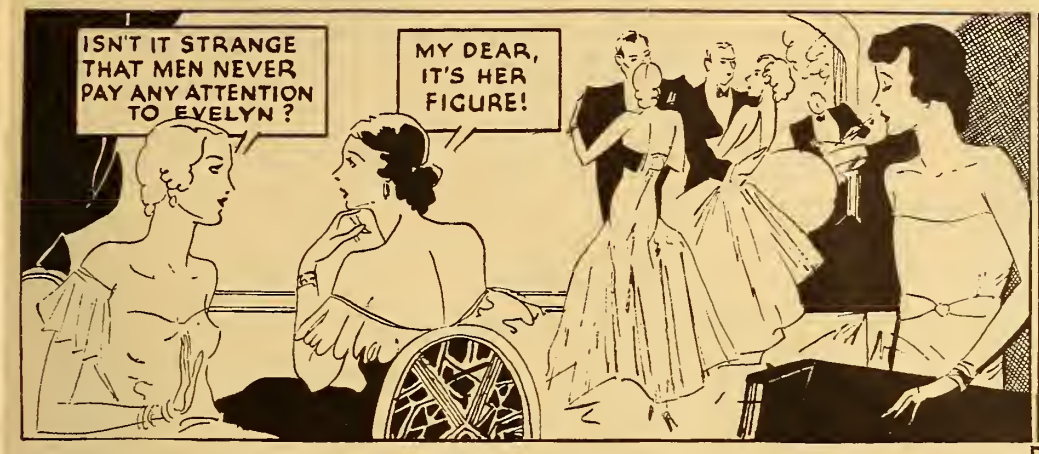

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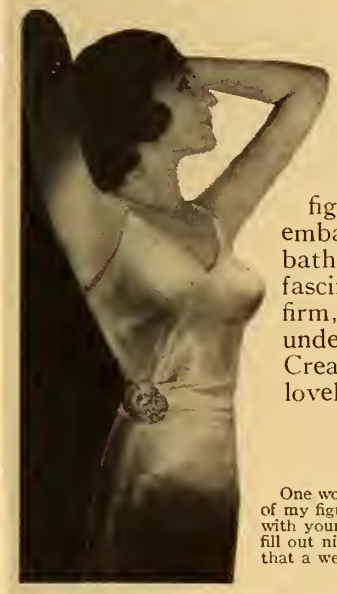

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

Jack Holt (the former Margaret Wood) has just won a Mexican divorce, with the wisecrackers asking: "Couldn't Jack Holt her?" Lenore Ulric announced that she planned to end her marriage to Sidney Blackmer because it "has been nothing but a long-distance, telephone love."

Among others who have recently appeared in court are Mary Pickford, who sought to recover a $25,000 trust fund; Mary Astor, defending a suit by her agent for $2,433.33 (a sum that is certainly specific); Pauline Starke, who wished to set aside a divorce settlement with her former husband, Jack White; Erich von Stroheim, who asked reduction of the allowance that he pays for the support of his son (Von claims he is "broke"); Charles Ray, also allegedly "broke," contesting the judgment obtained against him by the Retail Merchants' Credit Association; and Eleanor Boardman, who was sued for salary allegedly due the private detective she had hired to help her build up her divorce case against director King Vidor.

HEATHER ANGEL sounds like a stage name—but this little English girl is one of the few players in Hollywood whose name is actually the one she received when she was christened. The latest actor to have his name changed is Adrian Samish, newly signed by Columbia and immediately loaned to Cecil B. De Mille for "This Day and Age." De Mille didn't care much for "Samish" as a glamourous screen name. So he decided to rename the lad. To date he has thought of and discarded the following monikers: Peter Adrian, Conrad Miles, Peter Doane, Peter Adams, Richard Dorne and several others—and is still trying.

THE tragic death of Ernest Torrence followed closely the sudden death of director John C. Adolphi, while on a hunting trip in the Northwest. The superstitious movie colony believes that there will be a third death, since, according to their belief, the vendetta runs in threes.

NOT only is Peggy Hopkins Joyce playing the field with eligible Hollywood men these days, but she certainly does things to them. First, she put a collar and tie on Jack Oakie. Now she has put a hat on director James Cruze (ex-husband of Betty Compson). Honestly, for the first time in years, Cruze doffed his traditional white cap and knickers to appear at a preview with Peggy in a business suit and a hat. Not much of a hat, it must be admitted, but still a hat.

IT looks as if Paulette Goddard—often rumored engaged (and even married) to Charlie Chaplin—will be in his next picture, when he gets around to making it. The reason for the assumption? She's turning down so many other film offers!

BILLING is very important to Henry Garat. It wasn't until after the Frenchman had completed his rôle opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable" that he noticed that he wasn't being co-starred in the advance publicity. His contract called for co-starring and, Mon Dieu, he proposed to see that he got it. As a result, some several thousand "still" pictures, which bore the caption: "Janet Gaynor in 'Adorable' with Henry Garat" were destroyed. New ones were printed to read: "Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat in 'Adorable.'" A point of honor, monsieur?

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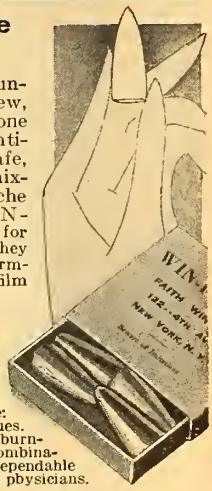

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Make-up that improves upon Nature

BY PATRICIA GORDON

. . . that is Princess Pat *harmonized* make-up. Ordinary make-up is *obvious*. Princess Pat make-up always gives exquisite beauty without trace of artificiality. For instance, the rouge you use. Princess Pat rouge possesses the magical secret of the *duo-tone* blend. Usual rouge is merely *one flat tone*.

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Motion Picture

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by
MARLAND STONE

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Takes Pains Washing a Sweater
Gives No Care to Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly. And everybody notices how grand and clean and soft her sweaters look!

Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth? They're the only teeth she'll ever have!

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

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It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums—to give them active, healthy stimulation. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana stimulates and tones the gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. Get the Ipana-and-massage habit—and you won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Start today!

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ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!

Motion Picture

SEPTEMBER
1 9 3 3

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LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 2

MARY PICKFORD Has *New* Ambitions!

Wealth isn't enough for Mary. The title of "America's Sweetheart" isn't enough. It isn't enough to prove that she has a secret all her own for keeping youth and beauty. It isn't enough to be Hollywood's most famous hostess—a friend of Presidents and Kings. She wants something more!

With the break-up of her famous "happy marriage" to Douglas Fairbanks, she is trying to forget by working.

Mary wants to be remembered not for her title, her perennial beauty, her friendships—but for her talent. She is now toying with the novel idea of being the only living creature in a feature-length cartoon fantasy! And she has just written a play!

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Cover Design of Mary Pickford Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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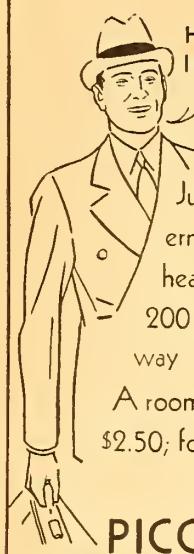

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Adjacent to the business section—
Yet away from the noise and grime.
Outstanding Accommodations—Low Rates

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

GOOD HOUSEWRECKING Edgar Kennedy plays to perfection a harassed Average Man, with in-law trouble. But some of the ridiculously exasperating things that happen to him far exceed the tortures that most much-married men have to endure. In this one, for instance, he's about to go out for a quiet little game of golf when his wife (Florence Lake), mother-in-law (Dot Farley) and brother-in-law (Billy Eugene) swoop down upon him with the information that they've set him up in business—as an interior decorator. On their first job, they get into the wrong house and practically wreck it. Call it nonsense, but I call it laughable. (RKO)

THAT'S THE SPIRIT So you like jazz, and you like it hot? Then here's what you've been waiting for. It features some boys who know their rhythm and harmonizing, and a gal who knows her stepping; they're colored. Noble Sissle and his band furnish the jazz; the Washboard Serenaders supply the harmonizing; and a sensational little gal named Cora La Redd dances as no white gal probably ever will. They're introduced by way of a little fantasy, which has two darktown boys as night watchmen in a spooky pawnshop, where the instruments in hock begin to play as Sissle's band would play. This short's peppiness isn't artificial. No, suh! (Vitaphone)

HOOKS AND JABS Harry Langdon, whose face comes close to being the most expressive on the screen, will wrinkle your own into grins when you see this. He puts over his emotions the hard way—by pantomime—and the onlookers chuckle, reading his face as they used to read subtitles. Wistful, as ever, he is thrown out of the city jail, and is pitied by a Salvation Army lassie, who loans him a dollar. He goes into a saloon where he can get a free lunch with a ten-cent glass of beer, runs up against a tough bartender (Vernon Dent) and a pug who's training there, knocks him out, and tries to clean up the place. Good slapstick. (Educational)

WHISPERIN' BILL Did you ever read Irving Bacheller's poem, "Whisperin' Bill"? This little picture—which is unusual for a short—is based on it. Chic Sale, who is never better than as an old, rustic philosopher, has a chance to be one here. His vote is being sought by a candidate for Congress, but before he'll promise it, Chic shows the politician how his son was shattered by the War, both physically and mentally, and then recites Bacheller's poem to drive home his argument against all war. You may look upon shorts as just time-killers—but this only proves that they *can* be more memorable than most feature pictures. (M-G-M)

HOT HOOFS In "Hot Hoofs," Moran and Mack meet the objection that many an onlooker has to blackface comedy—namely, that the comedy is forced, not spontaneous. Moran and Mack have been particularly guilty in this respect before, depending upon garbled English for many of their laughs. There's nothing hilarious in their present number, but it does have the virtue of moving smoothly, things happen naturally, and the comedy is believable. (And, after all, shouldn't even comedy be believable?) This time they're hangers-on at a racetrack, who are sold a lame horse, camouflage a good nag, enter it in a race, and clean up. (Educational)

ME AND MY PAL If you're one of those jig-saw puzzle fiends (or have been one), who can't leave the jagged pieces alone once you start them, you'll get a flock of laughs from Laurel and Hardy's latest. Oliver is about to be married to a millionaire's daughter, and his pal, Stan, brings a jig-saw puzzle as a wedding gift. He starts to put it together; Oliver joins him; finally, a taxi driver, a butler and a cop are in on it, too. The wedding is forgotten—until the girl's father waxes indignant and starts a riot, with the two boys on the receiving end. The scenes over the puzzle are worth a long walk to see. (M-G-M)

KID'IN' HOLLYWOOD The Baby Stars—not the Wampas, but the diapered kind—take Hollywood over the bumps in this little burlesque of life in the movie city. Moreover, the high spot is a travesty of the one and only Garbo. The weary, weary blonde star "tank she stay home," because her feet hurt—though encased in shoes that look ten sizes too large. So the director, in high dudgeon, puts a little "extra" in her place—an "extra" who had won a beauty prize in Doughnut Center, but has had to take to scrubbing floors in Hollywood. At the picture's première, only the radio announcer is present. Kute Kiddin'. (Educational)

BEAUTY ON BROADWAY Maybe you've noticed, in Walter Winchell's columns or his broadcasts, that he has an amusing sense of irony (not to mention a sense of humor). The movies are playing it up now, and making Mrs. W's boy, W, the butt of it—for some good, clean fun. In this one he starts out by arguing with a theatrical agent about a certain beauty, after which he moves to the Paradise Restaurant, where he is to judge a beauty contest, with N. T.G. as master of ceremonies. And Walter, of course, picks a winner who later embarrasses him. Abe Lyman's band, Nick Stuart and Sally O'Neil help Walter do his stuff. (Universal)

You can't go wrong if you say "Let's go Tonight to see one of these great **WARNER BROS.** PICTURES"

"CAPTURED!"
with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!

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with KAY FRANCIS . . . LYLE TALBOT . . . GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor . . .

"GOODBYE AGAIN"
B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.

GEORGE ARLISS
in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

● AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN
"I LOVED A WOMAN"

It's fun to be 40—

but not with gray hair!

A grand time of life—forty! Professor Pitkin's book says life begins at that magnificent age. [Doubly magnificent, may we add, for those who keep the secret to themselves.]

No tell-tale gray hairs, mind! They have a way of spoiling all the fun. And there's no need to stand for them today. Inecto Rapid Notox recolors gray hair so beautifully, so naturally that even your best friend would never suspect it.

You see, Notox is a new, scientific way. It doesn't paint the outside of your hair as old-fashioned methods do [that's what gives hair that dull artificial look.] Instead Notox colors the hair inside the shaft—just where nature does. It leaves your hair enchantingly shiny—enticingly soft to the touch. What's more, Notox keeps its natural, even shade as perfectly as natural color. Sun it, wash it, wave it all you like!

Remember, Notox shades match even the most difficult hair colors, from palest gold to deepest black. So don't lose a single precious day. Hurry to your hairdresser—and insist on Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute. No product *like* Notox exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

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NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

Your Gossip Test

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By Marion Martone

1. How did the couple pictured on this page feature in the news recently?

2. What screen comedian died of a heart attack on June 29th?

3. Is there a romance brewing between Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot?

4. They are saying that Sue Carol is romantically interested in what stage and screen comedian?

5. Who is the motion picture player who recently changed her name?

6. Why was Clark Gable absent from the studio for about two months?

7. Can you name the three Hollywood beauties who were greatly concerned about a certain movie star's illness?

8. One of filmland's bachelors is showing a liking for Frances Dee. Who is he?

9. Who are the six sons of famous stage and screen fathers who are appearing together in a DeMille production?

10. To whom was Alan Dinehart, actor and director, married recently and where did the wedding take place?

11. The "ideal marriage" of what noted screen couple will reach the divorce courts after thirteen years?

12. To what movie director does Fay Wray owe her life?

13. Who has been squiring Constance Bennett to previews?

14. Do you know the stage and screen star who may become a princess?

15. The brother of what screen star was signed to a movie contract when he visited Hollywood?

16. Can you name the comedian and his bride who were robbed of $15,000 worth of jewelry recently?

17. The passing of what veteran screen actress was not announced until forty-eight hours after her death?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 84*)

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?

Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.

• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*

• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life . . . the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

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CAMAY

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BUT SHE PAYS ONLY 50c FOR HER FACE-POWDER

MONEY doesn't mean much to her, but her face surely does! That's why she entrusts her precious complexion to Luxor. It brings her skin a smooth, perfect texture (for Luxor is silk-sifted). It brings her lovely fragrance (for Luxor is scented with La Richesse, the same perfume for which she pays $16 the ounce). And it brings her a new bloom of beauty, because among its many subtle shades she finds the exact complement to her natural coloring! You, too, can achieve radiance with this perfected face-powder. Discover it for yourself . . . at your favorite beauty counter.

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I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

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Rouge: *Natural*___ *Medium*___ *Vivid*___
MP-9 *Radiant*___ *Sunglow*___ *Pastel*___

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*Address*_____

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631 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About— And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Adorable—A gay, lilting reversal of the Cinderella legend—with Janet Gaynor as Princess Charming and newcomer Henry Garat as Cinderellus (if you could call him that). Janet is more sprightly, more sophisticated with the smiling Frenchman as her lover (Fox).

Ann Carver's Profession—While hubby Gene Raymond is failing as an architect, Fay Wray is succeeding in her profession—law. And maybe Gene isn't glad before the slow, but interesting drama is over! (Col.).

Two passengers on the novel "Melody Cruise" are Greta Nissen and Phil Harris, who almost lets her vamp him

Baby Face—Since its preview days, "Baby Face" has been scrubbed and polished—but it's still a frank Barbara Stanwyck portrait of a ruthless gold-digger, who specializes in bankers. Better acting than story (W. B.).

Best of Enemies—This light romantic comedy reintroduces Buddy Rogers to the screen—as a breezy band-leader who falls in love with Marian Nixon, daughter of his Dad's pet enemy. Earlier known as "5 Cents a Glass" (Fox).

The Big Brain—George E. Stone does a good job in a melodramatic character sketch of a barber who becomes a high financier—of the gyp artist variety. See it before you buy any phoney stock (RKO).

Cocktail Hour—Bebe Daniels wants as much romantic freedom as a man, goes to Europe in search of it, and meets some men who change her mind. Slight, but well done (Col.).

College Humor—A peppy, nonsensical and occasionally musical version of life at a co-ed college—with Jack Oakie the comical hero, Richard Arlen his moody buddy, Bing Crosby a musical prof, and Burns and Allen as the Kampus Katerers. Silly at times—but maybe you'll let that pass (Par.).

The Eagle and the Hawk—A sensitive, ironic story of an aviator hero (Fredric March) who sees himself as just a glorified killer, and of his hard-boiled observer (Cary Grant), who's looking for medals. A war picture with a punch you won't forget (Par.).

Emergency Call—A racketeer tries to muscle into the hospital business in a melodrama whose acting (especially by William Gargan and Wynne Gibson) is more real than its story (RKO).

F. P. 1.—An unusual foreign-made melodrama, playing with the idea of future man-made islands in mid-ocean—for airplane stops. Conrad Veidt and Leslie Fenton are involved (Fox).

Gambling Ship—An exciting, inside glimpse into what goes on aboard a gambling ship, especially when racketeers are aboard. Cary Grant, Jack La Rue and Benita Hume do well by it (Par.).

The Girl in 419—Doctor James Dunn, the Romeo of a hospital, loves without being in love—until Gloria Stuart is nearly killed and is mixed up in a murder. It works up some real suspense (Par.).

Gold-Diggers of 1933—In story, it doesn't measure up to "42nd Street"; in every other way, it surpasses it. You've never seen such dancing numbers on stage or screen before. Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers and Guy Kibbee again shine—and so, in addition, do Joan Blondell, Warren William and Aline MacMahon (W. B.).

Goldie Gets Along—This starts out with a good idea for a satire, telling a story of a movie-crazy girl (Lili Damita) who becomes a professional entrant in beauty contests. But it meanders, grows monotonous, and ends weakly (RKO).

Hell Below—The last word in submarine pictures—and in realism, too. Walter Huston, as the commander, and Robert Montgomery, as his rebellious lieutenant, make a thorough job of proving Sherman was right (M-G-M).

Heroes for Sale—A bit morbidly, but always convincingly, Richard Barthelmess shows you how radicals are made. He plays a war hero whose luck runs out on him after he gets back (F. N.).

Hold Me Tight—Again, James Dunn and Sally Eilers are married—and again they have a human little drama that does justice to them. Both work in a department store, until Jimmy loses his job and Sally has to win the bread (Fox).

I Cover the Waterfront—A tense, true-to-life yarn of a reporter (Ben Lyon), who tries to trap a sly smuggler (the late Ernest Torrence), even if Claudette Colbert is his fiery daughter. One of the year's best melodramas (U. A.).

I Love That Man—Naïve Nancy Carroll finds life exciting after she teams up with suave Edmund Lowe, who knows how to make easy money—and spend it. It's smart and it's different (Par.).

International House—Some involved, but hilarious nonsense in a Chinese "Grand Hotel"—revolving around W. C. Fields, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Burns and Allen, Rudy Vallee and Sari Maritza (Par.).

It's Great to Be Alive—A peppy music-and-girl comedy, all about a man alone in a world of women. Raul Roulien, as the singing, dancing, romancing hero, may worry Chevalier a bit, Edna Mae Oliver, as comical as ever, is also present (Fox).

Jennie Gerhardt—A saga of an undercover love that lasts a lifetime, with Sylvia Sidney superb as the aging heroine, whose lover is Donald Cook. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now (Par.).

Laughing at Life—Wherever Victor McLaglen goes, he finds adventure—but particularly in South America. William Boyd is the new fly in his ointment. However, there's more excitement than "Sez you" comedy (Mascot).

The Life of Jimmy Dolan—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a boxer who accidentally kills a man, escapes from his past—only to meet Loretta Young, which complicates matters. It doesn't offer much except a good he-man fight (F. N.).

Lilly Turner—Against a novel medicine-show background, Ruth Chatterton plays another lady of easy virtue who seems to have Fate against her—even with George Brent for her. The acting saves it (F. N.).

H. B. Warner, as the father, drives Sylvia Sidney from home in "Jennie Gerhardt," in which Sylvia becomes a star

The Little Giant—Edward G. Robinson tries his hand at comedy and proves he's an old smoothie at that, too—playing a millionaire racketeer who retires and tries to crash society (F. N.).

The Masquerader—Ronald Colman enhances his reputation by playing a dual rôle—being both a drug-racked man of fame and the unknown who "doubles" for him. Elissa Landi is a radiant help (U. A.).

The Mayor of Hell—Forceful, unusual melodrama, showing how reform schools need reforming. James Cagney, more serious than usual, tries to give the boys a chance in life (W. B.).

Melody Cruise—A novel musical comedy, whose biggest selling point is its photographic, rhythmic novelty. The plot has Charlie Ruggles trying to keep crooner Phil Harris from falling in love on a cruise (RKO).

The Narrow Corner—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., an Australian fugitive, has the tough luck to fall in love with Patricia Ellis, fiancée of the only man he ever respected (Ralph Bellamy). Has more to it than the usual tropical tale (W. B.).

Night of Terror—A mystery built along serial lines, with the finger of suspicion pointing at Bela Lugosi, as a Hindu servant. Not much (Col.).

The Nuisance—Lee Tracy practically talks himself into stardom as an ambulance-chasing lawyer who gives a traction company plenty of trouble, even when it tries to expose him. Fast and furiously funny (M-G-M).

Peg O' My Heart—A lavish revival of the sentimental comedy about a little Irish girl who inherits a fortune, but has to live with some aristocrats. Marion Davies makes it what it is—amusing, even at this late date (M-G-M).

Poil de Carotte (The Redhead)—A French picture, with English subtitles, which tells a compelling, vivid, realistic tale of a small boy who is mistreated, misunderstood. Adults shouldn't miss it (Harold Auten).

Private Detective 62—William Powell shows the world some of the unpleasant tasks a private detective is supposed to do. Good acting, but somebody dropped a few stitches in knitting the story together (W. B.).

Professional Sweetheart—Not a sex-and-sin melodrama, but a wholesomely insane satire of the life of a radio queen. Ginger Rogers is The Purity Girl, Norman Foster her ardent fan male (RKO).

The Rebel—An intelligent story of a minor rebellion in Napoleon's time, acted with restraint by Luis Trenker and Vilma Banky (welcome back to films, Vilma!). It has some spectacular scenes, some magnificent scenery (Univ.).

Reunion in Vienna—*Archduke* John Barrymore, after a ten-year exile, returns to find his former mistress (Diana Wynyard) unchanged, but married to a clever psychologist (Frank Morgan). The two have a battle of wits for her. Grand fun for the sophisticates (M-G-M).

Samarang—A simply told love story of the South Seas, with an all-native cast—the hero being a pearl-diver. It has suspense and an undertone of wistfulness. Silent, except for music (U. A.).

She Had to Say Yes—Loretta Young becomes a hostess to out-of-town buyers, and is misunderstood by both her boy-friends, Lyle Talbot and Regis Toomey. Pretty slight and well worn in plot (F. N.).

Silk Express—A train has to cross the country in seventy-two hours—and everybody aboard it (chiefly Neil Hamilton) is in danger of sudden death. A thriller that moves fast and has suspense all the way (W. B.).

Soldiers of the Storm—As a Federal agent, Regis Toomey tries to capture some smugglers on the border via airplane. The usual difficulties result (Col.).

The Sphinx—A tricky little mystery that should keep you guessing—with Lionel Atwill as a deaf mute who is under suspicion, though the murderer talked with his victims (Monogram).

A Study in Scarlet—One of Conan Doyle's best mystery yarns, acted out by an excellent cast—with Reginald Owen as the uncanny *Sherlock Holmes*, who solves a series of murders. (World Wide).

Taming the Jungle—Obviously inspired by "Bring 'Em Back Alive," this goes farther and shows the beasts being taught after they're caught. It's interesting, but it lacks real excitement (Invincible).

Thunder Over Mexico—One of the most beautifully photographed pictures ever made—and unusual in every other way, too. It tells a tragic love story of Mexico that is really the saga of a race. One of those few disturbing pictures you can't forget. Silent (Sol Lesser).

Tomorrow at Seven—A mystery yarn that is all in fun, with suspense and humor balancing neatly. Chester Morris is the detective, with Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins as two comic cops (RKO).

When Ladies Meet—Again, Ann Harding and Myrna Loy are rivals—but this time Ann is the wife. Robert Montgomery brings them together at the home of distressed Alice Brady, and the result is a comedy that is uproariously clever and has a serious punch (M-G-M).

The new star, Raul Roulien, thinks "It's Great to Be Alive"—but Gloria Stuart and Joan Marsh try to kill him with love

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Why BLONDES win over Brunettes!

MEN'S hearts beat faster at the sight of beautiful blonde hair. Blondes are more dazzling, more magnetic than brunettes . . . but only if their hair is at its glowing best—shimmering, sparkling like liquid gold. But blondes lose their attractiveness the moment their hair starts to fade or streak. Then the hair that was once a flattering frame for the face spoils the picture. The perfect way to make and to keep blonde hair lovely is with Blondex, the blonde beauty secret of the stars. Blondex is the special blonde shampoo created to end dullness, stringiness, fading—to bring back the alluring sheen and radiant golden beauty that makes blondes irresistible. Blondex is not a bleach or dye. Contains nothing harmful. Try a Blondex shampoo tonight—wash new beauty into your hair.

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Try the two Blondex products today and see the wonderful new beauty they will give your hair. Blondex Shampoo comes in two sizes—the economical $1.00 bottle and the inexpensive 25c size. Blondex Shampoo and Blondex Wave Set Powder are sold by your druggist. Or send coupon below for large FREE trial package of Blondex Wave Set Powder.

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I would like to try the new Blondex Wave Set, specially created for blondes. Please send me a free trial package.

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NOW! BLONDEX THE NEW 25c SIZE

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

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Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$20.00 Letter

Movies Make Them Well

REGINA, CANADA.—My sister is a nurse of many years' standing, and although this is a profession that isn't supposed to break into print, I thought you might like to know how she and her fellow-workers regard the movies.

Films rank high at the hospital. For convalescents, they are a tonic; for those suffering from nervous ailments, they are a palliative.

This is a far cry from the pre-Depression era, when a very strict rule prevailed at this hospital. The nurses were forbidden to see movies at all, even on their evenings out, and often were spied upon and, if caught sneaking to a picture, were dismissed. As for letting a *patient* look at the flickers, ye gods! It would have killed him, no doubt.

But old-fogeyism has given way to broader minds and the other day my sister, who is in charge of a special ward, found a note from the doctor on her desk which said: "Nurse, we will drop the liquid tonics for patients in rooms 18, 20 and 24. After a short morning walk in grounds, rest and lunch, then at 3 P.M. you might escort them to a good motion picture."

And do you know, they all returned quite unharmed, without even a rise in temperature and no moral depravity that could be observed with the naked eye. The picture was "42nd Street." In fact, one patient felt so good that he forgot all about his neuritis, and insisted on doing the rhumba. Producers, we cannot speak too highly of your wonderful medicine!

Winnifred Free.

$10.00 Letter

Danger in War Films?

RUSTON, LA.—Please tell me why it is that all the theatres are featuring war pictures and why the producers are putting out war pictures as their headliners. The younger set flock to the theatres and stand in line in order to get good seats. They come away talking of how they would like to see another war and be in one, even if they had to die as the heroes did.

The great statesmen say that such pictures will put the fear of another war into the minds and souls of young men and women and, therefore, there will be no more wars. I do not agree. They know absolutely nothing about the emotions of the future generation or the present younger group. They sit in their offices and make no close study or observation in order to learn the feelings of anyone. Without some effort to check the production of such war pictures, the country will be forced into another war in less than ten years.

The way Robert Young died in "To-Day We Live," "Hell Below," and "Men Must Fight" is a challenge to the patriotism of every American boy. There seems to be no pain or fear of dying and no great grief in any of the present-day war pictures. It looks as though it is fun to die. By seeing such impossibilities portrayed on the screen, false emotions are aroused to such an extent that it would be easy to stir up enough trouble to send our country into another war. Pictures like these should be discontinued.

A. E. Wilder, Jr.

$5.00 Letter

Watches for Newcomers

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—To me the most entrancing—and luring—phase of the screen to-day is the tide of new faces engulfing us. Here is something challenging minute attention. A flash of the cast: John Jones, Betty Brown, Tom Thomas (their correct names probably are not there, anyhow)—and you are plunging into "another picture." But are you? Who's that? What did it say his name was?

Tall, short, thin and plump. Frank and feline figures that they said wouldn't click not so long ago. Full chests and flat, strong and weak. Each with a spark of individualism that, tender or shocking, endears them. Nothing stereotyped here. No training to acquire a naturalness that, after all, can exist only without dogmatic formulas.

The baby face and rounded perfection have lost some of their life in too constant pouring from molds. The handsome features and bursting physique have become chiseled marionettes. You know them, their names and habits, and you question realism; they never let you forget who they are.

But these strangers—the very people next door—how did they get there? They are you!

And so with anticipation and excitement, I plunge into the tide of new faces to be engulfed. *V. C. Spies.*

In sunny Spain too, Woodbury's won the Half-Face Beauty Test!

Dr. C. Sarrias Suana, who supervised the test, said of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "In nearly every case, the use of Woodbury's Soap cured or greatly improved such annoying skin troubles as oily skin, scaly skin and blackheads."

•

Beautiful Barcelona! The blue Mediterranean to the east, the snowy peaks of the Pyrenees to the north. Romance, beauty, the Moorish culture of ancient Catalonia, lingering amidst the bustle of the great modern industrial city, largest seaport of Spain.

Follow us to the well-equipped, up-to-date Municipal Hospital, to the clinic of Dr. C. Sarrias Suana, chief dermatologist, where a large group of typically Spanish women chosen from widely differing social groups, ranging in age from seventeen to forty years, has assembled to take the Half-face Beauty Test.

All but eighteen have some serious skin fault—excessive oiliness, blackheads, dry and scaly skin, many others.

Dr. C. Sarrias Suana instructs them to use on the left side of their faces cleansers of their own choice; on the right side, Woodbury's Facial Soap, for thirty days. The thirtieth day arrives and with it what a change in the Woodbury half of the faces!

Of all abnormal skin conditions noted, 50% were actually cured, 27% greatly improved or helped. Excessive oiliness showed improvement in *all but one case;* every case of dry skin improved; 81% of the cases of blackheads improved or were cured. Pimples improved, too. The eighteen subjects whose skins were without blemish found the Woodbury side of their faces clearer, smoother than before.

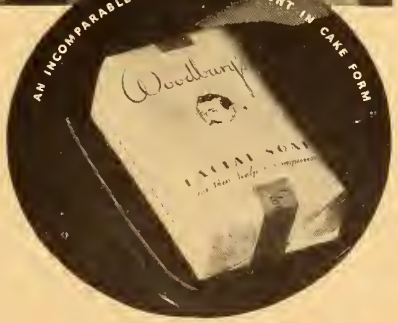
● **Dr. C. Sarrias Suana,** Chief Dermatologist of the Municipal Hospital of Barcelona, Health Commissioner of the Municipality of Barcelona.

Dr. C. Sarrias Suana said in his report—"The cases who used Woodbury's Facial Soap under my direction for a month have benefited by it. I can testify that *not one showed irritation of the skin.*"

One more completely convincing proof that Woodbury's Facial Soap will do what no ordinary toilet soap or cream has yet accomplished. Evolved from a formula by a skin specialist, it boasts costly unguents and oils from far countries. Hence its scientific effectiveness, its blandness, its delicate touch.

But withal, Woodbury's Facial Soap is not costly to *use!* Its initial price is little; its lasting qualities are great! A penny a day to keep trouble away! And to have a firm, healthy, unlined, *young* complexion!

Above, the **Marquise de San Carlos,** beautiful aristocrat of Madrid and Paris society, says: "I find Woodbury's Facial Soap excellent because of the greater beauty it brings to the skin!" One of the women who took the test said of Woodbury's: "I am charmed with its effect in treating the pimples on my face."



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Cools, Soothes, Refreshes!

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Also use this cooling, soothing lotion to banish irritation caused by outdoor sports. And after reading, sewing or office work to alleviate eye discomfort. Any druggist can supply you with this quick, safe relief—and it costs less than a penny an application!

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LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure . $2.25

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My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

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11 in. $3.75 pair
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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—makes his film début in *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ames, Adrienne—just finished *Disgraced*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Three-Cornered Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—resting abroad after completing *Voltaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Fog Bound*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—playing in *The Secret of the Blue Room*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—scheduled for *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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Barrymore, John—on vacation, after *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Bride of the Bayou*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—scheduled for *Shanghai Orchid*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—now making *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Fog Bound*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—scheduled for *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—recently completed *Footlight Parade*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—looking for story to follow up triumph in *Call Her Savage*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—recently completed *Flaming Gold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—just finished *Midnight Club*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—scheduled for *Son of the Gobs*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

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Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Midshipman Jack*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Footlight Parade*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—now making *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Goin' to Town*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Three-Cornered Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—vacationing abroad. Latest release, *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *One Sunday Afternoon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—recuperating from appendicitis operation. Scheduled for *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Big Executive*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—scheduled for *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Davies, Marion—would like to do *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* next—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *Bureau of Missing Persons*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—scheduled for *Green Mansions*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—vacationing abroad since *The Song of Songs* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard — recently completed *Bird of Prey*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—just finished *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Take a Chance*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—scheduled for *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—scheduled for *Shanghai Orchid*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recovering from pneumonia. Scheduled for *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—Holidaying abroad and planning a co-starring picture with Doug, Jr.—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—back on the screen in *Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—recently completed *The Man Who Dared*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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Gable, Clark—vacationing, after *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Since Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his Dad vacationed together in London in June, both have figured in unexpected news stories. Young Doug has had pneumonia; Mary Pickford has announced her separation from Doug, Sr.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Poddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Grant, Cary—scheduled for *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Harding, Ann—playing in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—scheduled for *Bombshell*, with Lee Tracy—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harvey, Lilian—her second picture will be *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hayes, Helen—starting work on *The Old Maid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hepburn, Katharine—scheduled for *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—scheduled for *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Howard, Leslie—now in England, making *The Lady Is Willing*, for Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—scheduled for *Wunderbar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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Keeler, Ruby—recently completed *Footlight Parade*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—on vacation since *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Rue, Jack—recently completed *Headline Shooters*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Laughton, Charles—scheduled for *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *The Worst Woman in Paris*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Her Bodyguard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—resting since *Night Flight*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—back from Europe and scheduled for *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mack, Helen—playing title rôle in *Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—scheduled for *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Doctor*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Muni, Paul—back on the screen in *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Life's Worth Living*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—after tour abroad, scheduled to make *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—scheduled for *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, Dick—recovering from pneumonia. Scheduled for *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—scheduled for *The Kennel Murder Case*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—just finished *I Loved a Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Rafter Romance*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—making *Life's Worth Living*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—back from abroad and scheduled to make *La Tendresse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—scheduled for *Ever in My Heart*—Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tone, Franchot—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Lee—just finished *Turn Back the Clock*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *A Man's Castle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
West, Mae—playing in *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
William, Warren—playing in *Nana*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *One Sunday Afternoon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *A Man's Castle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Mary Ellen, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are made of pure, pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of all.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. Remember, this yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research. Get a bottle today. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel!

Thankful for clear skin again: *"I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has offered me."* —OAKWOOD, WIS.

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
Northwestern Yeast Co.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

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*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ M.P.9

The Movie Circus

Another bevy of high-steppers is coming right at you—in Universal's "Moonlight and Pretzels." Like moonlight, they're easy to look upon; like pretzels, they abound in curves. Strike up the band!

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By
FRANK MORLEY

ACTUALLY, the most interesting events of the Hollywood month—aside from the making of the inevitable pictures—were the way in which the screen aided its rival, the stage. Four local productions—"Privilege Car," "Volpone," "Low and Behold," and "A Lion in Her Lap"—starred such well-known home-towners as Betty Compson, (Kent) Douglass Montgomery, Leonard Sillman, the dancer-singer, and Carmel Myers, while little Alice White was a hit in "Dinner at Eight." All the shows were well patronized by picture people, most of whom wouldn't mind doing a bit of stage trouping, themselves, these days. For the best formula for movie chances still remains, "Let them see you do something behind the footlights!"

ANOTHER of our lessons on How to Get There has to do with getting "curvacious," if you want a job in the chorus of the film musicals. "Curvacious" is Mae West's word, and is a combination of "curves" and "vivacious," the qualities which, in the estimation of the local dance directors, the scantily-dressed steppers should carry around. So if you're languid, flat-chested and hipless, you'd better cancel that ticket Coastward.

LA WEST is also authority for the statement that homely men have more sex appeal than handsome ones. And shrewdly adds: "Besides, they are not so hard to keep." Another crack of our Mae's that deserves passing on is her sigh of relief that Kathleen Burke and Buster Crabbe, newly wedded to non-professionals, did not marry each other. "Imagine the Lion man married to the Panther Woman! They'd certainly lead a dog's life!"

EVER stop to think how a chance phrase will play such a large part in an individual's screen success? Mae's "Come up 'n' see me sometime" has been no small instrument in her rapid rise. And look at the others! Jimmy Durante's "Am I mortified!" Lowe's and McLaglen's "Sez you!" and "Sez me!" Gleason and Armstrong with their "Oh yeah?" Jack Pearl with "Vass you dere, Sharlie?" Moran and Mack's "Why bring that up?" and Jack Oakie's "Skip it." Thus do great gags from small nifties grow.

OAKIE is a nice boy. But geez, those puns! Just yesterday he was mournfully explaining that he was on "the verge of departure." "In fact," he went on, "only this morning Lubitsch said to me 'Oakie, departure now isn't suited to your talents.'" We'll just skip that, Jack. Make mine a beaker of dark, Tony.

SPEAKING of talent, there are certain things that some of the more-or-less talented people of Hollywood do that annoy us no end. And in this it would seem we are not alone. Our friend, Phil Scheuer, for instance, pops up to recommend for oblivion the device in which a character or characters are heard vociferously refusing to perform a certain act—as the film dissolves to the characters doing precisely that.

WEIRDIE NOTE, as sent forth by the publicity department of Paramount relative to the doings of the new DeMille leading lady, Judith Allen: "She gets spells of smelling incense and flowers when there are no such objects within miles of where she happens to be. Red is not only her favorite color, but the sight of anything red is enough to put her into a purring, trance-like mood."

Judith should get a flash of our sunburned nose.

SUCCESS NOTE, as set forth in a telegram to Mike Levee, the Hollywood public relations counsel, from the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with her son in New York on a vacation: "DOUGLAS ASKED ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIS DOINGS HERE I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM GET MORE ATTENTION THAN THIS TRIP MONDAY NIGHT THEATRE CROWDS PACKED ABOUT HIM AT INTERMISSION LEAVING WILL ROGERS CONRAD NAGEL AND LEE TRACY AFTER AN AUTOGRAPH DOUGLAS SEEMED TO BE THE ONE THEY PREFERRED AFTER SHOW STAGE DOOR BLOCKED OVER HALF HOUR BEFORE CAR COULD START AT ALL THEATRES AND STREETS NEVER SAW HIM GET SO MUCH ATTENTION MONDAY NIGHT WE GAVE HIM PARTY WITH NOEL COWARD HOPE WILLIAMS CLIFTON WEBB ADOLPHE MENJOU TODAY MATINEE WITH KATHARINE HEPBURN TONIGHT ESCORTING HOPE WILLIAMS TO TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S PARTY LAST NIGHT TOOK HOPE WILLIAMS DANCING TOMORROW CLIFTON WEBB GIVES TEA FOR GLORIA SWANSON THEN HE GOES KATHARINE HEPBURN ROLLER SKATING PARTY CENTRAL PARK FRIDAY BIG PARTY FOR NOEL COWARD BEFORE COWARD SAILS LUNCH WITH HENDRIK VAN LOON

(*Continued on page 82*)

"THIS IS ONE PICTURE YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."

"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"

"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT HAD ME ROARING."

"YOU *Must* SEE PILGRIMAGE"

The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE". . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment.

FOX

"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—

"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE' . . . DON'T MISS IT!"

Often a Bridesmaid . . . at last a Bride

Myrtle—of all women—was going to be married. The townspeople simply couldn't believe it. Seeing one man after another slip through her hands, they had come to look upon her as a sort of premature old maid, who every year came out of obscurity to act as bridesmaid for some of her girl friends. And now she had won a man for herself—not only an attractive man but a successful one. Myrtle's friends were very happy about it all. "Well, Myrtle finally woke up to herself," they said. "She could have been married years ago if she had even suspected her trouble."

How's your breath today?

PLAY SAFE . . . USE LISTERINE

How *is* your breath today? Agreeable, you hope, but you do not know for sure. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). The victim never does know. Moreover, the risk is constantly present.

Halitosis, records prove, affects everyone at some time or other. That is because it springs from conditions generally prevalent in the mouth . . . Tiny bits of fermenting food, a decaying tooth, a leaky filling, minor infections of the mouth, and excesses of eating and drinking.

Why take the chance of making a nuisance of yourself with a disagreeable breath, when by simply using Listerine you can instantly make it wholesome and agreeable?

Listerine cleanses and freshens the mouth. Halts fermentation. Checks decay, and resists infection—all a cause of odors. Then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Don't take chances on too powerful, wishy-washy, or bargain price mouth washes of doubtful deodorant power. Tests have shown that such mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

Be fastidious: Keep Listerine, and Listerine only handy in home and office. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE

makes it agreeable

Adrienne Ames

Adrienne is getting downright moody, what with one writer after another likening her to Joan Crawford. She doesn't think she is. And she doesn't want to be—much as she admires Joan. She wants to sink or swim on her own personality. (And she has a big new pool to try it in.) For a Park Avenue girl, she's mighty serious about this career business. "Disgraced" makes her the new Style Queen!

Arline Judge left the screen temporarily to welcome Wesley Ruggles, Jr., into the family—but now she's back. And she's flying high. No sooner was she back, than the "Flying Devils" wanted her for a pal. Now, she's soaring still more—putting some lyrical, judicial pep into "Flying Down to Rio"

Three guesses about what John Boles and Lilian Harvey have to say to each other in "My Lips Betray"! When they sit at a piano together, how can the Prince help saying it with music to the little café dancer? And how can her pulses help dancing (like her eyes), when he is holding them?

C.S.

Fryer

Joan Crawford (top) is getting that lifeguard complexion this summer right in her own back yard—in a one-piece white bathing suit. Patricia Ellis (above) plays beach ball in shorts and sport shirt. Maureen O'Sullivan (right) goes hey, sunny-sunny and a hot-cha-cha in a plaid gingham two-piece suit

What (Under The Sun) Is Hollywood Wearing Now?

Miehle

Florence Lake, who pesters Edgar Kennedy in comedies, has three ways of looking at the sunny side of life. Above, at Malibu, she goes surf-boarding in a one-piece suit. Top right, she's in a blue-and-white checked rubber suit; and, right center, she's toasting in shorts with a bandana top. Right, Joan Crawford welcomes sunset in a huge, floppy hat, linen slacks and backless linen blouse

Will They All Last As Long As Dix?

Bachrach

Ta Richard Dix (abave), 1933 is his tenth year of stardam. That's keeping at the tap a lang time! Richard has dane it by being versatile and vivid. He'll be an aviator in "Ace of Aces"

Coburn

Gary Cooper (above), who started as a cowboy and has developed into a cultured man of the world, is cruising along toward the ten-year mark as a star. "One Sunday Afternoon" is just one more boost. Joel McCrea (right), who combines the idealist and the athlete, is developing real talent. You'll see in "The Doctor." He'll last!

George Raft (above), who used to lead a Hollywood night-life, is now leading a Malibu day-life. An overnight sensation, he's lasting well. "The Bowery" is his next

Preston Foster (left) is new to the screen, but he knows his acting—and acting is what people demand nowadays from their heroes. He ought to satisfy in "The Man Who Dared!"

Fryer

Joe E. Brown (above) may be a clown to you, but he's their best drawing-card to the Warners He's signed up for years after "Son of the Gobs." James Cagney (left) dived in and knocked those depression blues for a loop. He'll be marching in the "Footlight Parade" for many a long year yet! Warren William (below) is finding the sailing smooth—with his suave humor. You'll see it next in "Nana," with Anna Sten

Fryer

MADGE EVANS

If photographs could talk, this one would probably be saying, "I'm a Madge for any good-looking young chap with clear eyes, an open smile and high ideals." For Madge has all of them. She was the girl, you remember, who refused to try to get in the headlines except by acting. And she's getting there as Lionel Barrymore's daughter and John's light-o'-love in "Dinner at Eight"—keeping pace with them both!

Silhouette Expert at BONWIT TELLER *says* "*Use* IVORY FLAKES"

Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!

✣ ✣ ✣

To fashionable Bonwit Teller's comes every kind of figure — even slim ones! And the head of the famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs $5.95 or $225, we say, 'Wash it *often* with Ivory Flakes. We've found that a stronger soap is actually almost as hard on elastic and silk as perspiration itself.'"

"Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and last much longer," she adds. "If women once realized this, I'm sure they'd never be careless."

Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: *Lukewarm* water—very important. Ivory Flakes *most important*, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these *curly* flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use *soft* brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

You get bigger boxes and *more* Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap.

CURLY, INSTANT-DISSOLVING • 99 $^{44}/_{100}$ % PURE

Your Chances in Hollywood!

They used to be one in a million—but now they are one in ten thousand. The talkies are kinder to newcomers than silent pictures ever were. Technical improvements have helped the beginner—and Hollywood standards have changed. You don't have to be a certain type now to "get by"—or a Venus or Adonis, either!

By Jay Brien Chapman

THERE'S a new deal in sight for the Mertons of Hollywood. For the first time in at least ten years, ambitious outsiders, male and female, have a slight chance at movie fame. *It is such a slight chance that only those whose desire is overwhelming and desperate need cherish any hope at all.* These, by rushing in where angels fear to tread, have a microscopic, but definite opportunity.

Thank such gentlemen as Clark Gable, James Cagney, Lee Tracy and Leslie Howard for *your* chance, boys. And thank such ladies as Mae West and Katharine Hepburn for *yours*, girls!

In the past, frankly, you had no chance at all, or, let us say, perhaps a chance in a million. This, despite many an empty, fatuous public statement by some producer: "I am in favor of new faces on the screen; the public demands them." Producers who made such statements hoped to "throw a scare" into their more cocky stars. It remained for the stars, themselves, with other factors I shall mention, to bring about the new deal.

The past ten years have been worst of all for the ambitious, inexperienced outsider who sought movie fame. So-called "prosperous" 1929 saw his chances go below zero. Yet all during that time, the "break," which came in 1933, was in preparation.

Even the technicians of the movie industry have been working to open the gates to the newcomer. Old-time photography, for instance, once barred many. You might be pulchritude to the eye, poison to the camera. Now, you photograph as you look—and you don't necessarily have to look like Venus or Adonis.

Yet just as the photographic barriers were let down, other barriers went up. Sound difficulties made 1929 a headache year not only for ambitious outsiders, but even such famous stars of the silents as John Gilbert and Corinne Griffith. The imperfect apparatus of the early talkies eliminated all but certain voices. Stage players, as well as silent screen heroes and heroines, suffered. Pauline Frederick and Lenore Ulric, famous stage actresses, were among them.

To-day, sound engineering has progressed to such an extent that voices are improved in filming. Weak ones are magnified, booming ones reduced, high ones lowered, and so on.

Thus talkies—at first a mechanical barrier that the newcomer couldn't surmount—became, around 1931, his friend. Naturally, the inexperienced outsider is lost at pantomime, but when he can use his voice, he has more chances of putting over his personality. He has had experience in *that*. Imagine "selling" insurance, newspapers, your boss or your wife in silent sign-language. Even Indians could grunt as they wig-wagged!

So much for the mechanical element, which is now ready to

(*Continued on page 70*)

How Good Are *Their* Chances?

Study the sixteen faces on the page opposite. How many of them do you know? How many have you even seen? Yet all sixteen of them have conquered the first obstacle to screen fame—they have, at least, got on the screen. The other obstacles are still ahead of them.

All these sixteen are listed below. In the accompanying story, you will learn what their chances of screen success—and yours—are.

1. Julie Carter
2. Lona Andre
3. Howard Lally
4. Patricia Ellis
5. Alan Livingston
6. Elsie Larsen
7. Margaret Lindsay
8. Muriel Evans
9. Jean Parker
10. Toby Wing
11. Theodore Newton
12. Irene Hervey
13. Verna Hillie
14. Elizabeth Young
15. Margaret McConnell
16. William Lawrence

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BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Helen Louise Walker needs no introduction to readers of MOTION PICTURE, having been a reliable contributor for years. For seven of those years, she has been debating whether or not to write up her last interview with Rudolph Valentino. The "yes" side has finally won!

What were Valentino's last hopes, fears and ambitions? Ten days before he died, he told them to this MOTION PICTURE writer—who now reveals them for the first time. And the world learns, for the first time, that he was unhappy as the Great Lover!

The *Untold* Story of VALENTINO'S Last Interview

Rudolph Valentino died on August 23, 1926, at the age of thirty-one. Each year since that time, MOTION PICTURE has paid tribute to his memory. Last year, you may remember, we brought to light the poignant fact that the greatest of all film favorites still lies in a "borrowed" tomb, and asked: When would the memorial planned for him be built? This year, we are privileged to reveal his last hopes, fears and ambitions—just as he told them to Helen Louise Walker, ten days before his tragic death. We have checked to determine if this was the last Hollywood interview he gave. To the best of our knowledge, it was.

We are proud to present this interview—this word-picture that makes him seem alive again, that brings back vivid memories of the one and only Valentino.—*Editor.*

RUDOLPH VALENTINO was frightened during those last months before his tragic death in August, 1926. He was frightened for his future, worried about finances, harassed by a thousand nagging necessities. He felt that upon the success or failure of "Son of the Sheik" hung his whole professional future. And he had small hopes of it, he told me just ten days before he died.

I saw him twice while he was working on "Son of the Sheik." Once during the early part of its shooting and once just before he went East—to have the operation that proved fatal. This, so far as I know, was the last Hollywood interview that Valentino ever gave.

The first time, he was worried because production was being

(*Continued on page 72*)

Is DIETRICH *Indifferent* to Her Public?

By ELZA SCHALLERT

WHEN Marlene Dietrich made her cross-country train trip to New York, to embark for a three months' vacation in Europe, press dispatches carried reports of her refusal to leave her compartment to greet the crowds that had gathered at various stops en route to catch a glimpse of the exotic German star. Reports indicated that the enthusiastic cheers and cries of the crowds for Marlene apparently fell upon deaf ears.

Was Marlene being unfriendly or aloof? Perhaps; perhaps not. She was traveling with her little girl and, in view of kidnap threats she had received, she wanted privacy, no doubt. That is understandable. But crowds do not stop to seek the more subtle reasons why stars sometimes try to dodge them. Crowds judge by appearances. And appearances made Marlene seem cool to their interest in her.

On her way to Europe, she dodged crowds that wished to acclaim her. Why? Was she indifferent to American cheers? Was she self-conscious about her trousers? Or was she unhappy—as a psychologist suggests?

It is an old unwritten law that anyone who has sought fame, especially in the movies, and has been fortunate enough to achieve it, has no right to demand what is conventionally known as privacy. Nothing—not even a great emotional crisis—exempts him. Garbo, alone, has been allowed to be an exception; and, of late, observers have detected a drift of resentment toward even her; the prophets are saying that she must soon come out of her monastic solitude or suffer at the box-office. Which brings us around to the question: Was Marlene misguided in being deaf to the crowds' cheers, no matter what her reasons were?

The Barrymores, America's First Family of the stage and screen, never think of crying for privacy. They always manage to have it when they choose, because they are highly intelligent, dignified persons who know how and when and where to seek seclusion, isolation or the so-called privacy. Lionel Barrymore could enjoy absolute privacy right in a crowded drawing-room and never appear boorish about it.

They Don't Ignore Acclaim

AND where is even the Inquiring Reporter who would attempt to interrupt the privacy, so to speak, of Ethel Barrymore or John? It simply couldn't be done. Yet the Barrymores never forget their obligation to the public, which has made them what they are and has paid

(*Continued on page 68*)

Is There a Constance Bennett?

You've read so many conflicting stories about Constance Bennett (and so have we)—about how charming and cordial she is, or how cold and high-hat; about how well she likes reporters, or what grudges she has against them—that we couldn't resist the temptation to print this little fantasy, which combines all of them. Don't take it too seriously. Or too lightly, either. But remember that it's all in fun.—*Editor.*

In Disguise Number 1, Jay Chapman found a Constance Bennett who had "a swell sense of humor" and said of reporters, "Why, I'm their friend!"

HENRI DE LA FALAISE and me, we drops the movie magazines and stares at each other with those blank, amazed expressions you read about.

"Hank, do *you* think there's a Constance Bennett?" I pleads. "On the level, now, do you?"

The Marquis, a puzzled frown on his brow, considers deep before replying.

"Yes. Yes, I really think so. And yet . . ."

"And yet, if there is, which one is she?" I interrupts.

"Exactly, my dear fellow, exactly. That's the question."

"Now let's get this straight," says I. "That lady I seen you with . . ." I trails off into a descriptive gesture.

"But she wasn't my wife then!" the Marquis retorts, quick as a flash.

"I know, I know. Well, then, that slender pert blonde with the whimsical expression. You knocked me down to her when me and you and Leon d'Usseau was filming—what was that French version about the bored king?"

"Le Roi S'Ennuie."

"That's it. Lee Wah See Awn Wee. Always sounded like a Chinese laundry to me. Well, then, who was that blonde?"

"Constance Bennett. At least, so I was told."

"Yeah, that's how you introduced her. But are you *sure?*"

Henri, he makes an explosive gesture, jumps up from his chair, and shrugs his shoulders a couple of times. "How am *I* to be sure?" he demands.

"Anyway, is that the one you married?"

"But yes. Of a certainty."

"And she's not one of these?" I asks, pointing to the movie magazines. They all has on their covers names of articles like "The *Real* Constance Bennett."

"Bah!" Henri shouts, getting riled. "Why, here are four or five Connies. How can a woman be four or five different women?"

The Bennett Mystery Deepens

"AHA!" says I, striking my best *Sherlock Holmes* pose. "My dear Hank, that's why I contends maybe there ain't a Constance Bennett at all!"

"Why, that's the theory some writer chaps advanced," Hank admits, startled. "They tried to interview her, it seems, but couldn't find a trace of her!"

We was both silent, cogitating painfully. Suddenly, Hank bursts out, "I want the *truth*! I shall go mad. The mystery is driving me—what do you say?—ah, nuts!"

Someone claims that there is. Someone else claims that there isn't. Still others claim that there are four or five Connies—all different. If an investigator investigated, this is what he might (or might not) discover!

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

In Disguise Number 2, Jay Chapman found a Constance Bennett who didn't like his looks—and told him that all reporters looked the same to her. He was thrown out bodily

"Listen," says I, "You and me is pals, no? I never let down a pal, yes? Then I'm going to help you. I got some disguises. I'm going to be your detective. Get the idea?"

Poor Hank shook his head.

"Lemme elucidate, then. I'll disguise myself as several other fellers. In each disguise, I'll get me a separate interview with Connie. If they give me a different Connie to interview each time, like they seem to have give these guys that write about her in these magazines, I'll know it."

"And you'll find out if there *is* a Connie Bennett?" Hank asks, hopefully.

When I promises I will, and says I'll report to him everything I finds out about the elusive woman of mystery, he begins to look more cheerful. As I'm going, he hollers after me:

"By the way, old fellow! Find out which one I'm married to, will you? After all, a man has a right to know."

REPORT NUMBER ONE

(*Prepared for My Pal, Henri*)

HANK, there *is* a Connie Bennett! And do I *know* her? Say, I played tennis with her, and bridge, and she and I sat up until two in the a.m., working on a jig-saw puzzle.

"Ralph," says she to me when we found the missing part of the horse and decided to quit, "Ralph, it's been nice to have met you, and you must come often, now we're friends."

You see, Hank, them writer guys that said she was ritzy don't know her. Why, she's a regular pal. Oh, yes, that reminds me. According to her, she's the woman you married—you lucky stiff!

She calls me "Ralph," because "Ralph Steinbier" is the name I gave. Seemed to fit my Disguise Number One. I sure hope Connie likes me as well in Disguise Number Two!

She's got a swell sense of humor, Hank, and that's one reason why I think she must be the woman who married you. For instance, when I apologizes for my disguise looking a little shaggy, she says:

"Never *you* mind, Ralph. You should see Hank, when he comes fresh from the lawn-cutter he thinks is a barber." Good joke, eh, Hank? Ha, ha!

While I was there, the 'phone rang. "New York calling, ma'am," says the maid. I wonders what millionaire is calling her up, for as you know, Hank, it costs money to talk to L.A. from N.Y. But she explains it was only a little poor girl, who'd saved her pennies to do it. Seemed all confused, in explaining it, and blushed just like a June bride.

"She'd read I was home from Europe, the sweet little thing, and called me up to welcome me back," says Connie. "I told her if she'd send me her name and address I'd write her a letter."

I wondered afterward how the little poor girl had got Connie's private telephone number. It isn't listed, and I had an awful time getting it. But maybe she told Operator she wasn't an interviewer. Anyhow, what's it matter—so long as the poor little thing had her talk with Connie?

"The press gets me all wrong, Ralph," Connie says to me.

(*Continued on page 78*)

The third day, undisguised, Jay found a Connie who liked "all writers" and invited him to watch the bed scene in "A Bed of Roses"

Speak 20 Languages —and You'll "Get By" in Hollywood

Hollywood cafés feature foreign dishes, but when Camilla Horn ordered "Kalbs Cutlette," an interpreter had to be called!

There are so many foreigners in the movies, from so many different countries, that you don't lead any kind of social life at all, if you talk just plain American. This confidential letter to the Editor from a Hollywood correspondent gives you an idea!

By Dorothy Spensley

Illustrated by Frank Boyd

DEAR MONS. LE EDITEUR:

Oh, gosh, what a life! *Sacre bleu* and strike me pink, director de un periodico, this modern town of Babel is getting me down. If you don't spout twenty languages, including the Greek, you might as well sit at home and tat. If any more roving producers come home with any more foreign darlings, chattering everything including Chinese, I'm going to buy me a complete Berlitz, a League of Nations Dictionary.

There should be some protection for us girls with only three little American words in our vocabulary: "yes," "no" and "perhaps." Also "mahr-velous!" and "really?" To get around socially and otherwise, these days, you have to be able to jabber like a professor of the Romance Languages. Whatever they are. I expect Francis (Curly-locks) Lederer, Broadway's newest heart-throbber, now in Hollywood, could tell us. He's Romance's last stand-by, I understand.

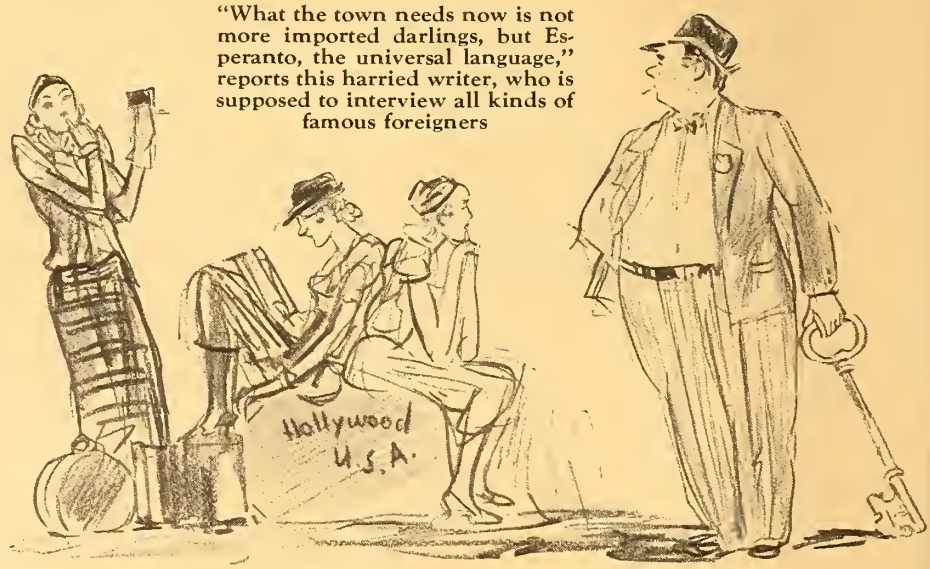
What the town needs now is not more imported darlings, but Esperanto, the universal language. And I'm not referring to Uncle Carl and his motion picture factory over the Pass; although, *en passant* (yoo hoo!), an Englishman did ask me, once, about the name of the studio that Uncle Carl Laemmle conducted. "What is it called?" he murmured. "Eternal City, what?" Pope Pius XI would like that.

If we had Esperanto, editeur, we'd eliminate a lot of strain. How is a girl whose German is limited to *ja* and *nein* to know what English-Italian Elissa Landi and German Dorothea Wieck are saying to Fraulein Marlene Dietrich at Armenian Rouben Mamoulian's farewell party in honor of *die* Dietrich, when the girls spend the evening jabbering in Deutsch?

Were They Discussing Garbo?

OF course, they may have been merely swapping recipes for Kartoffel Kloese (Emil Jannings' favorite dish) or blueprints for apple strudel or the latest cut in cravats to wear with Marlene's newest smoking jacket; but how does a wandering reporter know that they weren't saying what they really thought of La Garbo, the Swedish Sphinx?

You see, editeur, you have to be a linguist to get around in Hollywood these days. That is, if you want to be *au courant* . . . or something. Whatever that means. But maybe I misunderstood French Maurice Chevalier. Or was it Mons. Henry Garat? Maybe he was talking about the black specks



"What the town needs now is not more imported darlings, but Esperanto, the universal language," reports this harried writer, who is supposed to interview all kinds of famous foreigners

The new foreign star wanted something. The publicity man couldn't guess what it was. A French plasterer interpreted: "A razor!"

in the buns. Sometimes my head positively aches with French diphthongs chasing Spanish "r's," and English collapsible syllables colliding with German vowels.

You can't even order an egg sandwich at Sardi's without consulting your "Grammaire Pratique," your "I Verbi Appresi Mediante la Conversazione," your "Deutsche Handelssprache." Restaurateurs used to name their sandwiches after players. Now, they consult the atlas. Look at this lunch menu, editeur, and you'll get what I mean: Borscht à la Tzarine (the Rasputin influence), Belgian Endive, Zucchini Florentine, Marienbader Oblatten (I never did find out about that one), Italian Spumoni, Poached Eggs Viennoise, Russian Caviar, Danish Pastry, Mexican Enchiladas, Genuine Dublin Irish Bacon.

Russian waiters, French waiters, Spanish waiters, German waiters, Greek waiters—Restaurateur Eddie Brandstatter has them all. But what he really needs is a Swedish masseur. His patrons need a brisk massage after wrestling with the menu. Deviled Veal Kidney Brochette, indeed! But at that, editeur, it took the entire staff to find out what German Camilla Horn wanted . . . "Kalbs Cutlette!" she insisted. Summoned, the German waiter smiled knowingly: "The fraulein wants a veal cutlet, *ja?*" It seems, editeur, she did.

It's enough to give a girl the "whoops-ing" cough, as Spanish José Crespo so aptly puts it.

When THEY "Talk American"

GERMAN Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, trying to describe a gentleman in the nude: "He was-ah-ah . . . " waving his hands downward, " . . . plain!" English Lilian Harvey asking the notions department for a "reel of cotton." They brought her a bolt of absorbent cotton. "Oh, I want to sew!" she answered in dismay. "Madame," the clerk said, sternly, "you want a spool of thread."

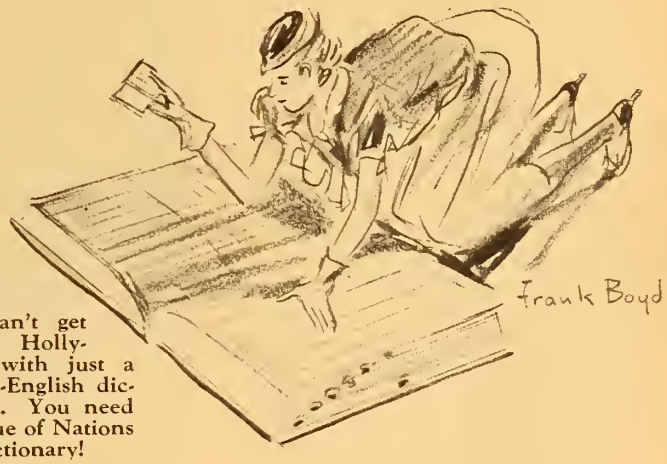
Spanish Maria Alba talking about going "in the beach" after she has been swimming. English Heather Angel requesting more "biscuits" to go with her typically American ice cream. "Cookies, do you mean?" retorts the waitress. English Benita Hume looking vaguely around the Metro lot for the elevator when a gentleman offers her a "lift" into Hollywood. Alice White more than dazed when a touring Englishman remarks he'd like to "level his box" at her—meaning he would like to photograph her.

That, Señor Editeur, is Hollywood to-day.

You stumble into a happy little gathering of Spanish Playwright Gregorio Martinez Sierra, Spanish Actress Catalina Barcena and Spanish Actor José Crespo and in three minutes it resembles the War of the Roses. Latin eyes flash, Latin arms wave, rumbling Spanish "r's" hurtle themselves into the conversation and burst. There is chaos and then Señor Crespo turns and says, blandly and in English: "I was telling Señora Barcena that she should drive her own car."

You don't happen to have any old French grammars knocking around the office that I could borrow, do you? Or Spanish or German or Italian or Norwegian or Portuguese? New York used to be the Melting Pot of America, but you won't need your dictionaries now that Hollywood has taken over the smelting rights.

To date we have French Maurice Chevalier, Henry Garat, Lili Damita, Claudette Colbert; Hungarian Paul Lukas, Luis Trenker, Bela Lugosi; Comrade Anna Sten of unrecognized Russia, to say nothing of Director-Author Richard Boleslavsky and Ivan Lebedeff; Mexican Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Raquel Torres, Ramon Novarro, Gilbert Roland, José Mojica; Danish Jean Hersholt and Gwili Andre; Brazilian Raul Roulien; Argentinean Barry Norton, José Bohr, Paul Ellis; Swedish Greta Garbo, Nils Asther; Norwegian Greta Nissen; Spanish Maria Alba, José Crespo, Antonio Moreno, Conchita Montenegro; German Marlene Dietrich, Dorothea Wieck, Wera Engels; Italian Victor Varconi; Roumanian Tala Birell; German-English Lilian Harvey; Italian-English Elissa Landi; English-Irish Brian Aherne and Polish Lyda Roberti.



You can't get around Hollywood with just a French-English dictionary. You need a League of Nations dictionary!

We've got an order on one Czech (coming up!), Francis (Romantic) Lederer; there's a Chilean, Paco Del Campo; Mlle. Elene Aristi is a Greek; Sojin was a Japanese; and Director W. S. Van Dyke didn't help matters any by importing those Eskimos. We had a couple of Arabs, for a time, but fortunately they folded their tents. It's enough to start learning Czech (and double-Czech) at my age without absorbing enough Arabic to know whether you are being sworn at. Never shall I forget my attempts to learn Sanskrit, (or was it Urdu?) in an effort to interview Actor-Technical-Advisor Lal Chand Mehra of India. All those hieroglyphics! They looked like hen scratches.

It wasn't necessary, though. Mahatma Mehra speaks English like an Englishman, which, in its way, too, is bad. Some-

(*Continued on page 82*)

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

CLARK GABLE didn't think he was going to get a summer vacation—but his doctor, it is reported, thought otherwise. Clark thereupon got a month off to investigate the fishing and bear-hunting in Alaska.

The final curtain has rung down on the tragic career of "Fatty" Arbuckle—dead at 46. After ten years of exile, he had just won his fight to "come back"

LAST month, we suggested that maybe there should be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Movie Actors. Certainly, some of the players seem to be overworked—being out on loan, when they aren't busy at their own studios. Karen Morley recently "cracked" under the strain and had to take a rest. Now, Myrna Loy—like Gable—is Getting Away From It All for a month's real rest. Of course, it's a big tribute to their popularity when they're so much in demand that one rôle after another awaits them—but there's a limit to human endurance. Mae Clarke proved that a year and a half ago, when she had a nervous breakdown.

Also on the sick list, as the Pumpkin Center Bugle might say, are Dick Powell, recuperating from pneumonia—with the whole town plugging for him; Jackie Cooper, who has parted with his appendix (the departure was sudden); Ruth Chatterton, who fought off pneumonia, but not bronchitis—and has had a cruel cough for weeks; Jean Harlow, who has had a minor operation; and Edwina Booth, whose tropical fever (contracted while making "Trader Horn") has taken a turn for the worse.

ASIDE from the "invalids," the most-talked-about person of the month has been—you guessed it—Garbo. The rumors are as plentiful as gnats. Greta is said to be experimenting with a new hairdress—in keeping with the period of "Queen Christina." She is said to have spent most of her time at her new home (only a few doors from her old one, in Santa Monica)—visiting the studio only to try on costumes. But the strangest of all reports is that she has asked for a private entrance to the studio near the far end of the lot, where her new bungalow is located. She has been dressing, by the way, in the quarters formerly occupied by John Gilbert. Ah, John! Laurence Olivier is to be her new leading man . . .

After "Gold-Diggers of 1933," Dick Powell went on a personal appearance tour—and caught pneumonia. When well enough, he'll be in "Sweethearts Forever"

AND Garbo anecdotes, like Garbo rumors, are having a new vogue, too. The most favored one also concerns Zasu Pitts. It seems that when Garbo and Zasu lived next door to each other, the glamourous one was addicted to bathing *au naturel* in the swimming pool. Zasu, personally, didn't mind—but she had two small and, therefore, curious children. Things reached a point where Zasu felt compelled to write her neighbor about it. But instead of adorning herself, Greta adorned the pool—erecting a high canvas screen.

The recent death of Harry Sweet, comedian-director, in the crash of his airplane in Big Bear Lake has Hollywood worried about other movie folk who like to take to the skyways. Wallace Beery is probably the best of the star-fliers, though Ben Lyon and Richard Arlen aren't far behind him. Bebe Daniels, Ann Harding and Billie Dove also like to handle airplane joysticks in person.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., seems to change his plans often. He was going abroad for a long stay to write a novel. But no sooner did he arrive there than he started on a gay round of visits to the homes of English nobility with Doug, Sr. And the next thing we knew he was heading back to Hollywood, to play the Noel Coward part in "Design for Living," to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. In New York, soon after docking, he came down with lobar pneumonia—and was rushed to a hospital. . . . Meanwhile, in Hollywood, the ex-Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford, to you) has been dining and dancing with Franchot Tone, who will be her leading man in "The Dancing Lady." A romance is still rumored. But she has also been 'phoning New York, asking about Doug.

Doris Kenyon, seen in "No Marriage Ties," is a bride in real life. The widow of Milton Sills has just married Arthur Hopkins, wealthy New Yorker

MIRIAM JORDAN had to bob her mane for a picture and, while she was about it, she decided to bob her name, too. With the short locks, she decided that Mimi Jordan would fit her better.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

THIS clothes debate threatens to go on and on. Hedda Hopper and Lilyan Tashman had it out as to which was the better-dressed, as previously reported in MOTION PICTURE. (There was no decision.) Now, it seems, Miss Hopper has retired from the field, leaving Constance Bennett to cross rapiers with the lady known as Lil. At least, both were inveigled into presenting a list of their nominations for the Twelve Best-Dressed Women. Connie did Lilyan the courtesy of including her in the roster. But Lilyan didn't retaliate—leaving Connie out of it, entirely. La Bennett's magnanimous gesture also included, curiously enough, the name of Gloria Swanson. They did manage to agree, however, on four names—Ina Claire, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Mrs. Harrison Williams. Now, the busy press-agents are trying to start something among the men. They have teased Adolphe Menjou and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., to name the Twelve Best-Dressed Men. They didn't agree, either.

June Vlasek, Fox starlet, should have the boys reeling when she wears this beach outfit. The skirt is a wrap-around

Longworth

Chorus girls are having their day in the sun again. Here are five of them getting a tan, between sessions of water-coasting. Left to right, they are Barbara Rogers, Helen Mann, Renee Whitney, Maxine Cantway and Margaret La Marr—all in "Footlight Parade"

HOLLYWOOD has a new film company—Twentieth Century Pictures. It was organized by Darryl Zanuck, long the production chief of Warner Brothers (until there was an argument about "Baby Face") and Joseph Schenck, husband of Norma Talmadge. They will produce on the United Artists lot, and they have some ambitious plans. Already, they have George Arliss, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett under contract. (Connie has only one more picture to do for RKO. And the new contract means that she was only kidding when she was talking about retirement.) For their first picture, "The Bowery," they have borrowed George Raft from Paramount and Wallace Beery from M-G-M. They are reported to be interested in several players whose contracts with other studios are almost up—which worries the studios, peps up the players.

Now, Oliver Hardy joins his comedy team-mate, Stan Laurel, in the divorce courts—asking his freedom from Mrs. Myrtle Lee Hardy on grounds of mental cruelty. Laurel's attempt to patch up things with his wife—they recently took a "second honeymoon"—apparently hit a bump. For she filed suit against him, after all, asking that their marital ties be cut. It's a bit ironical when a funny man is funny to everybody except his wife!

THE life of the late Florenz Ziegfeld will be screened, with Billie Burke playing an autobiographical rôle. Her romance and marriage with the late Great Glorifier inspired the story.

MARLENE DIETRICH started something in "The Song of Songs" that, it is hoped, will not catch on as a fad—the way her trousers did. Marlene—perhaps to give her hair a sheen—took to powdering it with a gold dust, similar to the silver dust we put on Christmas trees in imitation of snow. It is said that fine powder filled the set when Marlene shook her head and caused more than one complaint from her three leading men. They stood for the vaseline she uses on her lips, instead of lipstick, but this was too much!

If you think it isn't hard to get into a studio, listen to this one: A gateman at a certain major studio, who has had his troubles with gate-crashers, recently refused to admit the fire department. One of the studio buildings had caught fire, but the person who had put in the call had failed to notify the gateman. As a result, the fire truck was kept waiting until this hard-boiled guardian could receive an okay for admittance from the Front Office. Meanwhile, the building burned down.

WHEN Fay Wray gave up horror pictures, she said she'd never scream again. But Fay reckoned without the Fates—and a rip tide. Swimming at Playa Del Rey, she was caught in a treacherous undertow and carried under, away from shore. When she came up, she let out such a scream as *King Kong* never heard. Director George Hill, nearby, heard it and staged as thrilling a rescue as any he has ever directed for the screen. Fay has been so busy that it's a wonder she found time for a swim.

Since injecting all that pep into "College Humor," Toby Wing has a new Paramount contract. In fact, it begins to look as if "all those studios got Wings." The little specialty dancer has a sister, Pat, who is a brunette for Warner Brothers

JUNE KNIGHT—who once danced in a local café and then went on to New York to be glorified by Ziegfeld and to score a big hit in "Take a Chance"—has come back to town with a big Universal contract to make "Lilies of Broadway." And the little girl is so hot-cha and can do such an amusing take-off of Lupe Velez that they have taken to calling her a Blonde Lupe de Lupe. Certainly, she is as madcap as the madcap Mex, perpetrating her gags on everyone in sight. She is rumored engaged to Max Baer, the pugilistic Adonis, who is waiting for a divorce—and calling June every evening from the East, just to say "Good Knight."

And still the newcomers come. One of the most prominent is Claude Rains, famous Broadway character actor, who replaces Boris Karloff in "The Invisible Man" and then will do his Broadway hit, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Another is Jack Haley, the irrepressible comic of "Take a Chance," who will team up with Jack Oakie in "We're Sitting Pretty." Ruth Etting, of blues fame, is Eddie Cantor's leading lady in "Roman Scandals." And big things must be expected from Margaret Sullavan, from Broadway. The little girl gets a reported salary of $1,250 per.

LOTTIE PICKFORD, sister of Mary, has just revealed that she is married for the fourth time. The Pickfords don't seem to have much luck in their first marriages. The late Jack Pickford was married three times. Even Our Mary has been married twice . . . All of which reminds us that Alan Dinehart is trying marriage again—this time with Mozelle Brittone, film newcomer. He is thirty-seven; she is twenty-one. Both are optimistic.

Gaggert

Ken Murray, who has been giving his all to the radio and the vaudeville stage since "Crooner," is back once more—wisecracking in "Disgraced"

THE surprise friendship of Hollywood is the new one of Lee Tracy and John Barrymore. They're practically buddies. On vacation in New York, Lee told a *Times* reporter: "They say he's temperamental and fussy." (Meaning John.) "He's really a great fellow. Let me tell you something. I did eleven pictures in thirteen months before 'Dinner at Eight.' I was getting careless in my work. I was tired. I didn't care. Barrymore jacked me up. He's a marvelous fellow to work with. He's rehearsing, rehearsing all the time. Most of us sit down and rest between scenes. Not Barrymore."

LEE, by the way, denies that he talks "like a machine gun." He says that "we get speed by slowing up some of the talk for comparison"—just to avoid monotony, as it were.

Something has just happened to Elsie Larsen that many a girl dreams about. She was waiting on table at the Brown Derby, was "discovered" by a director, and was given a contract by a studio. But that seldom happens. The average salary of beauties in the choruses in one big studio is $66.67—and that salary never lasts long. Beauty fades, legs grow tired—and the girls are "out," if they don't know acting.

WHEN Lupe Velez flew back from New York to play in "Joe Palooka" with Jimmy Durante (with whom she had just been co-starring on Broadway, in "Strike Me Pink"), Johnny Weissmuller met her 'plane—but Lupe didn't seem overjoyed to see him, until she found that he had brought along her adopted daughter, Joan. Then she posed for photographs with both of them. Lupe, it is to be supposed, didn't like Johnny's stepping out with other damsels while she was away. A few days later, they were seen cantering—both dressed in Western style.

Longworth

Patricia Ellis, who's a bright star-to-be, proved her brilliance when she hooked up a radio to fit her bike

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Kathryn Carver have separated for the second time. "A clash of temperaments."

The last time Ginger Rogers went East, she forfeited a boy-friend. Mervyn Le Roy met Somebody Else (Doris Warner, of THE Warners) during her absence. Now, Ginger has gone East again—to film "Take a Chance." And while she is gone, her new boy-friend, Lew Ayres, is scheduled to play opposite Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness." But Lilian is supposedly dated up to marry Wilhelm Fritsch, UFA star, next winter. (If they aren't wed already!)

HERE and there: No society girl has yet become a great screen actress, but Paramount has hopes for Elizabeth Young, whom you'll see in "Big Executive" . . . Sally O'Neil returns to the screen in "Lilies of Broadway," with June Knight, Mary Carlisle and Dorothy Burgess as the other three chorus girls . . . And Winnie Lightner is back, in "She Had to Say Yes." And she'll play Joan Crawford's sister in "The Dancing Lady" . . . Which will play "Ann Vickers"—Ann Harding or Irene Dunne? As we scurry to press, it looks like Irene . . . An unknown, Gertrude Michael, will play Mae West's rival in "I'm No Angel" . . . Earl Carroll, who was Ziegfeld's only rival as a lavish showman, has turned movie producer and will make "Murder at the Vanities" . . . Lee Garmes, the man behind the lens of "Shanghai Express" and "Zoo in Budapest," has been made a director . . . Buster Keaton will produce his future comedies in Florida . . .

EXCEPT for the Barrymores, there haven't been any famous brother teams on the screen—though there have been sister teams galore. However, Guy Kibbee has a brother, Milton, who plays alongside him in "Lady for a Day." If they click, you'll see more of them.

Al Jolson, after all these years, has returned to the studio where he and talkies made each other famous. He'll make "Wunderbar" for Warner Brothers. When they parted a couple of years ago, Hollywood never expected a reconciliation. But then Al's Little Woman, Ruby Keeler, signed with Warners and made a big hit. Al dropped around to see her work and signed up, himself. There's no telling. They might co-star yet.

ARTHUR JARRETT, radio singer, made a hit in a personal appearance in Hollywood and was signed to play in "Birds of Prey," with Richard Dix . . . And Jean Malin, of night-club fame, will be in "The Dancing Lady" . . . On the other hand, Eugenie Leontovich, who was a sensation on Broadway in "Grand Hotel" and "Twentieth Century," was so nervous at the local opening of "Twentieth Century" that Hollywood was unimpressed by this "greater-than-Garbo." Her husband, Gregory Ratoff, will be in the picture version, however . . . Dorothy Lee, not seen on the screen for lo, many a month, is all signed up with RKO again—having made a good impression off-screen.

SOME interesting movies in the making or being planned: "America Kneels," with Paul Muni—described as "an American 'Cavalcade'" . . . Edward

(*Continued on page 85*)

It's getting so that stars are teamed up constantly, but William Powell and Ann Harding are even in "Double Harness." It's their first time together

Trust Edmund Lowe to be in the thick of things—especially, sweet young things! And there's no Victor McLaglen around, apparently, to menace his jubilation. Eddie and the girls are all in "Her Bodyguard." The "Her" of the title, however, doesn't refer to any of these damsels, but to Wynne Gibson. In real life, of course, he's still Lilyan Tashman's bodyguard

BY GLADYS HALL

Looking at the World Through Horn-Rimmed Specs

The depression doesn't have Harold Lloyd down—even if he has lost half of his income. He's happier than ever that he's a comedian—but now he wants to give you something besides laughter. The world has changed, and Harold Lloyd has changed along with it!

"I HAVE lost fifty per cent of my income and I've had to adjust myself to it," Harold Lloyd told me. "Mildred and the children have had to adjust themselves to it. I hope to be able always to keep our home here. Long ago I established a trust fund to take care of this place, my one and only extravagance, if that is what it is. But there are a great many ways in which I've been able to cut down, to save.

"I used to carry my gag men at the studio all the year around, for instance. Whether I was making a picture or not, whether I even had a picture in mind or not, I kept them on, all the year around, on salary, sitting there. I don't carry them any longer. I use them, now, only when I am in production. I call them when I am ready to begin work on the story. And it is the same with my cameramen.

"I've got to make more pictures than I have been making. I need the money. I've got to work harder, and more consistently, than I have in years. That's good for me, too.

"And I've got to dig deeper for my stories. Laughter is not enough any more. Gags are not enough. Horn-rimmed specs are not enough. A pretty girl is not enough. Of course, there will always be laughs in my pictures. There will be gags. But we have to go deeper than mere laughter now. There will have to be deeper thought back of the gags and something to think about in the story.

"People have been through too much, have had too many vital problems and too much stern grief to be satisfied with something merely funny, superficially funny. People who have known financial disaster and hunger and unemployment will feel that they have been given soda pop when they needed bread, if I give them only laughter. Too many of them would have to pull their mouths into the semblance of a smile.

"Not that I disparage laughter. I don't want to give that impression. Very far from it. Because, among the many things that the so-called depression has taught me is the vital need of laughter. So vital is this need that I'm glad I am a comic as I was never glad of it before. I really feel now that I am not a mere entertainer, but a man with a mission in the world—the *serious* mission of being *funny*, of invoking laughter where no laughter was before. I feel that to be a comic is as vital and important a mission as being a physician, healing *other* wounds.

"So keenly do I feel this importance of making a world laugh that I'd like my son to carry on after me. I can't say more than that. I'd feel that he had not been born in vain; that he was doing a man's job in the world. It's pretty early, at two-and-a-half, to plan a boy's career for him. He may not tend that way at all. But I believe that he will. He's a comic right now. His imitations are screamingly funny. His 'business' is good for a laugh from anyone.

(*Continued on page 64*)

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

Did You Know That Jean Harlow Can *Foretell the Future?*

This is the strangest story you have ever read about any star. Jean can't explain it—but she KNOWS what events are coming in her life. Time after time, she has foretold them. Only once has the unexpected happened to her!

JEAN HARLOW knows what is going to happen to her, long before it happens. She has always known—except just once. Several amazing indications, over a period of years, have convinced me beyond a doubt that Jean has extraordinary psychic powers, which go far beyond "feminine intuition." She never talked about it, although she and I have long been friends. But the other day I asked her if she doesn't have foreknowledge of events. Her answer was: "Yes."

The first indication I had of that foreknowledge, I believe, happened two and a half years ago. It was during the slump in Jean's professional life, following "Hell's Angels." I was sitting with her in the living room of her home in Beverly Hills. It was one of the few occasions when I had ever seen Jean really blue. Her contract difficulties with her producer, Howard Hughes . . . the comparatively small salary she was drawing . . . the fact that six months had elapsed since her hit in "Hell's Angels" and she had not made another picture—all these had her "down." For an hour she had been discussing the possibility of abandoning Hollywood entirely. Then, suddenly, she said:

"I don't know why I talk like this when I *know* better. I know that this lull in my life, this mental slump, is providing a needed rest period, an opportunity for me to gather strength to carry on in the days of chaos that are coming into my life." She lighted a cigarette; she stared into the fire that crackled cheerfully against the chill of that Fall day; when she spoke again, her voice was low. "I must not dissipate my strength, fretting or worrying now. I shall need all of it to carry me through!"

As startling as her words seemed at the time, I forgot them, not to remember again until I saw Jean's name flung across the headlines in one of the most agonizing tragedies that has ever been borne by any young girl.

Her secretary had told me of another occasion. One afternoon, she (the secretary) and Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother, had been looking over one of Jean's new photographic sittings while waiting for her to return home from a beauty parlor. Unexpectedly, the butler arrived at the bedroom door with a trunk.

"Why have you brought up that trunk?" inquired Mrs. Bello, in surprise.

"Miss Harlow just called from the beauty parlor to tell me to bring it up to her room," he replied, evidently puzzled himself—for the young mistress of the house had certainly *not*, when she left for the hairdressers, had any intention of going away.

"That's funny!" Mrs. Bello exclaimed. And ten minutes later, when Jean arrived, her mother laughed: "Moving out?"

"No, I'm going away," said Jean. "I mean, I *will* be going soon. I thought the trunk might as well be brought up."

"Where," gasped her mother, "are you planning to go?"

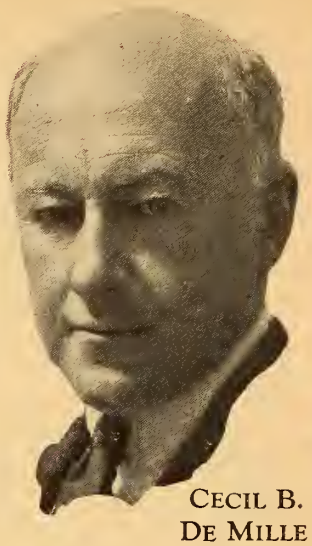
"I'm not *planning* to go, darling," replied Jean. "I just know I am going, that's all. Oh, let's drop it—it sounds so silly."

Twenty-four hours later, she received an unexpected telegram,

(*Continued on page 66*)

MERVYN LE ROY

FRANK BORZAGE



CECIL B. DE MILLE

ERNST LUBITSCH

Four Directors Tell *What's Wrong* with the Movies

Why aren't there more movie hits? That's what Hollywood is asking. And Ernst Lubitsch, Frank Borzage, Cecil B. De Mille and Mervyn Le Roy —all makers of hits—are here to tell why. Listen in and hear some frank talk!

Do you go to the movies just to kill time—or do you "shop around" for pictures that will mean something to you afterward? If you are just a time-killer, don't bother to read this article. This is for people who think about their movies, who want to understand the problems that Hollywood faces in making great pictures, and who want to help, if they can.—*Editor.*

By SONIA LEE

MORE frequently, more sincerely, more searchingly than ever before, the thinking minds of Hollywood are asking: "What's wrong with the movies?" Better acting cannot be found anywhere, and pictures, themselves, have reached a high artistic level—and yet people stay away from the movies. What are the screen's weaknesses? Four of the outstanding directors—Ernst Lubitsch, Frank Borzage, Cecil B. De Mille and Mervyn Le Roy—put their fingers on ills from which Hollywood is suffering. Moreover, they prescribe remedies.

Overwhelming problems have not suddenly assailed the screen, nor have self-appointed critics in superabundant numbers suddenly fallen upon it. Rather, the present business standstill has aggravated and disclosed certain definite weaknesses in the industry that were ignored in the prosperous days. These weaknesses have become glaringly evident and have contributed in no small measure to the acute difficulties in which studios find themselves to-day—difficulties that threaten their very existence.

What the Movies Need

THESE four directors, who know their movies, recommend:

The ending of the present czaristic producer system, which delegates to five men the power to determine what one hundred and twenty million people are to see in motion picture theatres.

Undivided responsibility during the making of a picture—with definite control vested in the director. This would mark the end of the present iniquitous supervisor system.

The unit system of production—with individual producers making pictures for release through the parent studio.

The reduction of huge salaries, with a sane decrease in production costs.

A new method of selecting screen material—with producers and directors of proven ability given the privilege of making any story that appeals to them.

Improvement of the casting system—with more attention given to the filling of small rôles.

The suppression of the present practice of assigning several writers to the preparation of one story.

Closer coöperation between the distribution department, which sells the pictures, and the production department, which makes them.

A decrease in the number of routine and meaningless pictures.

Presentation of pictures on a legitimate theatre time-

(*Continued on page 90*)

MESS JACKETS? THEY "SUIT" MARION AND NORMA!

Like racketeering, jacketeering is popular these days. And mess jackets are the latest to come to the front—with a little extra push from Marion Davies (left) and Norma Shearer (right). It's the only way they will go masculine when dining out. Marion's, with round lapels, has the earmarks of being her best bib-and-tucker—but she probably won't wear it in "Paid to Laugh," co-starring with Marie Dressler. Norma's, with sharp lapels and white cuffs, looks as if it just came off a boat—as Norma, herself, has, to make "La Tendresse." Either blondes or brunettes can wear them!

Below, Lyda Roberti's "première gown" from "Three-Cornered Moon." Right, Glenda Farrell's suit in "Lady for a Day'

The fringed white satin hostess gown is very effective on the stately Kay Francis (below) in "Storm at Daybreak"

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S Advance Fashion Tips from the New Films

CLOTHES GOSSIP from HOLLYWOOD

BY *Marilyn*

THE new movies go novelty-hunting in fashions this month with results that will certainly interest you, even though they do lean more to the sensational than the every-day-wardrobe variety.

Whether or not your own home-town goes in for "preemeers" with spotlights and autograph-seekers and everything, you are going to take a second look, and maybe a third, at a sensational creation called "the première gown," which will be worn by Lyda Roberti in Paramount's "Three-Cornered Moon."

It really isn't a gown at all; or, rather, it is a startling combination of a gown and an evening wrap. And something tells me that when several fashionable Hollywood ladies get a look at this model, we are going to see plenty of duplication of the idea in personal wardrobes. The model is worn just "as is"—I mean to say, without an additional top evening

Above is the almond-green pebbly crêpe hostess gown that you will also see Kay Francis wearing in "Storm at Daybreak"

In "The Big Executive," Elizabeth Young is charming in the white satin "butcher coat" shown above

When you see "Stranger's Return," you'll get a glimpse of Miriam Hopkins wearing this dotted blue organdy frock (below), with its matching brimmed hat

wrap, which does away with that pesky business of either checking an evening coat, or else sitting huddled in it all through the "first night" event.

Lyda's inspired "première" is made of heavy white satin with a wide, flowing sash of metal, shot with cerise. But the real feature of the model is the clever combination of the gown and the wrap idea. Note in particular the graceful skirt, which flows into a short formal train just like an evening gown. Then turn your attention to the high, tailored collar, the three "tailored buttons" on the shoulders and the unusually large sleeves that tend to make the dress look very much like a wrap—at least, from the waist *up!* Though this model is more adapted to use in Hollywood than any other place in the world, it is far too interesting to ignore.

The "Butcher Coat"

ANOTHER fashion novelty that Hollywood has gone crazy about (it is far less extreme)is the currently popular "Butcher Coat." Not a very pretty name, but it's a grand idea and no Summer wardrobe is quite complete without one. You see them in all shades, these graceful three-quarter, knee-length frock coats—and in all materials. It is probably the most serviceable evening wrap that Hollywood has sponsored in many moons.

Gaze, for instance, upon the white satin "Butcher Coat" worn by Elizabeth Young in "The Big Execu-

tive." (Yes, Elizabeth is new to the screen—she's a society girl from the East—and in her first Paramount picture she plays with Ricardo Cortez.) This coat can be distinctively combined with all of your Summer evening frocks. The sleeves are broad at the shoulders, the coat has "handy" pockets, and the short "lapel collar" stands up in the back. The simple frock that Miss Young is wearing is of white crêpe adorned only with a beaded yoke.

Perhaps even more startling than Lyda Roberti's "première gown" is a new creation worn by Glenda Farrell in Columbia's "Lady for a Day." *Kalloch*, the Columbia designer, can step forward and take a bow on Glenda's ensemble, which is for the "tailored dinner hour." If you are going to dine in a smart café and then go to the theatre later, you can't find a more charming model than Glenda's evening-dressy suit.

Note, particularly, the unusual sleeves, featuring three cornucopias lined with silver embroidery. It is particularly smart when you realize that the embroidery matches the bodice of flesh pink, embroidered in silver, which gives the suit the delightful "evening" touch. The small hat of soft champagne-colored crêpe matches the material of the suit. It's as clever as they come.

Below, two views of Lyda Roberti's saucy "Bobby Hat" of brown straw, from her own personal wardrobe. Like the strap?

Ideas for Tall Girls

AT M-G-M, *Adrian*, the designer, offers several interesting ideas in the screen wardrobe worn by Kay Francis in "Storm at Daybreak" (with Nils Asther). *Adrian* describes Kay's gowns in this romantic love story as "gallant." In other words, tall, stately girls take heed—but

Lyda Roberti looks striking in her gold-striped beige chiffon evening gown pictured above. It is also from her own wardrobe —and proves that Lyda is exotic off the screen, too

Black satin returns, and Lyda is happy. We can hardly blame her when black satin can make her look as gorgeous as she does in the above—with the jeweled ornament in back!

In "Lady for a Day," Glenda Farrell wears the pink tulle and rhinestone gown above

Ginger Rogers, in "Don't Bet on Love," wears this brown and yellow street ensemble of thin crêpe

Here's the black and white gown that Gloria Stuart wears in "The Secret of the Blue Room"

the ingénues need not even try. Consider Kay's two distinctive hostess gowns:

The first is of heavy white satin, falls into a trailing skirt, and has a "double" bodice—all adding up to a dramatically feminine creation. Heavy, looped fringe garnishes the sleeves and the wide, stiff belt. This fringe cuff is a very smart idea for formal gowns and it is *Adrian's* guess that you will be seeing even more of it this Fall, as gowns become more formal and dressy.

The second hostess frock worn by Kay is of almond-green pebbly crêpe, featuring unusual sleeves of graduating puffs large at the shoulder, smaller at the elbow and wrist. Another new note is the low, square décolletage, set with a tailored bow at the bodice. The "underslip," revealed by the open front of the skirt, is of pleated romaine of the same color. But remember that all of Kay's clothes are for tall women only!

You little girls will get a break, however, in two very nice models worn by Miriam Hopkins in "Stranger's Return." Miriam, as the city girl who comes back to upset the simple farm lives of Lionel Barrymore and Franchot Tone, wears one charming model of starched blue organdy, polka-dotted in white, which is just the thing for "little girls." The large puffed sleeves, the wide collar with its white grosgrain bow at the neck, the full skirt and the brimmed hat of matching material combine to make this a dream of a garden dress—just the thing for a romantic afternoon.

Lyda's Saucy Little Hat

IF you're due for a visit at the milliner's, Lyda Roberti has a neat little number from her own personal wardrobe that is well worth your attention. The saucy little model is called a "Bobby Hat" and drew inspiration from the helmets worn by London's famous policemen. A medium-sized brown straw

(*Continued on page* 85)

THE MENACE AND THE BOY-FRIEND GO FOR JOAN IN A BIG WAY

It will be news when there's a movie that doesn't have an ol' meanie, as well as an ol' smoothie, pursuing the heroine. But when a chap meets a sweet (and bright) young thing like Joan Bennett, you have to expect he'll have a rival with a mustache. In "Arizona to Broadway," the lad who deserves the kisses is James Dunn—otherwise known as Sunny Jimmy. The lad who'll win the hisses, instead, is Theodore von Eltz—and who Eltz could play the rôle so well? Joan is a showgirl who travels far—with sex appeal and the boys' help

Whose "Boy-Friend" Is Chevalier Now?

Ever since his divorce, Maurice has been going gay places and doing gay things—and "romance" rumors have pursued him. Is there anything to them? With nary a wink, he says "No"—but he admits he HAS changed!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

It was a toss-up whether Maurice Chevalier or Marlene Dietrich wore the most stunning tailored tuxedo at the party. Well, anyway, both suits were in the same party.—From a movie magazine.

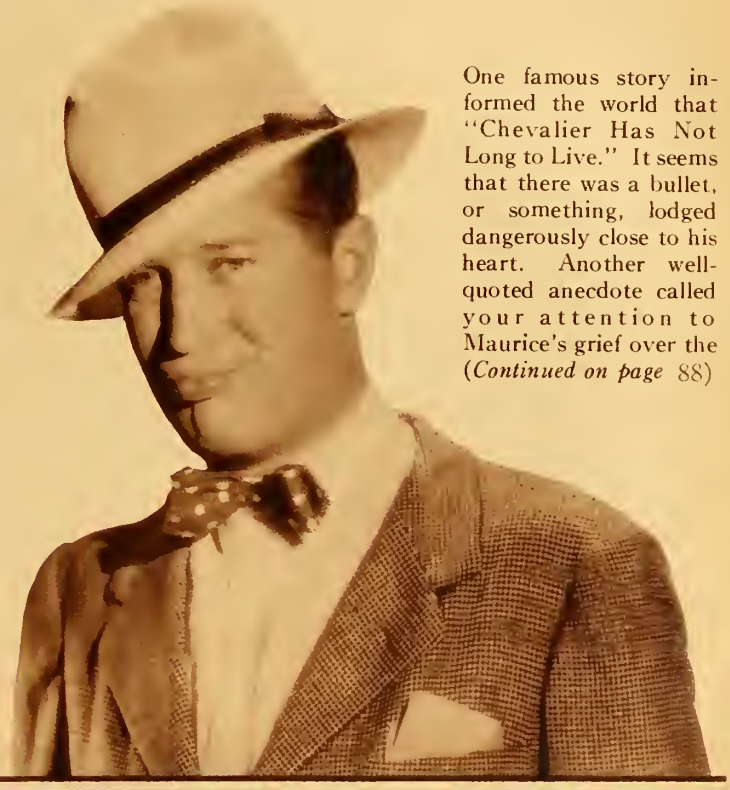
Everything but the music stopped last evening when Maurice Chevalier arrived at the Cocoanut Grove with Lilian Harvey.—From a local morning paper.

What a pretty diamond bracelet Marguerite Churchill is wearing recently! Gossip has it that the French star, Maurice Chevalier, slipped it into a box of flowers which he addressed to Miss Churchill.—From a syndicated New York column.

Maurice Chevalier stood waiting for luncheon one-half hour at Sardi's. His guest, Benita Hume, dashed in with an apparently good excuse, for Maurice was soon smiling again.—From a syndicated Hollywood column.

AND just two years ago somebody wrote that Maurice Chevalier was such a dull fellow, personally! Not since the Gary Cooper rumors, which seemed to involve four famous ladies simultaneously, has any Hollywood gentleman been rumored so romantically and socially involved as the formerly "staid" Chevalier!

For years, you have been reading that Maurice was merely a "charm vendor," a magician who turned off his electric screen personality after working hours and lapsed into his "natural" guise of a depressed, even humorless individual.



One famous story informed the world that "Chevalier Has Not Long to Live." It seems that there was a bullet, or something, lodged dangerously close to his heart. Another well-quoted anecdote called your attention to Maurice's grief over the (*Continued on page* 88)

Maurice has been sending flowers to, or lunching or dining with each of these five girls: (left to right) Adrienne Ames, Marguerite Churchill, Marlene Dietrich, Benita Hume and Lilian Harvey

WHERE ANN DVORAK "RUNS AWAY" FROM HOLLYWOOD NOW

Ann Dvorak says, across the page, that she'll "run away" from Hollywood each year. For that matter, she runs away each night—to the new ranch she and Leslie Fenton own at Van Nuys, where they can go sun-tanning, swimming and native together—all alone!

Danger Ahead for ANN DVORAK?

By JERRY LANE

"COULD Ann Dvorak get away with it?" That's what Hollywood has been asking. Could she deliberately check her career for twelve months on the nearest studio shelf—and then redeem it? Could she start in again where she left off when she ran away for a year-long honeymoon with Leslie Fenton? Or has she imperiled her whole future?

Some said she had committed professional suicide. The rumors about her were rife with foreboding. There were prophecies as dark and dismal as a wax museum at midnight. "Dvorak is *through*, my dear!" Is she? Here is the answer:

She went away a featured player. *To-day she is a star.* Ann's year of just *living* has paid the highest dividends in all Hollywood's history. If there are any dangerous curves ahead for this girl, they're the kind that good beer and laughter bring!

"Run away? I'd do it again in a minute under similar circumstances," Ann told me. I think we were both remembering the same thing—that day we had lunched together so long ago and a nerve-strained, weary youngster had confided: "I can't go on. They're pushing me too hard. I tell you I'm tired of seeing so much of Ann Dvorak around—on the billboards, in newspapers, in the magazines. If they keep on, there will be nothing left of me. I'll be dead so far as the movies are concerned. And something in me will die, too."

A featured player, she left the screen for a year—and she has come back a star! She says she SAVED her career—instead of risking it—by "running away" to see life and to live vividly. And maybe she's right!

She had been so tense sitting there in front of me, knowing things a girl of nineteen should not be made to know. She had found that success, for instance, can be flat and dry and terribly empty. For Ann recognized hers as the flash-in-the-pan variety. A sudden spurt to fame, a too brilliant burning—then a quick fade-out. It has happened hundreds of times. She knew it. I wasn't surprised five days later to learn that Ann had made a definite gesture of defiance. She and her husband, Leslie Fenton, had unexpectedly set sail for Europe . . .

Staying Would Have Been Risky

"I did thirteen pictures in a year," she said, picking up the trend of my thoughts. "I didn't have anything more to give a part. All my enthusiasm was gone. All the thrill. It has been said that I risked everything on a whim of the moment. Let me tell you something: *I would have risked everything if I'd stayed!*"

She is clear-visioned, this Ann. And as courageous as a young eaglet trying its wings. Where she was pretty before, she is beautiful now—the rich sort of beauty that comes with happiness. There in the garden of the new home she and Leslie have just purchased, her laughter was gayer than I had ever heard it. They have about an acre surrounding a wide-spreading house in a quiet section of Van Nuys—not so very far from Gary Cooper's ranch. We had inspected the peach orchard and the chickens, tried the swimming pool, and had come to rest finally under enormous shade trees. Ann had grown thoughtful.

"It wasn't a question of money," she went on, after a moment. "I could have had a salary raise then if I'd wanted it. You see, I had found out a startling thing. There is no place in Hollywood now for just an ingénue. . . .

"I was one. I hadn't *lived* enough to be anything else. And by living I don't mean the hey-hey, good-time sort of thing. I mean building up a background for yourself. Getting out of ruts so you won't be fashioned to any standard pattern. It is girls like Katharine Hepburn—the ones who take what they want from life and dare to be personalities—that forge ahead the fastest. I knew that when I left. *I knew I had to bring color and glamour into my own life in order to give a semblance of them on the screen.*"

Thrills She Won't Forget

AND that is precisely what she did. You can picture the two of them—Leslie and Ann. A couple of kids on a glorified lark. Using tramp steamers to get to out-of-the-way places. Delving into towns unknown to tourists.

There was that time they were set ashore in a tiny hamlet in Sicily during the middle of the night. A terrific storm was raging. The village graybeards, more than half-asleep, couldn't make up their minds whether to put these young "Americanos" in jail or not. They did not have regularly signed papers, it seems, that the chief could read! And it was a bandit who came to their rescue—found them shelter for the night and acted as interpreter.

(*Continued on page 79*)

JACK HOLT

CONSTANCE BENNETT

RICHARD DIX

GLORIA STUART

Two years ago, MOTION PICTURE poll in the studios—getting the favorite stars of the people who worst). Now, again, we "get out"

THE FAVORITE —*As Picked*

By
MONTY COFFIN

Two years ago, MOTION PICTURE conducted the first popularity poll in the studios—to find out which stars were the favorites of their co-workers, of the people who were close enough to them to see them as human beings, not as idols. Some of the balloting carried surprises.

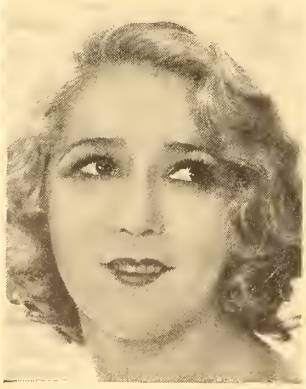
Now, two years later, who are the favorites? How many of the 1931 winners have held their own? How many new favorites have arisen? MOTION PICTURE'S new poll, we believe, holds more surprises than the first one.—*Editor.*

WHO are the most popular actors and actresses of Hollywood in this year of 1933? And we don't mean the favorites of Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen of Hollywood—who, after all, see the the stars as stars (just as you do), not as human beings. We mean the favorites of the studio workers, who see the stars as they really are and waste no words in stating their preferences. We went out to ask them—and had some surprises.

We talked to hundreds of people on the different lots—carpenters and script girls, electricians and designers, messengers and technicians, people in every branch of motion picture production—and asked them to cast votes for their personal favorites among the stars. We asked them to express their opinions of the players as people, not as screen artists. Strangely enough, most of the voters seemed to find it easier to name the ones they liked least, rather than best—but they all had their preferences. Come along with us as we go from studio to studio, "getting out" the vote—and the real lowdown about the stars.

We'll start with Paramount. Claudette Colbert is, without a doubt, the queen of the lot, so far as the studio workers are concerned. She knows everybody, and everybody knows her. Two years ago, they handed the title to Carole Lombard, who has since become Mrs. William Powell in a big way and doesn't pal around with "the bunch" as much as formerly. But the glib little Wynne Gibson, first lady-in-waiting

JAMES CAGNEY



MARY PICKFORD

FREDRIC MARCH

BARBARA WEEKS

WARNER BAXTER

MARIE DRESSLER

LEE TRACY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

conducted the first popularity "inside" slant on who were the knew them at their best (and the vote—and it has surprises

Stars of 1933

by the Studios

to Carole in 1931, remains as Paramount's second choice. "Wynne-some" Gibson, they call her. Miriam Hopkins has a definite following among her crews, but Sylvia Sidney, formerly so high in the rating, has become "rather remote" lately, according to the wage-earners. Gail Patrick, a newcomer trying to live down the name of a Panther Woman, is swiftly building. They all like this straightforward girl, who still thinks she'd rather be a lawyer than a star.

They Like Mae, But Fear Her

MAE WEST is well liked, though her frankness on all subjects frightens some people, particularly the married men. One just doesn't go home to the wife, raving about such an outspoken exponent of sex appeal. The *grande dame* of the lot, Alison Skipworth, has many supporters among those who know her—but she takes a good deal of knowing, with that dry sense of humor of hers. Adrienne Ames is considered cold and distant, though "a swell dresser." The same impression holds, in lesser degree, in the case of Sari Maritza. And La Dietrich, so popular at the box-office, is openly disliked. She never mixes with her co-workers, and is constantly surrounded by her body-guards—which must be an unhappy sort of life! (Also, those trousers alienated plenty of the men.) Helen Twelvetrees, new to the lot, is liked by those who have worked with her.

Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper still run neck and neck after two years of studio-wide admiration. As the popularity contest moved into the home stretch, however, Fredric March nosed out the leaders, closely followed by Jack Oakie. Now, there's a lad who has changed! Jack had the reputation two years ago of being "a good egg" who was able to dish it out, but unable to take it with a laugh. That hurt him. Now, he has learned to take anything that comes his way—and shoot a faster one back. Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, room-mates and real pals, are generally liked; perhaps Cary has a slight edge on Randy. He's a better mixer, as Randy is inclined to be shy.

Chevalier is still a question mark. No one really knows him, but he is liked, anyway. Ricardo Cortez

(*Continued on page 62*)

ANDY DEVINE

LILIAN HARVEY

RONALD COLMAN

KAY FRANCIS

If you thought "Grand Hotel" was an "all-star" picture, wait till you see "Dinner at Eight"! But while you're waiting, step behind the scenes with us and find out how they all got along together!

Seeing "Dinner

By JACK GRANT

This is the eighth and last of a series of "inside stories" about outstanding new pictures. It takes you behind the scenes of an all-star picture, tells you how the stars got along together, reveals some of the amusing offstage happenings, and gives a hint of the plot. After you get this Hollywood preview of "Dinner at Eight," your enjoyment of the picture will be heightened —and your appreciation of all motion picture entertainment will be keener.—*Editor.*

Phillips Holmes has a brief bit as the fiancé of Madge Evans, whose love is elsewhere

IT is only fitting that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company that inaugurated the current vogue of all-star productions with "Grand Hotel," should now assemble the greatest aggregation of stars ever to be seen in a single motion picture. There isn't a theatre marquee in the world that will be able to place in lights a fraction of the "box-office names" who play in "Dinner at Eight."

The picture marks the first venture of David O. Selznick, former producing head of RKO-Radio, in his new capacity of executive vice-president at M-G-M. And Selznick did not stint himself in bringing to the screen the George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber play, the hit of Broadway last season. With the assigning of Frances Marion to the preparation of the shooting-script and George Cukor to the direction, the work of gathering a cast began.

Marie Dressler was the first of the long list of stars to be announced. Following in quick succession came Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and Billie Burke. Hollywood sat up to take notice. This was, indeed, a production that would bear watching.

Lee Tracy's name was added to the roster. Then Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt and Louise Closser Hale were assigned. Hollywood sat up straighter to stare in frank amazement when John Barrymore joined brother Lionel in the line-up.

Far left, Marie Dressler, an old-time musical comedy queen, calls on her old friend, Lionel Barrymore. (And Marie doesn't look a bit ill!) Center, Billie Burke (near right) introduces some of her guests: (left to right) Louise Closser Hale, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery (her husband), Edmund Lowe (her lover), and Karen Morley (his wife). Below, John Barrymore, a down-and-out actor, is introduced to a producer (Jean Hersholt) by his agent (Lee Tracy)

"At Eight" Thru Hollywood's Eyes

With such a variety of temperaments gathered together on one stage, Hollywood anticipated the enjoyment of watching a series of amusing fireworks. Hollywood is always amused by little temperamental tiffs among its talented neighbors. Nothing makes for better dinner-table talk than the recounting of antics of high-strung actors on the sets—providing, of course, that such actors are not among those present.

The first week of shooting passed and Hollywood, although listening with acute intensity, heard not a sound that could be even an alleged disturbance. A second week and yet a third went by. Still no rumors of discontent. The fourth and last week began. This, thought Hollywood, would surely bring results. For in the final week were to be taken the really big scenes, the ones in the drawing room where practically all the cast appeared at the same time.

Gable Had to Be Left Out

AND still the cast grew—Grant Mitchell, Phoebe Foster, Elizabeth Patterson, Harry Beresford, Hilda Vaughn, Edwin Maxwell, all players of more than ordinary ability. That grand old lady, May Robson, was brought in for the bit of the cook, a part of less than three minutes on the screen. Phillips Holmes was assigned an even briefer rôle, that of the chap engaged to Madge Evans. He was notified one day, appeared on the set the following afternoon and finished the same evening.

In only one instance was there a change of cast. Clark Gable, originally chosen for the philandering doctor, was replaced by Edmund Lowe when conflicting schedules made Gable's appearance impossible. It may be noted that there was not a single case of borrowing from another studio, twelve of the players being under long-term contract to M-G-M, the others coming from the free-lance ranks.

Why Stars Had No Battles

BUT phenomenon though it may be, the fourth week ended as it had begun—without a single outburst of temperament, without even an attempt at scene-stealing. No private feuds, no bad blood. Not a thing to which the gossipers might lay tongue. Hollywood was bilked.

If one searches for a reason why "Dinner at Eight" was filmed without the difficulties that accompanied the making of "Grand Hotel," "Rasputin and the Empress" and others of its all-star predecessors, the answer can probably be found in the healthy respect that its actors and actresses bore for one

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Picture

VOLTAIRE

Perfect For Its Type—Arliss Superb: George Arliss as *Voltaire* is exactly what you anticipate George Arliss as *Voltaire* should be. And no higher praise can be accorded to this superb performance by the dean of film actors in an exacting rôle. As always he is matchless as a keen-witted, sharp-tongued philosopher, a patriot unable to awaken his king to the impending threat of revolution.

The story happily does not attempt to span years in Voltaire's life, being content instead to concern itself with a few incidents in the pre-revolutionary period, ending before the revolt begins.

The charm and beauty of the production are a splendid monument to the memory of the late John Adolfi, who directed. Outstanding among the supporting characters are Reginald Owen, whose portrait of the weakling *Louis* is brilliantly etched; Doris Kenyon, as an exquisite *Mme. Pompadour* and Alan Mowbray, a villainous *de Sarnac.* (Warners.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES

Dix Shines In Pleasant Comedy: The screen, having exposed about everything else, now turns its attention to an exposé of the high-pressure advertising agencies. That the indictment is overdrawn fortunately does not detract from the hilarious proceeding.

Richard Dix drifts into the advertising game after drunkenness loses him his job on a newspaper. He takes with him a waif of a girl, an artist he met in a speakeasy. Believing their relationship pleasanter with "no marriage ties," they drift along until he falls in love and wants to marry the lovely Doris Kenyon.

Brilliant dialogue, shot with laugh lines, helps to make this one of Dix's neatest comedies. Elizabeth Allan, as the artist, exhibits a fine flair for light repartee. Her playing of the rôle should do much for the English girl's career in American films. Alan Dinehart is his capable self and Hilda Vaughn contributes a nice bit. (Radio.)

CAPTURED

War Flavor Again—Pretty Good: The war again, with the locale a German prison camp where Allied officers are interned. Here two Englishmen, former friends, meet, one grieving because of the enforced separation from his war-bride, the other tortured by the knowledge that, in her love for him, his friend's wife has ceased to love her husband. Imprisoned together, they solve their problem in a manner almost as dramatic as the problem.

The theme is enough to recommend the film, but an even greater surprise awaits you. You will see for the first time on any screen a phenomenon—Leslie Howard giving a bad performance. And, somehow, it is a relief. There have been moments when his consistent perfection has seemed almost supernatural. Now that he has erred, he enters the realm of reality. On the other hand, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a perfect performance, unquestionably his best yet and Paul Lukas is likewise superior. (Warners.)

A BED OF ROSES

It'll Pass, But No Great Shakes: No great shakes as entertainment despite the work of Constance Bennett and Pert Kelton, a comédienne whom you will wish to see again. They play two girls recently released from prison with different ideas about how they will start life again. One quickly seeks marriage, but the other goes what is sometimes called the "easiest way." Becoming the mistress of a wealthy publisher, she deserts him for the calloused hand of a son of toil. The moral—where have we heard this before?—is that an honest life is the best policy, or as this production terms it, "A Bed of Roses."

Everything possible is done with the familiar material. Pert Kelton romps away with the show, eclipsing even the ever-interesting Connie Bennett. Routine casting puts Joel McCrea in the rôle of the honest workman and John Halliday in the publisher's part. There are few moments that you can not anticipate long in advance. (Radio.)

DINNER AT EIGHT

All-Star Cast In Grand Picture: With the greatest cast ever assembled in a single picture, how could "Dinner at Eight" fail to be outstanding entertainment? It is a toss-up as to who delivers the best performance, for each of the numerous stars has nearly equal opportunity. Our vote goes to Marie Dressler, utterly delightful as the musical comedy queen of another generation.

Second honors can probably be divided between Jean Harlow and Billie Burke. Jean's common little wife of the *nouveau riche* Wallace Beery is an amazing characterization, while Billie Burke delivers a beautifully well-rounded portrait of a self-centered society woman, the hostess who has the "Dinner at Eight."

Nor is John Barrymore to be forgotten for his magnificent portrayal of a broken-down matinée idol. Nor for that matter can we fail to be impressed by the work of Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Madge Evans and Edmund Lowe. (M-G-M.)

THE SONG OF SONGS

Slow And Heavy And Disappointing: Moving so slowly that at times it scarcely moves at all, "Song of Songs" is a strange mixture of undeveloped themes. Sudermann's story of a novice model, who falls in love with the sculptor, but marries a brutal nobleman when the artist deserts her, has been sketchily transcribed to the screen. A great deal of footage is devoted to building toward a dramatic climax that never materializes.

Marlene Dietrich gains a humanness, but loses an exotic appeal under the direction of Mamoulian. The director's penchant for heavy symbolism is given full play amid much nude statuary. There are moments when you are not exactly sure which are the actors and which the art studies. In the case of Brian Aherne, Dietrich's much-heralded leading man, the marble figures have the best of it. At least they give better performances. It remains for Alison Skipworth and Lionel Atwill to steal the show. (Paramount.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY

A Little Of Everything—Just So-So: As a "Cavalcade" of all of the time-worn gags and comedy situations the theatre has ever known, "Arizona to Broadway" is of historical interest. It is such an amazing concoction of bits of well-remembered plots that it really defies description. There is a dash of the Western formula, the gangster era, the "Cheating Cheaters" school, backstage life, carnivals and countless other devices. Actually the movie chefs responsible for this dish have seemingly swept the pantry clean to evolve something that approximates the recipe of boarding-house hash.

Wandering through the offering, apparently as bewildered as you will be if you see it, are Jimmy Dunn and Joan Bennett, supported by such standard comics as Herbert Mundin and Sammy Cohen. Individually and collectively, they do all that is humanly possible, with the odds overwhelmingly against them. It all adds up to: "So what?" (Fox.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

Strong Stuff—Well Worth Seeing: Here is something startlingly new in screen story-telling. It opens with a funeral and, in defense of criticisms directed against the dead man, his secretary narrates incidents from the life of the deceased. There is no chronological order to the narrative; it is told as it comes to mind. The result is remarkably effective and unusual. It took great courage to allow Preston Sturges, the author, and William K. Howard, the director, to depart so decisively from accepted technique.

Spencer Tracy delivers one of the finest performances the screen has ever known. Colleen Moore is excellent as his wife who commits suicide when she learns of his love for another. This other woman is the best work Helen Vinson has done. It is she who drives the man to follow his first wife in suicide. Ralph Morgan is faultless as usual in his playing of the secretary. This is a picture no lover of the best in drama can afford to miss. (Fox.)

GOODBYE AGAIN

Nifty Comedy—Sure-Fire Laughs: Seldom does the screen concern itself with farce as has the theatre since slightly naughty bedroom comedies were first presented. But "Goodbye Again" is simon-pure farce, ably transcribed from the Broadway stage success by the same name. The plot doesn't always make sense and the film adapters, praise to Allah, have allowed it to go just as madly hysterical as did the original play.

Warren William is a lecturing author about whose novels women go ga-ga. Joan Blondell is his common-sense secretary and Genevieve Tobin, a married woman, who is convinced that in girlhood she inspired his greatest character. The plot moves on from there and concerns the merry mix-up that follows attempts to unconvince the lady. The hit of the piece, despite keen competition, is Hugh Herbert as the meek husband. He adds priceless comedy to an offering already overflowing with fun. (Warners.)

HOLD YOUR MAN

Has A Kick, You'll Like It: Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, teamed in one of those breezy down-to-earth stories, are the surest cure in the world for a dull evening. "Hold Your Man" is just what the doctor ordered after the patient responded so well to the tonic labeled "Red Dust." The prescription is a little too spicy for juvenile consumption but perhaps the neighbors can be persuaded to take care of the kids tonight.

Rowdy, slangy humor features the first half of the picture. Then things suddenly go dramatic, to end with Jean headed for reform school and Clark for the penitentiary. But better things are coming when they turn "straight" after their release.

Jean and Clark handle their assignments as only they can and their supporting cast is as excellent as good casting can make it, with Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess particularly noteworthy. If you enjoyed "Red Dust," don't miss "Hold Your Man." (M-G-M.)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY

On The Whole It's Satisfying: Once it gets past an over-long introduction of characters, there are delightful moments in this smart and occasionally hilarious comedy-drama of the drawing-room school. The situation involves a dancer who encounters her first love just as she is about to elope with her second. The man is a blackguard, as she and his wife both realize. All four meet in a speakeasy and the scenes between the two women and those between the men are the height of high comedy. It is unfortunate that what precedes these sequences is rather dull.

Elissa Landi plays the dancer and, when she isn't playing a dancer and becomes herself, her work is excellent. Miriam Jordan scores definitely as the wife. Victor Jory shows considerable promise in his best opportunity so far. This business of being labeled a charming rogue and then proving it, is no mean assignment. Warner Baxter does well with what little he has. (Fox.)

STORM AT DAYBREAK

Unusual—Well Told And Acted: An unusual war story, inasmuch as it concerns not the war, but a love triangle played against the background of racial hatred caused by the world conflict. A Hungarian officer in a Serbian village falls in love with the wife of the mayor, his only friend in this alien land. The lovers are successful in concealing their romance until the Hungarian's life is threatened. Then the woman rushes to his aid and the husband is led to make an astonishing and dramatic sacrifice.

It has all been very intelligently told and the direction of Richard Boleslavsky is masterful, if somewhat overly heavy. By all odds, Nils Asther's playing of the dashing officer should immediately bring him again into vogue with the ladies. Kay Francis is an exquisite heroine and Walter Huston, who never fails to be superior, is just that. Phillips Holmes does an outstanding drunken soldier bit that you will remember. (M-G-M.)

GINGER ROGERS Lost Love and Found Stardom

For three years, the romance of Ginger and director Mervyn Le Roy flourished, while her career stood still. Then romance flew out the window—and success came in the door. For the first time, the exciting redhead talks about it all!

By FAITH SERVICE

WHEN romance flew out the window, stardom came in the door for Ginger Rogers—the little redhead who was born in Independence, Missouri, and has had a life that reads like a series of front-page headlines.

She was kidnaped when she was three months old—by her own father.

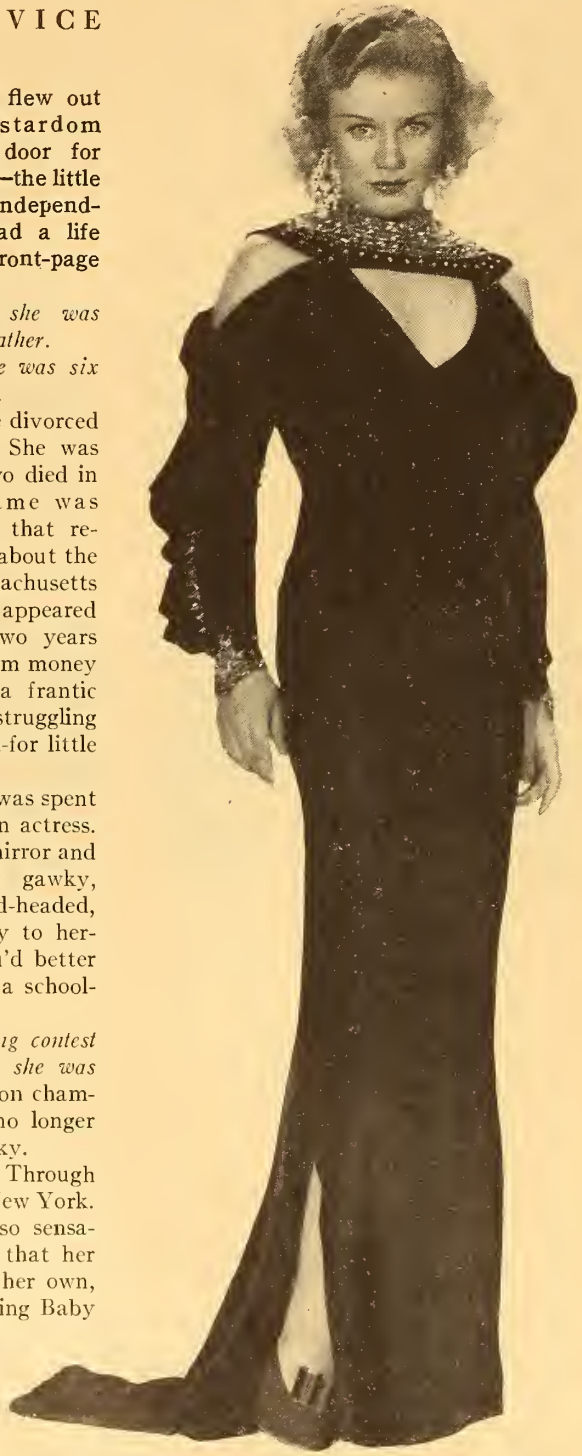
She was kidnaped when she was six months old—by the same party.

Her mother and father were divorced shortly after she was born. She was the third child. The other two died in infancy. Her father's name was McMath, and the headlines that recently appeared in the papers about the McMath kidnaping in Massachusetts were reminiscent of those that appeared about Ginger some twenty-two years ago. Only, there was no ransom money involved. There were only a frantic mother (who was then a struggling stenographer) and an ill-cared-for little baby.

Most of Ginger's childhood was spent in Texas. She longed to be an actress. She used to stand before her mirror and cry. No actress was ever gawky, freckle-faced, green-eyed, red-headed, pug-nosed and fat. She'd say to herself, "Impossible, my girl, you'd better forget it!" She decided to be a schoolteacher.

She won a Charleston dancing contest in Fort Worth, Texas, when she was fifteen. She became Charleston champion of the State. She was no longer fat, freckly, pug-nosed or gawky.

Then came offers for vaudeville. Through Texas, through the States, in New York. So popular did she become, so sensationally did her act go over that her mother, who had a career of her own, writing, producing and managing Baby Marie Osborne and other child-stars, forsook her own career for Ginger's. She decided to make Ginger a star.



She was married at sixteen (a fact not generally known). She was married to a vaudeville headliner (whose name, strangely enough, was Pepper) appearing on the same bill with her. She was warned by her mother that this marriage meant unhappiness ahead. She did not heed the warning—being sixteen and the victim of first love. It was one of those whirlwind, ardent young loves, with the world well lost. And it was, Ginger says, a typical New York theatrical marriage, which is no marriage at all. An apartment hotel for a home. Cafés and restaurants for dinners.

She reached the divorce courts three years after marriage.

She met director Mervyn Le Roy in New York shortly before her divorce.

What Drew Them Together

GINGER and Mervyn were both "still married" at the time of their first meeting. They were nearing the end of their respective conjugal ropes. Both were unhappy. There was an attraction at once, but neither saw the other again, until—

Ginger received Hollywood offers following such musical revue successes as "Top Speed," "Girl Crazy" and others, and such pictures as Paramount's "Young Man of Manhattan," produced in the East.

Hollywood—a headline in itself in the life of any girl. Ginger had little spectacular success to begin with, playing in such pictures as "The Sap from Syracuse," "Suicide Fleet," "You Said a Mouthful."

Then came romance with Mervyn Le Roy. Close to three years of romance—the kind in which *he* never went out with another girl and *she* never went out with another boy.

She plays in "42d Street"—the star dawns.

She splits with Mervyn Le Roy—the heart breaks.

Love and Success pass one another—love going out, success coming in.

(*Continued on page 81*)

YOUR TEETH SO MUCH *Whiter* YOUR BREATH SO MUCH *Sweeter*

Most of the women (and very critical women they are, too) who use Listerine Tooth Paste offer this interesting comment.

"It cleans so much better, makes my teeth so much whiter and breath so agreeable that I wouldn't use any other."

What more honest, more practical comment could be made about a dentifrice? And when you consider that more than 2,000,000 women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste in preference to more costly dentifrices, the statement must be true. The fact that they pay only 25¢ for Listerine Tooth Paste, thus saving approximately $3.00 a year over 50¢ varieties, is incidental.

Results are what you are interested in. Won't you try a tube? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

Scientist tells WHY this aid in keeping skin

YOUTHFUL SKIN . . . what a world of happiness those two words mean to a woman! Yet too often—and too soon—women see their lovely youthful complexions grow dull, rough, old-looking. WHY?

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Because, science now tells you, skin gradually loses the precious elements nature herself puts in skin to keep it young-looking . . . and it's these precious elements that skin *must have* to be youthfully attractive.

But here's good news . . . scientists now explain you can check the loss of those precious elements. Lux Toilet Soap *actually contains* such precious elements . . . and is completely free from harshness, readily soluble. That is why this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, softly smooth, they declare.

Do you wonder that 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses are so enthusiastic

For EVERY Type of Skin . . . *dry*

"THAT'S TRULY REMARKABLE, YET I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU KNOW WE SCREEN STARS HAVE PROVED FOR YEARS THAT LUX TOILET SOAP REALLY KEEPS OUR SKIN YOUNG LOOKING"

GLENDA FARRELL
Charming Warner Brothers' star

soap is such a wonderful *YOUTHFUL*

"I can well understand why screen stars prefer it . . ."

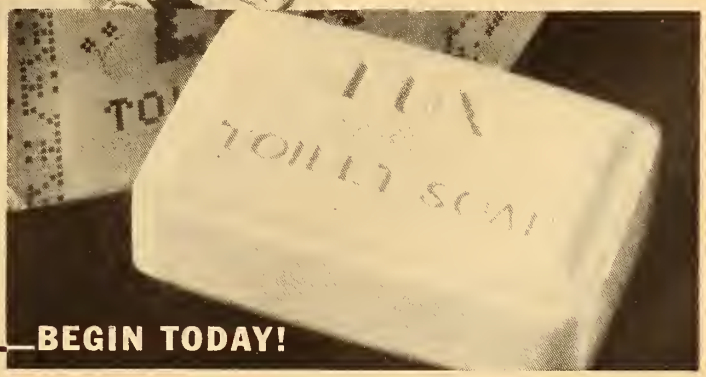
says Miss Belle Dawson, of Washington, D. C. "For years I've been using Lux Toilet Soap, and the care that it has taken of my skin is a delight. My skin is always smooth and clear and it keeps young-looking."

about this fragrant, white soap . . . have used it for years? And that it's been made the *official* soap in all the big film studios?

A Lovelier You

Millions of women (and men, too) have confirmed Hollywood's experience.

You, too, can have a softer, smoother, younger-looking skin with this scientific care. Get Lux Toilet Soap today—and prove it to your own satisfaction.



. . . oily . . . "in-between" —— **BEGIN TODAY!**

The Favorite Stars of 1933—As Picked by the Studios

(*Continued from page 53*)

and Clive Brook have both been off the lot so much, due to loan-outs, that they couldn't poll a very wide vote. George Raft is in a peculiar spot; they either like him immensely or howl for his blood. Jack La Rue is rising fast in studio esteem, with the reputation of being a hard worker. But John Davis Lodge, descendant of the Cabots and Lodges of Boston, is different. He is very much Back Bay Boston—so much so that the studio workers have resurrected the old New England saying that the Lodges speak only to the Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God.

Bing Crosby, rapidly becoming a fixture at Paramount, is well liked—particularly by the feminine contingent. They like the way he'll oblige with songs during long, dreary waits between scenes—unlike most professional singers who get big money for vocalizing. Charles Laughton is considered one of the best actors—if not *the* best—on the lot; he is wholeheartedly respected. Charlie Ruggles, Brian Aherne, Herbert Marshall (both now in England), and Harpo and Groucho Marx received scattered votes. Buster Crabbe is popular with the workers, who have a healthy veneration for his athletic prowess.

Connie the Surprise Queen

OVER at Radio, we find a number of changes, too. Irene Dunne is the only girl left of the former top flight of five. Dorothy Lee, Mary Astor, Betty Compson and Lili Damita, all so popular two years ago, are gone from the lot. And though Irene's popularity has slipped, through no fault of her own, she is still liked tremendously. Irene has been away on loan a great deal—and, in Hollywood, absence seldom makes the heart grow fonder.

The most amazing popularity comeback that Hollywood has seen in many a day is Constance Bennett's. That girl is now terrifically popular on her home lot. She made a determined drive for understanding by her co-workers and won. The tomboyish Arline Judge is high among the runners-up, nearly eclipsing little Dorothy Jordan, newly under contract to the studio and rumored engaged to Merian C. Cooper, RKO production chief. Katharine Hepburn, she of the patched overalls and go-to-the-devil attitude, is well liked by those she deigns to notice, but they are precious few. Ann Harding, however, has isolated herself so effectively in her hilltop retreat as hardly to be considered a member of the lot these days.

Dorothy Wilson, once a stenographer on the lot, still seems "like one of the crowd" to the studio employees. The girl whose popularity is zooming up, both on and off the screen, is Ginger Rogers, only recently signed by Radio. And everybody likes that happy-go-lucky little newcomer, Pert Kelton. Dolores Del Rio hasn't made a picture in so long that she hardly figured in the present balloting—but she is well liked. Camermen rave about her.

Richard Dix remains undisputed King of Radio, but a new man is Crown Prince—the hard-boiled, yet sentimental William Gargan. Joel McCrea and Bill Boyd (now no longer with the studio) are 'way up on the list—the same list which finds Eric Linden currently at the bottom. Eric used to be considered an inoffensive youngster, but many now seem to think that the "in" can be dropped. The gang on the lot feel that he carries his screen rôles around with him too much. As for Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—well, they're not so funny off the screen as they are on. Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong, of "King Kong" fame, haven't scared away any votes by being he-men.

They're Lilian's Willing Slaves

REMEMBER how popular Fifi Dorsay and Marjorie White were at Fox two years ago? Neither is now with the company. And the new prime favorite who has taken their place is Lilian Harvey. Everyone loves her—the white-collar crowd, as well as the carpenters and craftsmen. She is a grand trouper, never pulls the "famous Continental star" line, and goes out of her way to do nice things for people.

For example, not long ago Lilian had been working all night, but she arrived back at the studio on time the next morning after breakfast. Toward noon she had a chance to lie down and catch a few minutes' rest. No sooner had she fallen asleep than the call came to make some extra—and unimportant—stills. They saw that she was asleep, decided not to disturb her, and started to tip-toe away. Instantly, Lilian awoke, called cheerfully that she would be right with them, shook the sleep from her eyes and pitched in, rather than take a chance of inconveniencing the other workers. No wonder she's so popular!

When she is working, which is infrequently, our old friend, Clara Bow, is doted upon by all classes. As it was two years ago, Janet Gaynor is "protected" by her co-workers. They are fond of her and if anyone says a word against her, it means war; but, nevertheless, Janet is not overwhelmingly popular.

Sally Eilers has won many followers by her unfailing good sportsmanship. Mimi (formerly Miriam) Jordan has been consistently building up esteem ever since she wandered softly onto the lot. But, as at every other studio, someone has to be the least-liked (not necessarily through any fault of his own). In this case, surprisingly enough, it is Elissa Landi. She's very attractive in her cool and aloof manner, but most people seem to be a bit afraid of her avowed erudition and three novels. Two newcomers to the lot whose popularity is climbing fast are Boots Mallory and the English Heather Angel. All the "grips" are hoping those romance rumors aren't true.

Warner Has a Close Rival

AT the same studio, Warner Baxter is still the chief male favorite. Warner will, probably, always be popular there, but his absolute supremacy is tottering—and all on account of a lad named Tracy. Spencer Tracy is regular. He insists upon being one of the gang, never a star. He won't even wear make-up for the screen. Somehow, that has the psychological effect of enhancing his down-to-earth similarity to the rest of the workers—and makes him more approachable, less of an actor.

John Boles, the Southern cavalier, was head man at Universal in the last poll, but since then he has moved over to Fox and is secure in the hearts of the personnel for his courtesy and frank, open smile. Easygoing George O'Brien is well-liked and Victor Jory, a new leading man, is on his way up in studio popularity. Norman Foster has a few adherents and an equal number of traducers. James Dunn's popularity is studio-wide, but it isn't the flaming kind. The idea has got around that he's fickle in his friendships. Buddy Rogers, new to this particular lot, seems to be winning over the studio skeptics who thought they'd find him "the perennial juvenile" of other days. Henry Garat caused little stir during his first brief sojourn—though the studio waitresses registered approval of him.

Will Rogers hasn't changed any. He keeps much to himself and, believe it or not, is thought taciturn and moody. He always works with the same crew and, therefore, not many people have the opportunity to know him. He didn't poll a very high vote. Lew Ayres, just signed by Fox, is too new to the lot to figure in this poll. While on loan to the studio a few months ago for "State Fair," however, he made many friends.

United Artists and Universal were barren ground for this year's investigation. At the former, everyone speaks with special enthusiasm of Ronald Colman (who's now on vacation), but we're sorry to report that many of the workers are beginning to look upon Douglas Fairbanks as a swanky stranger, what with Doug doing so much globe-trotting. But Mary Pickford, even though she has been hobnobbing with Countesses and Duchesses and such, scored one of her old-time hits with the studio crowd while making "Secrets." They admire her pluck and ambition. Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Cantor and Gloria Swanson have been too inactive recently to poll a vote. However, Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck have just formed a new company—called Twentieth Century Pictures—which will produce at United Artists. Already they have signed George Arliss, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett (who has only one more picture to do for Radio), and are in the market for other stars. So next time there should be a real contest at United Artists to pick the popularity leaders!

Universal was temporarily closed when we wandered out, but from the total votes polled among the workers still there, it was easy to see that Gloria Stuart and Andy Devine cop all the honors on that lot, with Zasu Pitts and Ken Maynard as runners-up. At Columbia, a studio that has come up fast in the past two years, Jack Holt and Buck Jones seem to be on the best terms with everybody, while the workers feel that they know peppy little Barbara Weeks the best of any of the girls on the roster. But if Fay Wray stayed around, Barbara might have to hand over the crown.

Kay Has the Voice That Wins

AND so across the hills to Warner Brothers-First National, where Bebe Daniels (who recently departed to make some pictures abroad) was the big favorite two years ago. Since Kay Francis left Paramount for Warners', she has gone straight to the hearts of her new associates—and that soft, throaty voice of hers has helped her to do it. Laughing Glenda Farrell is close behind, and shy Ruby Keeler is coming up fast.

Barbara Stanwyck is practically unknown by her co-workers. She puts in a hard, uncomplaining day's work, silently packs up her kit and goes home to hubby Frank Fay. Joan Blondell, however, reverses matters. She's everybody's pal, as well as George Barnes's. Gay and laughing Eleanor Holm is very much in the popularity swim. In sharp contrast to her effervescent good nature, Bette Davis (the Universal queen in 1931) doesn't seem to rate very high with the workers; they seem to feel that she takes herself too seriously. The same is said of

(*Continued on page 74*)

TO BE Tempting, Luscious, YOUR SKIN MUST NOT BE *Dry*

Woodbury's Cold Cream, with new Element 576, vitalizes your skin by means of special *energy-creating oils* which keep it moist, supple, young!

•

Dry Skin! It is the enemy of seven out of ten American women today! The strain and hurry of city life, late hours—a thousand other vicious influences are causing the little oil glands under the skin to *weaken, go dry*. And then the skin grows old! *Dryness*—then lines, fading, premature age! This is the tragic sequence!

The makers of Woodbury's Creams have now discovered and added to their pure Cold Cream an ingredient that *actively combats dryness, premature skin age!*

The principle of this new Element 576—an element never before used in any face cream—is similar to the vitamin principle in foods that bring your body energy, vitality, strength. Now with Woodbury's Cold Cream, your skin receives these principles *directly*. Certain oils, high in energy content, penetrate and vitalize your skin, bring it new life, *strengthen and stimulate the oil glands to function normally.*

Because of this special Element 576, Woodbury's Cold Cream exerts *double* force in action—penetrates the pores more deeply, removes the dirt more thoroughly, prevents blackheads, pimples, other blemishes. But best of all, it stimulates the *natural action* of the oil glands, makes them do their own job. It keeps the skin moist, supple, firm, fresh. Frees it of the tendency to dryness, lines, premature age.

Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (morning, night and after exposure) to cleanse and to keep your skin moist, supple, *young*. Even with its new ingredient the Cold Cream has not increased in price. 50¢ in big jars, 25¢ in convenient tubes. At drug and department stores.

You will surely have dry skin unless the little oil glands are kept functioning actively, robustly. *Woodbury's Cold Cream, with new Element 576, stimulates this action in a* positive *way.*

MADE ESPECIALLY TO PREVENT DRY SKIN

OTHER WOODBURY BEAUTY AIDS

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . to be used as powder base before going out—to protect from winds and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . a high fat cream for building up thin undernourished tissues of face and throat. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . exquisite perfume, fine texture—carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and $1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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"IN Close-ups"

You can Trust Vicks Voratone—
a Better Mouth-wash at a Big Saving

NO WONDER you can depend on Vicks Voratone to check bad breath! This new mouth-wash was developed . . . after a whole year of research . . . by the makers of VapoRub . . . aided by the scientists of their 16 allied organizations, here and in Europe!

It's actually *stronger* than standard requirements for antiseptics. You can trust it . . . full-strength or diluted. Either way, it's pleasant and absolutely safe.

Yet . . . thanks to the vast facilities of the Vicks laboratories . . . you get a big 35¢ bottle that holds *three times as much* as the 25¢ size of other leading brands.

Your druggist will refund your money if you don't think it's the finest mouth-wash *at any price.*

BIG 10-OZ. BOTTLE . . . 35¢

VICKS Voratone

Antiseptic · Mouth-Wash · Gargle

Looking at the World Through Horn-Rimmed Specs

(*Continued from page 40*)

"I'd like, now, to get a story where the boy who is my character goes to Congress or is secretary to one of the big capitalists and is compelled to meet some of the situations that have been met in the country of late. Something topical, something that would tie up with the things people are everywhere concerned about. That's what I mean when I say that laughter alone is not enough. There must be laughs, plenty of them, but there must be something solid behind them, giving them meaning."

(Harold has just bought the movie rights to Clarence Budington Kelland's new novel, "Cat's Paw"—which will furnish the plot for his next picture, probably under a different title. He will play a young eccentric, a missionary's son who has been brought up in China and who brings an Oriental outlook on life to the baffling problems of getting along in the cross-currents of an American city of to-day.—Editor.)

Not So Star-Conscious Now

"THE world has changed violently in the last few years—and with it have changed not only our standards of living, but our standards of thought," Harold continued. "Most of us, for instance, have suffered loss of income—and have had to learn how to be good losers. I've lost fifty per cent of mine, as I've said. But since my trip to Europe, that doesn't seem to be a major catastrophe to me. I've found out and digested a lot of things since I was over there.

"One thing that surprised me, and still surprises me, is that Hollywood is no longer the center of interest that it used to be. Not that that has anything to do with the loss of my income, but it may have a lot to do with all our incomes some day. Anyway, the days are gone when every American who went to Europe was immediately questioned about Hollywood, no matter what section he came from. And when a motion picture actor or actress goes to Europe now, he is not fêted and acclaimed just because he is a picture actor. He has to make good on his own, or else—"

(In connection with which it is interesting to remember that the papers of various countries carried the item that America could have sent no finer Ambassador of Good Will abroad than this same Harold Lloyd.)

"No one over there," Harold said, "is now primarily interested in our studios or our stars or the state of our movie manners and morals. And the reason is this: They are now interested in their own studio projects. They are interested in their own 'Hollywoods.' There is no doubt about it that Elstree, England, is making a big bid and very serious and sustained progress toward becoming the new movie capital.

"I also found out, and have been seriously pondering over, the way the so-called depression is handled over there, versus the way we handle it over here. It is more acute there, if anything, than it is here. But as I believe the depression to be partially a state of mind, it is *less* acute there.

"I mean, nobody over there talks about it. You see, they are used to depressions. They do not feel, as we have come to feel, that a man must have a radio, a couple of cars, country-club memberships and private schools for his children in order to rate as a successful citizen. They have undergone too many famines and ravages of wars and they know and accept the lean ways of Doing Without. It's just something to accept as one of the inevitable processes of life. They do accept it. We do not.

"Funny, we're a new country and yet it seems harder for us to adjust than it does for the old countries. The young are supposed to adjust easily, too.

"Another thing I learned over there, talking to Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Italians and others in official positions is that there *are* no Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Americans—but just MEN. Neighbors, like the folks next door. And you know, yourself, that you may criticize your neighbor before you know him—for the way he cuts his lawn or treats his wife; but after you get to know him, you understand his special problems, and why he does the things he does. I got to know these 'neighbors' of mine very well. My pictures play in their countries and so, in a sense, I work in their countries, too. I believe that this deep feeling in our hearts that boundary lines of countries do not change men or make them different from other men is the very essence of disarmament, the literal League of Nations—nations that are only men and women, after all.

Go-Getters Won't Vanish

"I DO not believe, to get back to our own affairs, that we will ever see the end of Capitalism. Hit the House of Morgan as they may, I still believe that Capitalism will survive—in our day, at least. The fight for power, for the medium of trade and exchange, is too deeply ingrained into the human consciousness to be eliminated so soon. Level things to-day and by to-morrow a new race of bankers and financiers will rise up. It is too Utopian to believe that men are going to work for the joy of working alone—until they have been educated up to it. It would be nice if it could be so, but, literally, it can't.

"I do believe that we will have to adopt the reduced working-hour or working-day schedule in order to adjust the unemployment problem. With machines doing the work they are doing and will increasingly continue to do, I can see no other way. And this means, of course, that men will have to learn to use their leisure, which is the first great step toward the Utopia of working for the joy of working alone. The Arts will be given more time. There will be a return to handicraft and to a finer development of the individual. Some of us will use leisure wisely and some of us will deteriorate, doing nothing, getting into mischief.

"This, then, is one of the major tasks that confronts the parents of to-day, all of us—to teach our children to use leisure wisely and profitably. We must teach them what to do with free time; we should teach them that play need not be merely *idling*, sitting about on beaches, dancing at night-clubs, lazing. If our children learn what to do with leisure, if they are able to discover within themselves a profit and a joy in working for others for the sheer joy of doing it, of developing within themselves appreciations and aptitudes for music, literature, some craft—then we will be that much nearer the Utopian ideal.

"Adjustment and readjustment—these are the lessons we all have to learn. If we refuse to learn them, they will be pounded into our heads by the sternest teachers any of us have ever known. Whatever the outcome of this break between the old and the new may be, it is certain that it will be *different.*

"On the whole, I'm decidedly optimistic about everything. It's all going to come out all right. And, best of all, we have the man at the helm who can steer us safely into port."

Keep your clothes new looking the way Elissa Landi does —

"I always insist on Lux"

"Lux protects colors and fabrics so marvelously, makes everything look so delightfully fresh and new, that I insist on it for all my washable frocks and blouses. I find that stockings washed in Lux every night wear much longer, fit far more gracefully. I have my maid wash my lingerie with Lux after every wearing, too."

Elissa Landi

Fox Films' star

Official in all the big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman of the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, and keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have Lux if it cost five times as much."

THOSE fascinating new weaves—wools like silk, silk like wools, cottons like anything but cotton, gay silks, soft sweaters, stockings and lingerie—keep them like new! Follow the easy method this fastidious star uses—insist on safe Lux!

There is no harmful alkali in Lux (as there often is in ordinary soaps) and none of the cake-soap rubbing that's so hard on your nice things. Lux is especially made to protect colors and fabrics. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX

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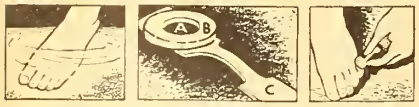
• The old days (dangerous days!) of cutting corns are gone forever. Don't risk infection by cutting—and don't risk harsh remedies.

• Blue-Jay is a truly scientific product—safe—and tried. It has removed millions of corns, given supreme satisfaction for 35 years. Invented by a scientist—made for you by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house.

• Be kind to your feet. When a corn appears, remove it at once with Blue-Jay. *25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.*



1. Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water; wipe dry. 2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. How it works: A—Mild medication gently undermines corn. B—Felt pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once. C—Adhesive strip holds pad in place, prevents slipping. . . . . 3. After 3 days remove plaster, soak foot, lift out corn.

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Did You Know That Jean Harlow Can Foretell the Future?

(*Continued from page 41*)

which sent her on a personal appearance tour for seven weeks.

Yesterday, I dropped up to Jean's dressing-room at M-G-M to say "Hello" while she was having lunch between scenes of "Hold Your Man" (in which she and Clark Gable are co-stars again). She was wearing a funny little reform-school uniform and her famous hair was parted demurely in the middle. We talked Hollywood-talk over a very good chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee for awhile when, suddenly, Jean grew preoccupied. Though she politely kept up a semblance of interest in our chatter, she seemed to be completely occupied with some thought of her own.

Finally she said: "Don't think me silly . . . but I wish you would call your home . . . I think someone is trying to get in touch with you and it is very important!"

I called. The message that awaited me not only was important, but it would have resulted in a financial loss if I had not received it immediately!

Can't Explain How She Knows

LATER I said: "Does this psychic insight of yours come to you often . . . does it dominate your life . . .?"

The question seemed to embarrass her. She had been present at the time her secretary had told of the "trunk" incident and I remember she had tried to dismiss it lightly.

"I don't know," she began in half-depreciating explanation, "that I *am* psychic. I have never thought of the things I seem to *know* as anything that profound. I do not have visitations, or voices speaking to me, or anything like that. I do not have visions, or dreams, nor have I ever felt that someone was trying to get a message to me from another world. I do not know exactly how to explain—*but I know things!* Frequently, I catch myself speaking of something, or some event, which has not yet happened—speaking of it just as familiarly as though it *had!*

"There is only ONE THING that has ever happened in my life that I did not sense before the actual occurrence! With this one startling exception, *I have never been surprised by anything* . . . even the most casual gift that may have been planned as a surprise.

"The first indication I ever had of knowing about things that hadn't yet happened occurred in my childhood. My seventh birthday was approaching, and there was a great deal of family excitement about the 'surprise' gift I was to receive. My mother and my grandparents were so sure that I couldn't even *imagine* this unique gift that they encouraged me to guess about it—as though not being able to guess would add doubly to the surprise.

Not "Unexpected" Gifts to Jean

"I REMEMBER standing before them in my nice blue dress and thinking: 'They are going to give me a pony for my birthday, so I must be careful and not guess a pony. The little pony they are going to give me will be brown with a white star on his forehead. He will be delivered the morning of my birthday and I am not supposed to know about him until after I have blown out the candles on my birthday cake.' So I 'guessed' at everything, very carefully dodging the subject of a pony because I did not want to ruin their grand surprise. I remember I acted very surprised when the pony was presented.

"Practically the same thing happened on my nineteenth birthday. Mother and I were living out here in California—it was soon after the break-up of my first marriage—and I had just started to work in pictures. There had been a particularly bad flare-up with my grandfather over my movie work. He had threatened to disinherit both my mother and me, and there was certainly no reason to think him in a sufficiently good humor to send me a birthday gift.

"With my birthday only a day or two away, I suddenly said to mother: 'I wonder when the car will come?' Naturally, she was puzzled and couldn't imagine what I was talking about. 'Grandfather is sending me a blue roadster for my birthday. It is too bad it is a roadster—I would rather have a closed car out here. But I guess I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.' Mother thought I was crazy. 'Don't you know your grandfather is furious with you? What in the world makes you think he is sending you a car?' It was hard to explain that I didn't just *think* it, that I *knew* it, as though I had already seen the car.

"The morning of my birthday, a blue roadster was delivered at my door with a birthday card from my grandfather tied to the wheel.

Knew She Would Return Soon

"YOU have heard of the time I had the trunk brought up to my room—though at the time there was no possible indication that I would be leaving Hollywood. I had been sitting in the beauty parlor under a drier when suddenly it came to me: 'Five days from now, I shall be in Philadelphia. I won't have long to pack.' I was so sure of this—I knew it so well—that I called home and had my trunks brought up. The only thing that kept me from feeling perfectly ridiculous, when I did not have an explanation, was that I *knew*.

"At that time in my career, I suppose I should have been very discouraged. I had made up my mind that if I ever did accept an offer for a personal appearance tour, it would mean that I would never return to Hollywood. I looked on accepting the theatre offer as the farewell step in my film career. And yet, in spite of what my common sense told me, I left Hollywood with a feeling of the strangest elation. Though my tour had been booked for four months, I remember remarking to a friend that I would see her again in about six weeks.

"I believe Mother and Bello and I had

It's not so restful, says Jean, sensing what the future is going to bring!

been on the road about four weeks when I suddenly started inquiring about a telegram. 'Has it come yet?' I would say. 'Whom are you expecting a wire from?' they would want to know. 'Oh, Irving Thalberg!' I would kid. 'I'm sure that M-G-M must have discovered by now that they just can't make movies without me.' As far as my dilapidated film career was concerned, I might as well have said that I was expecting a wire from the King of England to come over and help him rule. Mother and Bello began to get the spirit of the 'joke.' Every time we would arrive at a new hotel, Bello would say he must inquire at the hotel desk about my wire from Mr. Thalberg.

The Telegram She Predicted

"I'LL never forget his expression the morning it came. We were having breakfast when the bell-boy knocked at the door with a telegram. There was nothing unusual or startling in that; we had received hundreds of them from friends and fans and managers and agents during the tour. Bello opened it. He read it. His face began to get red. My mother wanted to know what was the matter. 'It is about "Red-Headed Woman,"' he managed to say. 'It is from *Thalberg!*'

"After that first blaze of wild happiness and assuring one another that our 'joke' had at last come true, I noticed Mother and Bello looking at me curiously. I had known that message was coming all the time, and yet it seemed so silly to explain that I wanted to treat it as a joke. Our tour was cancelled, with two months yet to go, and we packed up for the return trek to Hollywood. Something inside me sang, almost in unison with the train wheels: 'Everything is going to be different now. All the discouragement is over. There will be tremendous times ahead.' I had the same feeling that comes from too swift an ascent in an elevator!

"Well, you know the excitement that followed . . . the success of 'Red-Headed Woman' . . . and, right on the heels of it, the sudden engagement and equally sudden marriage to Paul." At the mention of his name, her voice grew unconsciously softer, sadder. "Everything happened so quickly—so excitingly . . . that I thought this was what I had been expecting. I thought these thrilling days were what I had been saving all my nervous energy to meet.

The Event She Did Not Foresee

"A MOMENT ago, you remember I said that *only one* crisis had happened in my life that I had not expected? Well . . . Paul's death . . . was the tragic exception. For the first time in my life, I was caught unprepared. Believe me when I tell you that I had not felt one moment of impending tragedy. I had always at least sensed coming events in my life before. Call it a hunch, call it sixth sense, call it anything you please—but whatever this *knowing* was, it did not prepare me for that crisis.

"It came like a streak of lightning out of a perfectly clear sky. Do you suppose that this one time when my *knowing* failed me was because Paul's death was so tragically unnecessary? . . . because it was the result of a despondent mood that should have passed? . . . because it was not really meant to be? . . ."

I wanted to turn the conversation away from that subject, which opens a wound in Jean's heart. I asked:

"Do you ever get these strange hunches about other people? Have you ever predicted anything in the life of any of the people who work with you here at the studio?"

She shook her head. "If I had, and if I could, I would not tell them. It would sound too silly for one thing, and then it is not always the happiest way—this *knowing* things!"

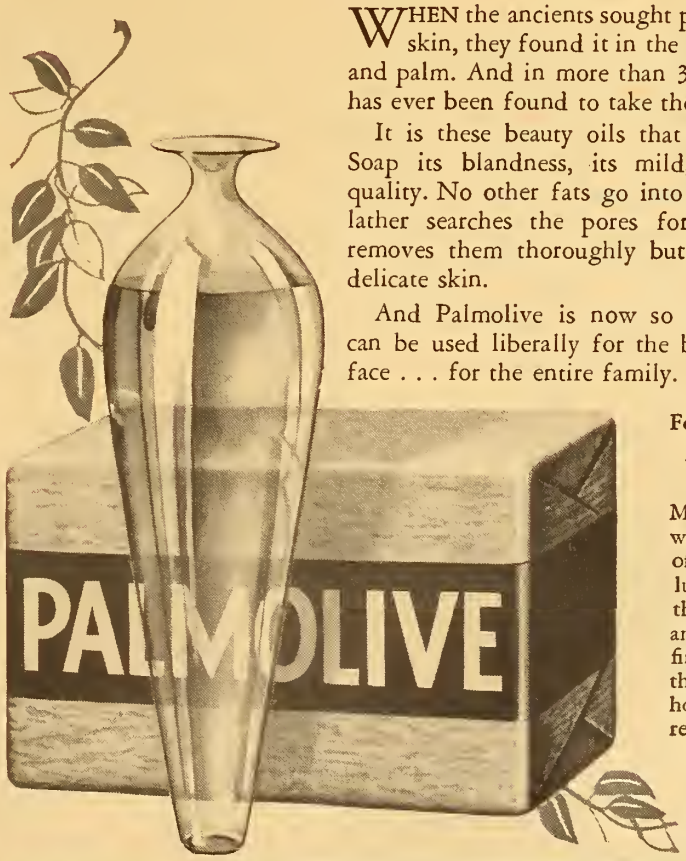
Olive oil protects the youth of your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHEN the ancients sought protection for lovely skin, they found it in the natural oils of olive and palm. And in more than 3,000 years, nothing has ever been found to take their place.

It is these beauty oils that give to Palmolive Soap its blandness, its mild, gentle cleansing quality. No other fats go into Palmolive. Its rich lather searches the pores for impurities — and removes them thoroughly but in utter safety to delicate skin.

And Palmolive is now so inexpensive that it can be used liberally for the bath as well as the face . . . for the entire family.



Follow this treatment prescribed by over 20,000 experts

Morning and evening: work a rich, thick lather of Palmolive Soap and lukewarm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse—first with warm water, then with cold. Watch how this revives and refreshes the beauty of your skin.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.

Not until the night HER LIPS looked natural!

A SWEET GIRL, of course. He knew that. But he lost interest when he looked at her lips. *Unappealing, conspicuous with paint* . . . Then one night he couldn't resist. Her lips were so kissable, so naturally colorful! And she'll tell you herself . . . that was the night she tried her new lipstick, which colors the lips without painting them!

Easy To Have Alluring Lips

Use Tangee. You'll see your lips satin-smooth, alive with *natural* color . . . free forever of that painted look! Because Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula made to match the natural color hidden in your own lips!

On your lips, Tangee changes to the one shade of rose best for your complexion. Sounds unbelievable. And yet you can see, it's *orange* in the stick and *rose* on your lips.

Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . and lasts longer. Ask for Tangee at your drug store or favorite cosmetic counter.

The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the *new* Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
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Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

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Is Dietrich Indifferent to Her Public?

(*Continued from page 31*)

them handsomely. They have too high a social sense for that and, besides, they are entirely too graceful to reveal openly to anyone what their true emotions might be on any subject or occurrence.

Contrast Marlene's seeming aloofness with the attitude of four great showwomen, who, despite their individual high gifts of talent and ability, never forget that there is such a thing as the public. I refer to Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden of the operatic and concert worlds and Marie Dressler and Mae West of the stage and films. The ravages of nature would, indeed, have to be visited upon a train carrying them to interfere with their tossing kisses to an admiring group.

Marie Dressler has been known to shout recipes for cough medicine from a moving train to a mother with a croupy child at her apron-strings, and Geraldine Farrar has been known to sing from her taxicab to a crowd awaiting her exit from the theatre after a matinée performance.

Those little acts might smack of the theatrical, yet in the final analysis, when the measuring rod is applied to fame, and the devotion of the public—the only real fuel which keeps the fires of celebrity burning—is reckoned with, they are found to be very smart business, a small investment of charm carrying big returns.

Was She Self-Conscious?

MARLENE, of course, may have had several perfectly legitimate reasons for "ducking the crowds" at various stops before reaching her destination, especially the typical "jerk-water" towns through the Middle West. For one thing, she wore men's attire on the entire trip, according to reports.

Now, it seems perfectly in character to spring real man-tailored pants, vests, coats, shirts, hats and camel's-hair ulsters in Hollywood at the different popular restaurants, where most of the film colony lunch or dine. Anything and everything unusual or "different" goes in the colony. The more unusual and startling, the better (so far as publicity is concerned.) Hollywood is ever a showcase, with the weird, the bizarre and the impractical in sartorial effects constantly being exploited by star and "extra" girl alike for one—and only one—reason: publicity.

But it is difficult, and slightly out of key, to try to get away with style irrationalities, such as strict men's attire, in the conservative centers of the United States and, especially, in the "sticks." Maybe Marlene's feminine intuition guided her in her refusal to greet the crowds. For even broad-minded Paris later booed her male attire.

However, one wonders just what she had in mind when she lunched with the wife of a rich New York realtor and theatrical promoter in male garb at the popular and smart restaurant, Sardi's. New York wasn't at all startled or thrilled by Marlene's appearance in pants, coat, vest, shirt and tie and slouch hat, but was surprised that she should go to all the trouble of "putting on an act" of which they had already been apprised through countless publicity notices, news pictures and Western press dispatches.

New York was also considerably abashed by her walkout on the musical comedy hit, "Take a Chance," right in the middle of the biggest song hit of the first act. Since Marlene apparently engaged seats for herself and woman friend in the very front row of the middle section of the theatre downstairs, her walk-out attracted no end of attention and appeared designed for that purpose. Needless to say, she wore male attire that day, also. New York seemed to feel that her exit, ill-timed or well-timed, according to opinion, smacked of a very time-worn and once-honored "gag," and its very antiquity had a saddening effect.

Can She Be Unhappy?

A TEACHER of psychology who has never seen Marlene on the screen brought up her name, as well as others that capture front-page stories, in conversation with me recently to illustrate to what excesses the human impulses of unhappiness and dissatisfaction will go to find expression.

"In the case of Marlene Dietrich," he observed, "merely to suggest a concrete example, it would appear that she might be very unhappy for some personal reason in the environment of her work, or her domestic or social life. Otherwise, she would not rush to the extreme that she has in the matter of completely reversing woman's mode of dress. If my understanding of Miss Dietrich is correct, she abhors publicity, yet by dressing as she does in conspicuous places, she achieves the very end she decries. Such procedure usually shows an unhappy or distraught mental state.

"Of course, underneath everything, Miss Dietrich may not be sympathetic toward American customs, American people. She may regard the country physically as very beautiful or very stimulating, but she may dislike the people and their customs intensely. Her bitter experiences with threats from kidnapers may have logically produced such a reaction in her.

"If she felt any emotion of resentment or intense dislike or hatred, the reasonable way for her to express those feelings would be exactly as she has done—to throw down the gauntlet to American women by defying their conventional mode of dress, namely, by donning men's clothes—to show dispassion toward the devotion of her admirers—and to treat her co-workers charmingly and graciously one day and ignore them completely the next. All of such conduct clearly follows the line of rebellion and dislike, and is the direct result of hurt or misunderstanding, either real or fancied. Incidentally, only a very sensitive and exceedingly feminine mind works in the manner described and produces results such as these we have discussed."

Marlene Dietrich started something with her mannish attire—and certainly attracted attention. But Paris booed!

The professor, of course, was talking purely in the abstract, but his reasoning, if applied directly to Marlene in some respects, would certainly show method.

How She Has Changed

THERE is no question that Marlene Dietrich has completely changed since Paramount first brought her to Hollywood on the suggestion of Josef von Sternberg three years ago.

A clear picture of her being introduced at a huge luncheon to the press in a fashionable hotel immediately following her arrival from Germany floods the memory. It was Spring, and the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Marlene, in a flowered, billowy, chiffon dress and large, drooping hat, was a picture of lovable loveliness.

She seemed totally unsophisticated, very bright, charmingly natural—and yet those qualities did not pall with any obvious insistence upon sweetness. One expected her to have a certain wise, metropolitan flair because, after all, she was the product of one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world —Berlin.

Within a few months after her arrival in Hollywood, I met her socially a number of times in the home of Ernst Lubitsch and elsewhere in the foreign colony. She was always engaging, but withal aloof and reserved, the qualities which distinguish many foreign-born women.

At that period she hadn't found or determined upon her screen character. She was an indefinite personality—not the positive type of to-day. She was the chrysalis that was to develop quickly into the exotic bloom that first shed its tuberose perfume in "Morocco." Undoubtedly, the von Sternberg influence was largely responsible for the dramatic metamorphosis.

The Real Marlene Still Unseen

JUST what the next cycle in the evolution of Dietrich will be is beyond conjecture, for the reason that whatever is real in her personality has not as yet irradiated through the artificial guises which she has assumed in her screen portrayals.

Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo's personally selected director for her forthcoming production of "Queen Christina," recently finished guiding Marlene in "The Song of Songs," which is reputed to reveal an entirely new facet of her personality. She objected strenuously to making the story and to having Mamoulian (rather than von Sternberg) as her director and threatened to stage a walk-out on Paramount, but after a lawsuit by the studio was mentioned, she changed her mind. And, according to all reports, was happy while working on the picture.

There is a depth to the feelings of Marlene Dietrich that has not as yet been revealed on the screen. Perhaps Mamoulian succeeded in extracting it from her. This is her profound mother love. She may be as cold and technically accurate as a modern skyscraper in her work, but in that hallowed sphere of motherhood there are few women in any walks of life her equal.

In the early Fall she will return to Hollywood, and this despite the fact that at one time she asserted she would never come back to America, once her contract was ended. Von Sternberg will again direct her for two pictures.

Maybe on the forthcoming cross-country trip—if there should happen to be devoted crowds waiting at different stops along the line—Marlene will see fit to blow a kiss in their direction. Or again, she may tip her hat.

Hollywood, however, gives her credit for too much originality to repeat on the male attire "gag" in the future. Hollywood gives her credit for knowing a good publicity idea when she sees one—and being clever enough not to overwork it.

After all, trousers of any cut are still pants —and isn't the American public infinitely more interested in human, sincere and artistic performances of its stars, both on and off the screen, than in any sartorial stunts?

GIRL—*You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.*

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—*Don't be common.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You *do* want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—*Go ahead—be disagreeable.*

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—*I'd* scour *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—*I'd* wash *it off.*

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only *one.*

GIRL—*What's that got to do with it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—*Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only *one* cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes *two!* So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—*Can anything be done about it?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

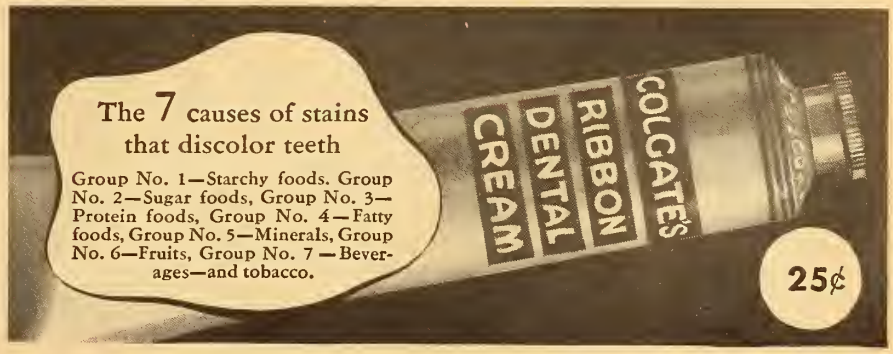
GIRL—*Has Colgate's* two *cleansing actions?*

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An *emulsive* action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine *polishing* action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—*Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?*

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—*That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.*



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Your Chances in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 28*)

give the inexperienced newcomer his best opportunity. The human element has also changed in his favor.

Stars Very Much Alike Once

UNTIL recently producers and public shared the belief that narrow fashion standards in film heroes and heroines, as in clothes, must reign their allotted periods, be overthrown, and give way to others.

For instance, in Mary Pickford's reign, the fourteen-year-old Goldilocks, Mary Miles Minter, received seven thousand dollars per week because she could pantomime well enough to "get by," and was the Pickford type in appearance. The men were all Wallace Reids. Valentino and his Latin imitators followed. Lady stars of that era, whether of domestic or foreign origin, were "exotic"—from Gloria Swanson (remember her bizarre headdresses?) to Pola Negri.

Overthrown, the exotic reign gave way to Clara Bow, Colleen Moore and other flaming flappers, and their nice young boyfriends, as represented by Buddy Rogers. From Buddy's type of hero, the pendulum swung violently across to the rugged masculinity of Charles Bickford, Lawrence Tibbett, George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen.

And the women? All Garbos! Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead led the parade. That, as you will perceive, brings us up to date—and Mae West! Clark Gable! Katharine Hepburn! James Cagney! Lee Tracy! Leslie Howard!

Do not carelessly conclude that the ascent of this mixed crew to the heights of public favor convinced producers that variety has its advantages. It took the Gable-Leslie Howard controversy to point the moral.

Clark's great popularity, achieved after five years of vainly trying to "break in," was about to create another of those "régimes." It was to be a Gable-style period, and every studio hastily dug up a Gable imitator.

Public Wanted Both Lovers

THEN some newspaper item, printed throughout the United States, declared that Clark, after all, was what every woman wanted—a brute, a caveman who loved 'em, socked 'em, and left 'em. Something about the item aroused a storm of feminine ire. Thousands of letters of protest were written. And because Leslie Howard had played the sympathetic gentleman's rôle to Gable's brute in "A Free Soul," most of the lady letter-writers suggested that they'd rather be loved by Leslie!

"What!" thought the producers. "Another shift, and so quickly? Will the Gables be out of style so soon?"

Leslie, who had retired to the New York stage, confident that the screen was launched on a Gable era as enduring, perhaps, as Valentino's innings, was amazed to be recalled. Temporarily, the fate of the various Gables was in doubt, while studios dug around frantically for "gentlemen" to place in the threatened new era. Phillips Holmes, lately neglected, suddenly found himself in a flurry of contract offers.

Then womankind rallied tremendously to the support of their beloved caveman, and the producers perceived that both Gable and Howard had followers enough to maintain them, side by side. Meanwhile Lee Tracy's popularity zoomed upward. That hurt neither Gable nor Howard. And James Cagney went right on making pictures, Gary Cooper found himself more popular than he had been for years, and people still wanted to see Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro. George Raft scored without starting a Latin régime. Decidedly, the old order had changed, as far as men were concerned. No type of masculine "hot shot" could be barred.

Then Mae West, one extreme of femininity, and Katharine Hepburn, another, barged into Hollywood and took it by storm. Garbo came back, and found that there was still room for her.

Room for All Kinds of Types

AS a producer explained to me, "It's just that the movies are getting like life. In real life, luckily, the woman who is one man's queen is another's headache, and one woman's big moment is the other's pain in the neck."

All of this has vital bearing on the newcomer's chances, apart from the death blow it deals that famous Hollywood bromide, "You're not the type." They've had to quit dealing in types now, and start using human beings. And the scope is so wide that there are even rôles for King Kongs, swimming champs and magnified tumblebugs!

Naturally, in these times of financial stress and arguments over big stellar salaries, producers are glad to find that so many different screen personalities may be relied upon to draw at the box-office, and that with no delay. Mae West literally jumped from relative obscurity to fame, although her salary was plenty. Tracy leaped into the big-shot class before he could demand the producers' shirts.

So why, ask the movie magnates, can't we develop other newcomers? Their eyes are not on inexperienced outsiders in general. Don't imagine that. Yet they have actually taken steps to locate and boost some inexperienced, hitherto "unknown" boys and girls. Many significant facts point to their new alertness in this direction.

Did you ever hear of Julie Carter? Or of Elsie Larsen, former waitress at the Brown Derby? Well, they're two of the twenty "unknown" girls to whom Fox will give definite chances in as many pictures this year. Grace Bradley of Paramount, Irene Hervey of M-G-M, and Howard Lally, William Lawrence and Alan Livingston of Fox are all newcomers whose names I have before me. Donna La Barr, Bonny Bannon and Shirley Densted are three obscure, but now happy girls picked from thirty-five hundred others for parts in Warner Brothers' "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Marcia Ralston, from far-off Australia, and Jean Sorel (Wolinsky), a Russian refugee from Alexandria, Egypt—both "unknowns"—have won contracts. An inexperienced "unknown" Eastern society girl, Elizabeth Young, has the lead opposite Cary Grant in "Big Executive." Patricia Ellis, who had a little experience as a stage ingénue, had the feminine lead in both "Picture Snatcher" and "The Narrow Corner." And Jean Parker, who stepped directly from high school into a film contract, scored in "Rasputin and the Empress."

Contest Winners Now Clicking

IN days past I have witnessed many beauty contests in Hollywood, and kept an eye on results, which were nearly negligible. Even nation-wide film-testing of college boys, resulting in a final group of ten from the thousands interviewed and hundreds tested, failed to put a single new face on the screen in a prominent rôle. The mechanical and human elements of the old-time movies barred contest-winners from fame; they went back home, "licked."

What a difference to-day! Paramount recently held a "Panther Woman Contest." The winner, Kathleen Burke, has a fine

contract, and stardom is just ahead of her. The four sectional winners, Virginia Frayser, Gail Patrick, Lona Andre and Verna Hillie, are all heading upward.

Will Hays, czar of moviedom, has personally arranged for casting directors to sit in at certain special film showings twice weekly to see new faces in recent productions. In conjunction with *College Humor and Sense*, Carl Laemmle, Jr. is going to give an inexperienced college girl a movie chance, starting with a part in "The All-American Girl." And all of the major studios have specific plans for new talent development. As a trade journal puts it, "Producers are particularly concerned over the comparatively few player faces that got on the screen last year." Another element that will bring in new faces is the return of musical films. Some good new material will be found among the chorus girls. Several of to-day's stars were once chorines.

According to Hamilton MacFadden, noted film director, "Hollywood and the whole motion picture industry are drugged by the bugaboo of 'box-office' names. 'Cavalcade' wasn't cluttered with famous names, yet from all reports it is one of the year's big winners. When there isn't a star to fit the rôle, and a new face will, just remember that's how we got our box-office names."

MacFadden continues by pointing to many successful films of the old days, such as "Nanook of the North," "Down to the Sea in Ships," and "Abraham Lincoln," that scored big successes without notable names in their casts. Evidently, Mr. MacFadden is a strong supporter of the newcomer!

The Odds Against the Newcomer

SO much for encouragement. Now to reckon the chances *against* the aspiring outsider, which are so appalling that none but the most desperately resolute—or thoughtless—would stake so much as railroad fare on them.

To-day the mathematical reckoning places the outsider's chances at one in ten thousand. It is based on this data: There are 30,000 "extras," only 16,000 of whom are even registered at Central Casting Bureau. Of these, slightly fewer than seven hundred and fifty per day get work. The Call Bureau lists 9,830 experienced film players, of whom about eighty receive eight or more engagements per year—that is, barely enough work to live on. 9,750 have a constant struggle.

Dividing and subtracting to allow for sex, age, type, and so on, you get a result that puts the individual's chance at one in ten thousand. As it applies to the past ten years, this estimate is far too *optimistic*. Under to-day's conditions, it is too *pessimistic*.

The pessimists fail to consider that one is not actually competing with all the "extras" of similar age, type, and sex. Many of these strive for nothing above their present status in films, a few days' work per month "in the mob." Even so, the best road into pictures is that via the stage. In the past, Clark Gable and many others who tried first as "extras," found the stage the *only* road in. There *may* be a way up from the "extra" ranks now, but few, pitifully few, may travel it.

The only advice one may give is this: Enter contests. Study elocution and acting. And if you finally come to Hollywood, first evolve a definite plan of campaign, all your own, and have money to pursue it. Perhaps you can found a Little Theatre, starring yourself in an effort to attract producer attention! Or if you can get into local film society, or crash Pasadena's Community Playhouse as an actor who can deliver, fine!

Otherwise, stay out of Hollywood, for there's an overwhelming chance that all you'd get from a trip there is the trip!

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

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MADAM, the millions of Lifebuoy users *know* that it agrees with the skin. Lifebuoy lather is creamy, gentle —yet it *penetrates* pores. It washes out every speck of dirt—leaves your skin fresh, clear, glowing with health.

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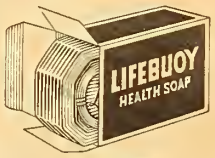

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There is no permanent wave like the

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This year there's more to a wave than *waves.* You must also have *curls* . . . Permanent curls—framing the face, softening the neckline, peeping out beneath your hat. *Not every waving method can give both permanent waves and indestructible curls!*

Eugene, alone, by the invention of Reverse-spiral Winding and the new Reverse-spiral Sachet, gives hairdressers the means to assure a profusion of permanent curls in addition to natural, rolling permanent waves.

Smart hairdressers know all about these new and revolutionary improvements that insure perfect results. Any woman, with hair of any texture or color, may sit for a Eugene wave, serenely confident that it will be a beautiful permanent—and permanently beautiful.

There's no mistaking the genuine Eugene Wave. Each Eugene Sachet (or waving wrapper) is identified by the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "The Goddess of the Wave." Look for it on each Sachet. Permit no substitutes. Remember, it's *your hair*—you're the one to be pleased. . . Eugene, Ltd., New York and Paris.

The Untold Story of Valentino's Last Interview

(*Continued from page 30*)

delayed. They were scheduled to go to Yuma on a desert location. "We find that we have to wait," he said, fretfully. "The 'Beau Geste' company is down there and they have all the available camels under contract!"

The dilemma seemed an amusing one to me at the time. To Rudy, it must have been just one more distressing obstacle in a race against approaching ill fortune.

Why Future Frightened Him

EVERYONE knows now that Valentino was in debt—enmeshed in financial difficulties—just before his death. But people did not know it then. His contract troubles with Paramount had kept him off the screen for two years and his reputation with his public had suffered considerably from the publicity given that suit. His subsequent pictures, with the possible exception of "Monsieur Beaucaire," had not accomplished anything very promising at the box-office. Valentino was frightened . . .

"I don't know what is going to happen to me," he said to me, according to the notes I took that day. "I shall have to try something *different* from the things I have done before. I feel as though I should begin all over again . . . make a new start . . .

"I can't go on playing Great Lover rôles, even if this picture is a success. The public grew tired of me in that type of thing before. They will tire of me again. *I know it.*

"You see, with the sort of success I have had, this is what happens. You are publicized as a Great Lover—a 'thrilling' personality. After a time, the male portion of your public begins to resent that with a very real and active resentment. 'So *that* is the Great Lover!' they sneer. Then the feminine portion of your audience begins to challenge you. 'All right—if you're so exciting—let's see you excite *me!*' they say, in effect, when they come into the theatre. They challenge you and dare you. It is absolutely impossible, of course, to live up to any such reputation. The whole thing is false and artificial—actually accidental. You can't go on and on with it.

Foresaw Finish Unless . . .

"I'VE just begun to realize that—that *I can't go on with it.* No one can, year after year, sell a mere type of personality. Especially, a type as definite as the one I have acquired by some strange fluke . . ."

Now, Valentino had discovered something there. Something that the theatre has known for generations. Something that Hollywood is still learning, slowly.

"They *have* to let me try some other type of thing!" he protested. "Otherwise, I shall be through—finished—washed up—very soon. I know it!

"I have to have color, trappings, a glamourous background. I can't play rôles in ordinary business clothes, sports togs. There are two reasons why I can't. One is that those parts do not suit my physical appearance. The other reason is that I have to have colorful trappings and backgrounds to stimulate me in a rôle. I can't help it. I am like that."

Valentino was "like that" in his private life, also. He had to have color and glamour about him. That was why he went into debt to buy collections of ancient and beautifully wrought weapons. That was why he kept himself poor by purchases of lovely, mellow old furniture. He had to have those things.

He went on to tell me his plan to save

himself: "I have thought of doing a Western—a cowboy rôle—against the colorful and romantic background of the old Southwest."

I probably showed that I was a trifle startled. He understood my dismay.

"I don't mean the regulation sort of thing, of course," he declared, in some haste. "I mean a real story—with the feeling of the sweep and color of that early history of Southwestern America. There were Latin types who figured in that pageant—Spaniards, even Italians! I should not be so out of place. They weren't all 'Virginians,' you know."

He talked on and on about his theories. Space, color, movement . . . rhythm of swift action . . . an epic. He convinced me that it should be tried, as he saw it.

He thought that I could help him. If we suggested, in print, that he should make such a picture—we should get editorial reactions and, eventually, reader reactions to the idea. If they were favorable, then he would have a strong sales-talk to offer to producers when he submitted the plan.

He would make some pictures for my article, he suggested, eagerly. (He was, of course, a superb horseman and owned some beautiful horses.) He would be photographed with spurs and lariats and broad-brimmed hats. He would prove that he could look every inch a romantic Westerner!

"Perhaps we can really put it over!" he gloated. "I want to do it so much—and it might mean so much to me . . ."

"Never Had Anything I Wanted"

HE broke off to remark, bitterly, "I shall be surprised if we succeed. I have never had anything that I *really* wanted! Never!"

What had Valentino wanted? Fame, he had had—somewhat to his own surprise.

"Why all this excitement over me?" he used to inquire, in real bewilderment. "Just my face? Why, there is a Valentino on every street corner in Italy!"

Fortune he had had. Security—never. He could not, apparently, cope with the problems of money. He acquired it by some incredible (to him) accident. He did not know how to keep it, how to use it to buy safety or the thing which became increasingly important to him—peace.

Valentino was the symbol of the perfect lover to millions of women. Women followed him on the street, blocked traffic for a glimpse of him, besieged him with letters and telegrams and gifts. Yet, Valentino's own romances seemed to bring him only unhappiness and unrest.

"I have never had anything that I really wanted. . . ."

I think that that was true of Valentino. I think that the things he acquired and achieved were things that a great many people envied him and yet they were things that bewildered Valentino, himself. Not that he sneered at the fame and fortune that accrued to him. It was simply that he did not know how to cope with them or to use them for his own enjoyment.

Valentino was frightened and harassed before he died. He was facing—or, at least, he thought that he was facing—failure and oblivion. Perhaps he was right. It is an ironic reflection to-day that his tragic death, and the spectacularly clever handling of the posthumously released "Son of the Sheik" by his manager, George Ullman, combined to create the most romantic legend, the most glamourous atmosphere that ever surrounded any motion picture actor.

Had Valentino lived—to experiment with new types of rôles—would he have been the success that he is, after all, now? Or would the failure that he feared have overtaken him?

These were the things which were worrying him—frightening him—at the time of his last interview with me. Ten days later, he was dead.

"You didn't Know I snapped this one—did you?"

Special surprise? Every batch of snapshots is full of surprises. That's why it's always so much fun when you see the prints.

Snapshots are very much better now than ever before. With Kodak VERICHROME Film, the possibilities are immense. Dull light or bright—snap your pictures when anything happens that you want to get. People needn't pose or squint at the sun . . . take them relaxed and natural. Your prints will be clear, rich. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

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BATHERS: Be Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show*. . .

USE MARCHAND'S

[*REMEMBER EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET]

WET your arm. See how the fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get! Remember, shaving will make hair grow back bristlier than ever.

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

Fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

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The Favorite Stars of 1933—As Picked by the Studios

(*Continued from page 62*)

Aline MacMahon, who is thought to have been influenced by her success.

Ruth Chatterton has violent advocates, and there are many who are lukewarm regarding her. She never goes out of her way to make or cultivate a friend, so, if they like her, they like her and that's that. Most people seem somewhat afraid of her, because she is so very much the lady at all times. One doesn't go up and slap a lady on the back. Ann Dvorak, the returned "runaway," is better known among the workers on the lot—and is better-liked by the rank and file. When she returned, she went out of her way to get around and say "Hello" to everybody.

Jimmy Has Crept Up on Bill

JAMES CAGNEY and William Powell (the 1931 champ) seem tied for first spot, but as this goes to press, Cagney may have a hair-line lead. You've seen that likable "tough mug" on the screen—and he's like that off it, minus the "tough," so his popularity doesn't have to be explained. Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Dick Powell are runners-up. George Brent has always been popular, but since his marriage he doesn't mix much any more. Frank McHugh of the silly laugh, Joe E. Brown of the equally silly mouth and the rotund Guy Kibbee are considered "okay," but Edward G. Robinson and Warren William still don't have many studio adherents. They're accused of using "I" too much in their conversation.

Richard Barthelmess is a prime favorite with his own production unit, but not many people know him. The same held true for George Arliss while he was on the lot. And it also holds true now in the case of Paul Muni; but then, Muni has done only one picture there to date and is just starting his second. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (now off the studio roster and temporarily a "free-lance" has impressed some as being moody, others as happy-go-lucky; his popularity has been of the passive kind. Leslie Howard, newly signed, rates high—for knowing his acting and not being actorish.

Marie the Queen of Them All

AND now—last, but not least—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. We were surprised to find that it is the lot of "unknowns"—not in the box-office sense, but in the sense that the featured players are better known to the studio workers than the stars. There are many stars on this lot and each has a private unit, which will battle to the death for its own particular star.

The ranking queen of Metro—and, strangely, of every other lot in Hollywood, outstripping all the others we have mentioned, is grand old Marie Dressler. She is unique. Even people who have never met her, who have merely heard of her from those fortunate enough to have talked to her, love her and always will.

After Marie, Norma Shearer and Marion Davies shared the top position in the last vote. Now Joan Crawford has forged ahead and makes it a trio in the top flight of "favorite stars." The unusual thing about this set-up is that a liking for one of the three usually precludes the possibility of liking the other two. Jean Harlow is regarded affectionately by everybody. Her hail-fellow-well-met attitude endears her to everyone and she is especially admired for the fortitude with which she met her recent bereavement.

Helen Hayes is an "unknown quantity" among her fellow-workers. She is sweet and

(*Continued on page 77*)

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Because it fits so gracefully and so gaily into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER is recognized as the King of Bottled Beer. Millions who welcomed beer back, are finding there is only one BUDWEISER — brewed and fully aged in the world's largest brewery.

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

whopper!

Reel in a whale! Fight a horse mackerel with a five-ounce rod. Why not —feeling the way you do when your digestion is right?

Even a touch of indigestion cuts down your pep — and often you don't know what's wrong. That's why it's a good plan to chew Beeman's regularly. It keeps your digestion good. And the flavor is delicious. Try chewing it every day.

ESPECIALLY MADE TO AID DIGESTION

Chew

BEEMAN'S *Pepsin Gum*

The Favorite Stars of 1933 —As Picked by the Studios

(*Continued from page 74*)

sensitive, but she is such a magnificently fine actress that she is held a little in awe by her co-workers. A woman who can make her crew cry at her emotional scenes transcends popularity contests to some extent.

Garbo, of course, is so traditionally remote, so much a big question mark that no one can attempt to gauge her popularity. Those few people who know her refuse to admit it, much less talk about her, what she does or thinks.

The balance of the list is thrown into complete confusion by ardent adherents of Diana Wynyard, Una Merkel, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, May Robson, Louise Closser Hale, Maureen O'Sullivan, Mae Clarke and Benita Hume. Alice Brady is one of the new studio favorites. Karen Morley is accused of being "too intellectual."

Guess Who's the M-G-M Hero!

As to men, we believe that we have unearthed one real surprise for you. The greatest favorite of the women on a lot that holds the Barrymores, Clark Gable and several other heart-winners is none other than Lee Tracy. And Lee was mentioned many times by the men, as well. Another all-around favorite is Walter Huston. Nevertheless, John Miljan's numerous supporters of two years ago are still loyal and he has won many more besides. Robert Montgomery is well ensconced on the list of runners-up, with Jean Hersholt polling a big vote as a real gentleman.

Clark Gable is tremendously popular with the workmen, but his constant fraternizing with them has hurt him with the white-collar class. The lad that the latter class seems to have taken up is Franchot Tone, Gable's new "rival"; but few of the workers feel that they know him. Ramon Novarro keeps pretty much to himself, and is not known by the general run of workers.

Wallace Beery has definitely lost face among his co-workers in the past two years. Since he has been made a star in his own right, they claim, Wally has grown a bit distant—and doesn't go in for that full co-operation in minor matters that used to help him. William Haines doesn't seem to have many partisans; the boys can't "savvy" a man who spends so much time on collecting antiques and decorating interiors. Phillips Holmes is considered a bit stand-offish, particularly by the men. But the "gang" seem to be plugging for Nils Asther to get "a real break" and Robert Young rates high for his good nature.

Both Lionel and John Barrymore, of the "temperamental" reputations, seem to get along well with their co-workers. Johnny Weissmuller is considered "just a big kid—but a likable one." Lewis Stone, C. Henry Gordon and Lawrence Grant command ungrudging respect. Jimmy Durante is considered the studio clown—and is more popular with the men than with the girls, despite his oft-repeated assertion that "Garbo is on the make for me."

And everybody mentions *Skippy*, though in his case there is a certain sadness—the sadness that adults feel for a swell kid who will have to grow up. Young Jackie Cooper is universally loved. The prayers of his admirers that success would not turn his tousled head seem to have been answered. As Marie Dressler is pre-eminent among all classes, so is Jackie Cooper preeminent among youngsters. He is everyone's son.

And this concludes MOTION PICTURE'S "popularity contest" for 1933. It shows many upsets, but it also demonstrates that many stars who won the hearts of co-workers two years ago are still as strong as ever.

A Beautiful PERFUME CONTAINER

A Startling Offer!

Up-to-date women will be delighted to obtain one or more of these new, non-leakable perfume containers. Easily filled, occupying very little space and available in six attractive colors, they readily become a highly welcome accessory to milady's handbag.

To get yours, just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted... using the convenient coupon printed below.

LINIT in your BATH

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel as soft as a rose petal... *immediately.* To enjoy this marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath... merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual... using your favorite soap. Then...feel your skin...delightfully smooth and silky. LINIT is so economical that you should at least give it a trial. Let *results* convince you.

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Please send me_____perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $_____and_____LINIT package tops.

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Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost You Both

New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

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Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

ODORONO REGULAR *for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.*

INSTANT ODORONO *is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

Is There a Constance Bennett?

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Why, I'm their friend. Quite often some of them dine with me. And I don't pay any attention to the nasty things written about me. And I'm not ritzy. And the reason why I don't make public appearances is, I don't like to attract attention to myself. It terrifies me."

So there—you see? That's right from her lips, the real dope. It settles everything, once and for all. I guess these writer fellers that said she was temperamental interviewed Jetta Goudal by mistake. If not, they certainly lied about that sweet, charming gal. And Hank, lemme give you a tip. If you want to make a hit with Connie, get yourself up a disguise like I had. Boy, she sure fell for that one!

REPORT NUMBER TWO

(*For My Friend, Henri*)

HANK, I'm a cyclopathic muddle or something. If I couldn't trust my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it. But so help me, they didn't switch gals on me. She was the same gal, even to that little bit of a mark on her neck that's maybe a scar. And if she's always been like she was yesterday, that scar come from somebody trying to cut her head off.

I interviewed her on the set of "A Bed of Roses." It may have been roses for her, but it was cholla cactus to me.

"Who," says she, "are you? A nut? I can see you don't like me. Well, I don't like *you*, either. Now that that's settled, what can I do for you?"

I was what they call took aback. "Ma'am," says I, "My name is Arthur Higglebeam and I'm just a poor inoffending gent of the press."

"Yeah, 'gent' is right!" she sneers.

"I don't see no reason for you not liking me," says I.

"Come right over here to this mirror," she snaps, "and I'll show you the reason I don't like you."

"A man can't help his personal appearance, ma'am," I protests.

"All newspaper men look the same to me, anyway," says she. "I never have anything to do with them when I can help it. And if you print anything nasty about me, I'll smoke you out of town!"

"Ma'am," says I, indignant, "to-day, you're like the Connie Bennett that nearly broke up a New York theatre performance by playin' rough and rowdy in the audience."

"That's a lie. I was only telling jokes. Besides, what do I care if I break up a rotten stage show? I *like* to attract attention! I don't even care if crowds boo me, and threaten to mob me. That's good showmanship."

"Did you," says I, getting real nasty, "break up Swanson's . . ."

"Get out!" she screams. "Hey, rube! Props! Grips! Bouncers! Throw him out! Give him the bum's rush . . ."

The boys was rough with me, but as soon as they was out of her sight, they quits shoving and apologizes. "She's poison, ain't she?" says one. "Say, I'll be glad when this picture's finished!"

"So'll I," says the husky that had me by the collar. "That dame'll kill me yet."

They brushes me off, and gives me a drink of water and a cigarette, and I got over my mad—some. But I didn't get over my amazement at this here Connie's attitude. It's a mystery, Hank, and I aim to solve it!

REPORT NUMBER THREE

(*For Hank*)

I'M worse fuddled than ever. This time, I go to Connie without any disguise at all. I knew she wouldn't remember my map from that time we met in Leon's office. And I thinks maybe she'd like my own looks better than my Disguises Three or Four, which ain't so beauteous as the others were.

I went out on the set of "A Bed of Roses" again. The big grip that had threw me out yesterday, he comes up, grinning, and says: "So you're going to interview Connie?"

I says "Yeah!"—kinda warily.

"Marvelous girl!" says he. "I'm delighted every time I have the opportunity to work in a picture with her. So are all the rest of us, aren't we, Cecil?"

And the husky prop man that helped fling me out, he nods his head. "Most surely we are, Percy," says he. "Why, she's always *so* kind and polite to us, and makes us the *cutest* little presents. Why, I declare, everybody that works with her just *loves* her!"

I thought I was goin' crazy right there, but, of course, I didn't dare show it. "I heard she was a little tough to work with," says I.

"Whoever gave you that idee?" growls Cecil. "Sa-ay, show me dat mug, an' I'll kill him! Did some guy what works with her say a word agin our li'l angel?"

Now, was I nuts, or was it them? Just about then the script girl comes up to me.

"Are you Mister Calvin McGill?" she asks. "Well, Miss Bennett sends you apologies, and says she'll be a few minutes late for her appointment with you. She's detained at the hairdresser's. But she always hates to be tardy at appointments with the press—so she said if you wouldn't laugh too much when you saw her with her hair all soapy and messy, she'd let you come up to the hairdresser's and talk to her there."

As you can guess, Hank, I was so groggy I could hardly follow this gal up to where Connie was getting curried. Connie couldn't look at me at first, because she had soap in her eyes and her head was down under the water spout. But she called "Hello" the moment she learned I was there.

"I'm sorry I'm late," says she, still not able to see. "And I'm sorry you have to see me in this condition. It compromises me, you know. You'll have to be my friend all your life, now. Otherwise, you'll be telling the world how awful I look with my hair wet."

I gulps once or twice, and says: "But ma'am, you can't see how *I* look. Maybe, when you get the soap outa your eyes, you won't like me."

"Oh, that's all right," says she. "I like your voice, and anyway, I like all the writing boys. In fact, I like everybody. You won't feel injured, will you, that you're one of so many?"

I says, "No."

"I'm glad you're so democratic," she continues. "I like democratic people."

Well, I'm so dazed by all this, I sort of heard her talk on and on without registering hardly a word. Presently she got all pretty again, and she took my arm and we went out to the set of "A Bed of Roses." This time, she was doing a scene in the bed, itself.

"Now you can watch me work," says she. "It's a very difficult scene, and I'll be glad to have you see me try to do it. Cecil! Percy! Get Mr. McGill a chair! Props! Grips! A chair for Mr. McGill!"

And honest to God, Hank, they treats me like a King—and come lunch time, I has lunch with her and the director!

REPORT NUMBER FOUR

(*Hank*)

HANK, if the world ain't bughouse, you and me is nuts. Yesterday, I dons Disguise Number Three, and confidently calls up Miss Bennett's home in time to catch her before she leaves for the studio.

It's her right number, just like it's written down in my book. But I tries and tries, and every time somebody answers like this:

"'Lo, 'Lo, 'Lo, Ling Lee Laun'ry spikee!"

And if I say any more, they say: "You losee shirt?"

So I calls the studio. "Bennett?" says the girl at the switchboard. "No, there's no movie star by the name of Bennett. Never heard of her! Sure, this is it! No, we got no picture called 'A Bed of Roses!' Sure, we got a publicity department. I'll ring 'em."

And the publicity department says: "No, you can't interview Connie Bennett. Are you crazy? There ain't no Connie Bennett, and if there was, she wouldn't give out any interviews. Try Garbo."

And they rings off on me!

Now, Hank, it looks this way to me. One day things goes O.K., and the next day things is all screwy. Don't ask me why. That's just the way it works. So tomorrow it's due to be O.K. again, and I'll take Disguise Number Four, and a book to read, and go to that studio, and not come back until I get me another interview. You'll hear from me when I do.

REPORT NUMBER FIVE

(*For M. Henri de la Falaise*)

MY dear old friend, I hope you have not forgotten me, and that the passing years have treated you as kindly as they have your one-time—what did we say in those days?—ah, yes, "pal."

Twenty years is a long time, but as yet, I have been unable to determine with any degree of finality whether or not there is a Constance Bennett. The years I have spent trying to secure another interview with her have passed pleasantly, however; I have even found time for some efforts at self-improvement. I trust that this missive reaches you, wherever you may be at this time, and that you will look me up in the haven of refuge where I am passing my declining years, the Hollywood Old Soldiers' Home.

Danger Ahead for Ann Dvorak?

(*Continued from page 51*)

Adventure. They discovered it in plenty. Fog-bound in a small fishing smack on the Baltic sea and almost run down by another boat. . . . Skiing over the Alps by torchlight . . . Fishing in mid-Atlantic from the stern of a freighter that had no rail. Ann slipped when she got a shark on her line and would have been pulled in, if Leslie hadn't caught her in time. . . .

"I thought I had experienced every human emotion here in Hollywood," she told me. "I'd had the heart taken out of me so many times. I knew tragedy. Poverty. Hate—yes, there were occasions when I hated terribly! Revenge. The joy of first success. And *love*.

"But there have been moments during these last twelve months that gave me sensations I didn't know I was capable of. When we went over the war-torn section of France, I came upon two gold-star mothers from America in a little cemetery one afternoon. They were standing beside white crosses; I saw the expression on their faces. And I had believed that *I* knew suffering . . . "

Among Her Mental Souvenirs

OF course, there were interludes touched with magic, too. The sort of magic that comes when you're twenty and desperately, overwhelmingly in love.

That episode in Rome, for example, when they walked to the Colosseum in the evening —and found it drenched with moonlight.

It's utterly NEW!

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gives 20 to 30% greater protection—gives new comfort and safety

KOTEX, with the New Patented★ Equalizer, brings 20 to 30% greater protection in its downy cellulose filler. Protection is more adequate but less bulky. It has Phantomized ends, concealing completely all presence of protection. Mere rounded ends are not enough, they must be flattened and tapered.

An intimate explanation of the new Equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

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You wonder: will this give the same softness, the same absorbency as the Kotex I already trust and like so well? Yes! And the same disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. And you get these features, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt* . . . the final perfection in sanitary comfort . . . designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 199, Atlanta, Ga.

Eerily still. No one was there but Les and Ann. It took hold of them, cast a spell upon them that they could not break with words. "I never dreamed," Ann said softly, "that beauty could be *exalted* like that."

And then in Africa, where they watched blood-red sunsets over the Sahara and the mystery of it flowed in around them—"especially at night. We'd go for long drives and our driver would be wrapped in a burnoose, silent as a statue even when we came to pay him. He never once mentioned a price—we knew for sure we were in an uncivilized country!"

A different mood in Germany. Romance on a lilting key. Sunday afternoons, they'd go to their favorite *biergarten* (beer garden)—the one behind the zoo called the "kindergarten of the animals." Everybody went there. It was tremendous fun to quaff your Pilsener while a baby bear bumped against your legs, and a band played, and a dark young man who was your husband held your hand. You could swear the infant giraffe stretching his neck over your table was grinning, too . . .

"No matter what happens now I've got something to hold onto—the memory of this past year," said Ann. "People don't do enough with their lives. They sit back and wait for their hopes to materialize, instead of going ahead and doing the things they want to. That is what I was doing—waiting. I feel as if I'd wasted so much time."

I stared. *Wasted so much time!* This girl! I could see her again—a pale, long-legged, sweet youngster—dancing there at M-G-M. She had never taken a lesson. She couldn't afford it. But she had decided that it was the best way to break into the movies. (That was in the first musical era.) They kept her dancing three years when all the while she wanted to act. They had her teaching new routines, mind you. So there wasn't a second to lose if she intended to keep a step ahead of those she taught—Joan Crawford and the others. Before that, she had given French lessons to pay her way through the last years of high school. Yet—she "had wasted time" . . .

Will "Run Away" Each Year

THERE is nothing like that for her these days. Ann is making every hour in the twenty-four do double-duty. Nothing cut and dried, you understand. No schedules to follow. She's a joyous citizen of vagabondia, if ever there was one—but she has her two size four-and-a-halves firmly planted on the ground. "Right between my lettuce and radishes!" she'll tell you.

Ann knows where she is going. She's on her way. Her first picture since her return is "Shanghai Orchid," in which she *co-stars* with Richard Barthelmess. She is composing music—setting down a tune that came to her in Tripoli and haunted her across the Atlantic. She is writing a movie script, weaving in her experiences abroad. Ann Dvorak is *living*. . . .

"My new contract allows me time to 'run away' each year!" she told me. "It's going to be the Orient next; then we're going to sail around the Grecian Islands.

"Everybody in Hollywood ought to 'run away' once in a while! It gives a person a better perspective."

Certainly, it did that for Ann. She came back a devastating young person, full of fire, with an enthusiasm that sweeps everything before it. Warner Brothers were quick to notice the change, quick to take advantage and make her a star!

Probably it would have spelled danger ahead for ninety-nine players out of a hundred—this dropping out of sight from the movie world for a year. In most cases, it would have meant complete oblivion. But not for Miss Dvorak! She made it spell—stardom.

Ginger Rogers Lost Love and Found Stardom

(*Continued from page 58*)

Then follows a rumored romance with Howard Hughes.

She plays in "Gold-Diggers of 1933"—directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

She and Lew Ayres discover each other.

She receives bids from sundry studios. Columbia offers her stardom. Radio bids highest for the Gingery gifts and "Professional Sweetheart" is the first of a series of pictures in which she will appear under the Radio banner. She is OFF!

I told Ginger that I was interested in the dramatic fact that, with her, when love went out of the window, stardom came in at the door.

Ginger told me about that romance—one that has intrigued and mystified Hollywood for close to three years—one about which no one ever knew anything, except that it was always "Ginger and Mervyn," "Mervyn and Ginger," an inseparable pair.

How the Romance Started

GINGER said, "I first met Mervyn in New York, as you know. I was still married; so was he—though both of us were separated and on the verge of divorce. He seemed to be unhappy. I was, too. That constituted a bond, I suppose. And there *was* a mutual attraction. That was all. I never saw him, never heard from him again, until I came to Hollywood.

"When we met again, we were both on the edge of freedom. His did not come until later than mine, which may account for the fact that during the whole time we went together not once was the word 'marriage' ever mentioned between us.

"It must seem funny to the people who saw us everywhere together, who never dreamed of inviting Mervyn anywhere unless they invited me, and vice versa. It must surprise the newspaper and magazine people, who were always prophesying that we would be married 'any day now.'

"We were never even engaged. We never talked about a future. There *was* no tomorrow for us, I guess. The nearest I can come to describing it is that it was a love-friendship. *I* was in love with Mervyn, all right. And I think that if, at any time during that first year, he had asked me to marry him, I would have done it.

"After all, I'm a perfectly normal American girl. My favorite food is ham and eggs with strawberry jam. I love to cook. I despise bridge. I'm very extravagant—when I have money. My only beauty secret is to wash my face with soap and water three times a day. I wouldn't have been a bridge-playing or a beauty parlor wife.

"I'm a movie fan, so I'd like to go to pictures with a husband—and a director. I think Mae West is swell. I'd like to be a little bit like her. I'm crazy about Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Paul Muni, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford. I read enough to be intelligent, I hope. I love to dance. I loathe being lied to, even when the lies spare *me*. I also loathe people who read over my shoulder and coffee that isn't hot. I want to have children . . .

"So, there really wasn't any special reason why I shouldn't have married Mervyn, that I know of. But he didn't ask me and—well, a romance sort of cuts its own channel, I think, and once the course is shaped, it seldom varies.

"Then—I don't really know how to tell about the end of it. I wouldn't say anything that would even seem to reflect against Mervyn for anything in the world. He was marvelous to me. He always introduced me to the people he thought might help me. He

(*Continued on page 83*)

Jean Harlow
co-starring with
Clark Gable
in M-G-M's
"HOLD YOUR MAN"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Is Make-Up in Color Harmony Jean Harlow's Secret of Attraction?

Florence Vondelle interviews
JEAN HARLOW

IN HOLLYWOOD, make-up plays an important part in the lives of the stars, and Jean Harlow is one who has captured its magic. As we all know, color is the life and appeal of beauty . . . and the accent of color by the art of make-up is the secret of emphasizing the attraction of beauty. "But color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings...platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes...Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. I pat it on generously, then remove surplus with the face powder brush. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."

2. "Rouge should impart a life-like, delicate flush of color, and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint... pat it on lightly, then blend with the fingertips to gain an added softness and naturalness of coloring."

3. "Lip make-up is so important . . . it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings, your powder and rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, then fill in the natural contour."

★ YOU MAY NOW SHARE the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius. Featured by leading stores at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. *For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in and mail the coupon.*

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Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...in Color Harmony

Mail for Color Harmony Make-Up Chart

PURSE-SIZE BOX OF POWDER . . . FREE

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WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade...Fill in the chart and mail.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Speak 20 Languages—and You'll "Get By" in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

times it's as hard to understand an Oxfordian as it is to catch Garbo in a talkative mood. They skim through their syllables like Nurmi. Calling a two-pence "tuppence," editeur, it's ridiculous! And it's "beastly" this and "cheerio" that, and "h--loo, old thing!" all slurred together. If I were a consonant, I'd certainly complain to Premier MacDonald about it. Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, Herbert Mundin, Diana Wynyard, John Warburton, Ralph (Rafe, to you) Forbes, Phyllis Barry, Heather Angel, Clive Brook, they're all the same. And once, editeur, I knew an Englishman who called it "wapplesauce."

One Romance Was Shattered

IN the matter of romance, these linguistic convulsions are not so good either, director de un periodico. Anita (born Pomares) Page can tell, if she will, of the American lass who was being rushed by a handsome Spaniard (he later settled down and married Grace Moore, and is doing well, thank you).

"Querida," he murmured, "my . . . my . . ." clutching the flesh over his heart, groping mentally for the word.

"*Calzon?*" queried the girl, who thought she knew her Spanish.

Señor Valentin Perera (the John Gilbert of Spain) paused, then looked sadly at her:

"No. No, *calzon* is 'bloomer.' In Spanish, 'heart' is *corazon*."

There was a long, uncomfortable pause. The mood, editeur, was broken.

You can see how Esperanto would help. Also a little civic censorship, if we're going to keep America for the descendants of those Mayflower immigrants. Sid Grauman, theatrical impresario, didn't realize that he was waving the flags for a foreign invasion, an acceptance of things alien, when he called one showhouse the Egyptian, and another Grauman's Chinese. Now the town has a London Pipe Shop, a Mayfair (London) Hat and Glove Shop, a French Restaurant and Rotisserie. It has Apartment Houses Chateau Elysée, Casa de Palmas, Villa Madrid, Palaccio, El Mirador, Andalusia, Chateau Marmont.

The Paramount Studio commissary has a German chef, who specializes in German and Hungarian dishes; Joan Crawford is busy learning French; Dorothea Wieck is taking daily English lessons; and you should hear the story that Publicity Director Johnson tells on Comrade Natalie Bierl, a Roumanian importation.

He Knew What She Wanted

MLLE. BIERL spoke only several foreign languages and Herr Johnson only English. When she was put tenderly in his charge for portraits, Señor Johnson secured a dressing-room for the lady, unbuckled her dress, and did other small chores. But there was one thing that she wanted and he could not interpret her gestures. In despair he raced about the lot, finally encountering a Frenchman who worked in the plastering (but not that kind, editeur) department. He confronted Señorita Bierl with the Frenchman. A few words were spoken, then the plasterer turned to Signor Johnson: "She wants a razor so she can shave under her arms. That's all."

And speaking of French, you haven't an old "Tableaux du Verbe" knocking around, have you? I'd like to peep into it before I accept another cocktail party invitation. Hungarian-Artist Willy Pogany gave a little twilight sipping fray the other eve to exhibit some of his canvases (a very nice one of Chinese-American Anna May Wong, too, I might say) and not once did I hear anyone refer to a painting as "cute." It was *superbe* or nothing. Even John Gilbert's (and Hollywood's) old standby, "colossal," was in the discard.

But, of course, Herr Pogany's guests were distinguished. A Danish Baroness named Elsie von Koscian; an English psychiatrist, Cecil Reynolds; Professor Theodore von Karman, German mathematician; Comrade Degver, who writes in Russian on Manchurian revolution; Lord Roland Pugsley of England, who accompanied French Claudette Colbert; Mons. Jean de Briac, French producer and actor. It was *soignée* this and someone was full of *savoir faire*.

I'm not going to another cocktail fight until I can stand in front of a Portrait of Dorothy Dwan with Son, fingering my cigarette, and remark (with correct accent): "*Charmante!*"

Aw, heck, editeur, it's a great *vida*. That's Spanish, I just learned, for life.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

FAMOUS AUTHOR DOUGLAS JOINS ME KINDEST REGARDS TO YOU AND MRS LEVEE DOUGLAS SO RELAXED HOPE NOTHING CALLS HIM BACK THANKS FOR ALL YOUR INTEREST—MRS. JACK WHITING"

When Doug relaxes, my friends, he relaxes! But just when he was beginning to have a good time, the poor chap came down with pneumonia.

DOUG'S New York activities seem to bear out the remarks of Stan Laurel, made on returning from *his* vacation a few days ago: "Don't let any actor or actress tell you that when they go on a vacation they don't want to see anybody. We want to know that the public still appreciates us. We live for it. It is the song of our life. The more so-called bother from admirers, the better. And artists in the public eye, particularly screen personalities, who say they do not want to be annoyed and wish to go in hiding, are just pretending."

So take that, you would-be recluses!

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH:

In one day recently Marie Dressler received requests and demands for money totalling $12,000 in her fan mail. . . . Sylvia Sidney can throw her right hip out of joint. . . . Jack LaRue, famous "killer" of the screen, has never fired a gun loaded with real bullets . . . Clark Gable's favorite phonograph record is "Eadie Was a Lady" . . . Mae West uses a mother-of-pearl nail polish effect . . . Bob Montgomery has a farm in the East and superintends its operation . . . Charlie Ruggles has a farm in Setauket, Long Island.

Ginger Rogers Lost Love and Found Stardom

(*Continued from page 81*)

taught me a lot. He was a swell companion. He has a brilliant mind.

"Well, anyway, Mervyn took a trip to New York. for the première of 'I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.' I heard some things that sort of burned me up. I figured that two could play at that game. And so, for the first time since we had been going together, I went out with other men—Howard Hughes, especially.

"Mervyn came back and gave a party. He told me to invite anyone I cared to have. I naturally didn't ask a man especially for myself. But when I arrived at Mervyn's home, where we were to have cocktails before going on to dinner, there was another girl there with—and for—him. I didn't get any special attention that evening. I was pretty burned. And I *knew* then—

"But that wasn't really what broke us up. It had happened before that, really. Only I didn't realize it. We had never even talked of marriage—and yet it had begun to look as if the whole world, as represented by reporters and columnists, expected him to marry me. That disgusted Mervyn. It disgusted me, too.

"And so, it was over—that's the whole, the real story. Of course, I felt down at the mouth, lost, heart-broken and disgusted with everything. I didn't want to go on. Nothing seemed worth while. I thought that everything was over . . .

Then Luck Came Her Way

"FORTUNATELY for me, I had just finished '*42nd Street*.' Making it, I felt pretty discouraged about it. Nobody seemed to think very much of it. It seemed to be going in rather a haphazard fashion. My part seemed to amount to nothing at all. I asked them if I could work the part up a bit by writing in some gags and bits of business. They told me that if I thought up any good gags, they'd photograph them and see what we got. So I did put in a few things and some of them were *left* in. You know how the picture turned out—what it has meant to me. I suppose the fair exchange of success for romance is no robbery?

"Then—I did 'Gold-Diggers of 1933.' Mervyn was the director. And that was a pretty terrible experience—I was still so sensitive. Everyone on the set was watching us, trying to see how we would act together, whether there would be 'trouble.' There wasn't, of course. We acted like strangers who have just been introduced and are being very pleasant together. That was the hardest part of all. I didn't think I could go through with it. I went to Darryl Zanuck and begged him to take me out of that picture, to put me in any other picture on the lot he wanted to, but to take me out of that one. And Mr. Zanuck advised me to stick it out. He said that I would always feel better afterwards if I didn't let it lick me. He was right.

"I do feel better. I met Lew Ayres about that time and we're having lots of fun together. He's nearer my age than Mervyn was. We like to do the same things. We're playing together in a picture. That's fun, too.

"Lew doesn't criticize me for any of the things I am, or any of the things I'd like to do, or hope to do. I hope, for instance, to play *Queen Elizabeth* some day. She's my favorite character. She was a redhead, too. But my main ambition, now, is to be successful—so successful that I'll be a millionairess, as well as a star.

"When love goes and success comes, the hurt in your heart heals—but it also hardens. And Lew? I don't know—yet. He's awfully nice . . . !"

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

WHY multiply your tortures by irritating an already inflamed nose with a rough, damp handkerchief, soggy and astringent with accumulated nasal fluid?

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"I advised LUX instead of harsh soap for dishes"

"After a week her hands were amazingly improved, much smoother—whiter."

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LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for 1¢ a day

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 8*)

1. That's Bing Crosby, radio and screen crooner, and his wife, Dixie Lee, pictured on page 8. The big news about them was the addition of a little Bing to their family. A seven-pound baby boy was born to the crooner and his wife, who is a motion picture player, on June 27th.

2. When he succumbed to a heart attack on June 29th, death wrote the ending to Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's screen comeback fight. Arbuckle has been a pathetic figure since he was barred from the screen following the mysterious death of Virginia Rappe, a movie girl, at a party in his hotel suite back in 1921. For more than ten years the rotund comedian had to fight the sting of that tragic scandal, which blasted his film career, and only in the last year or so was he permitted to return and make some short comedies.

3. No, there is no romance between Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot because she is happily married to Stephen Ames, whose business keeps him in the East and separated from Adrienne. However, she must have someone to escort her when she goes to premières or steps out and her husband fully approves of Bruce Cabot, the motion picture actor, playing escort to his wife and has given his permission. This is one time Dame Rumor guessed wrong.

4. Sue Carol and Ken Murray seem to be quite devoted to each other and because they are seen together so regularly since Sue separated from her husband, Nick Stuart, the rumors are that they will be married as soon as Sue is legally free.

5. Miriam Jordan not only has a new name, but a new bob. After she bobbed her hair, the thought came to her that the name Mimi fitted her better than Miriam and hereafter she will be known as Mimi Jordan.

6. His doctors ordered Clark Gable to take a long rest from the studio because he was afflicted with a severe case of rheumatism which affected his legs and which he contracted by exposure to dampness during one of his recent hunting trips.

7. Out Hollywood way, they are saying that as soon as it became known that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was seriously ill with pneumonia in New York, on his return from abroad, two other movie girls besides his ex-wife, Joan Crawford, showed great concern about his condition. They are Katharine Hepburn and Benita Hume. After he was divorced from Joan and before he sailed for Europe, Doug was seen going places with these two girls.

8. The young and handsome Joel McCrea is the screen player who is losing, or already has lost, his heart to pretty Frances Dee. They have become inseparable and don't seem to object a bit to the rumors that link their names. Now that Frances is getting all the attention, the other film girls, who more or less depended on the gallant Joel as an escort, will have to find themselves another gent to take them places.

9. The cast of Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age" includes these six sons of well-known fathers: Wallace Reid, Jr., Frank Tinney, Jr., Bryant Washburn, Jr., Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Eric Von Stroheim, Jr., and Neal Hart, Jr., as well as 250 other boys. Charles Bickford plays the rôle of the gangster in the picture.

10. While a few of Alan Dinehart's friends, who were his guests at an informal party at his home on June 28th, were gathered in the living room, Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone, film player, were married by a minister in another room of the house. After the ceremony was performed they announced to their unsuspecting guests that they had—just been married.

11. After thirteen years, Mary Pickford and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, have separated and what was once considered the "perfect marriage" will soon come to an end via the divorce courts. Their Hollywood home, which was called Pickfair, a name coined from both of their names, is now for sale. Doug and Mary were married March 28th, 1920.

12. George Hill, the film director, is Fay Wray's hero. He saved her from drowning when she was caught in an undertow while swimming near her beach home. Her screams brought Hill to her rescue. Miss Wray has been referred to as the scream star because in most of her recent rôles she has had to do quite a bit of screaming and this time her ability to scream came in handy.

13. Gilbert Roland, the good-looking screen leading man who played escort to Norma Talmadge for a number of years, before Norma took a liking to George Jessel, is now squiring Constance Bennett around Hollywood. Connie's husband, the Marquis Henry de la Falaise, has gone to Bali to produce a picture in color so Roland has the pleasant job of escorting Connie to premières, etc.

14. They are saying that Ina Claire, famous on stage and screen, and the former wife of John Gilbert, will become a princess soon. Prince Lichtenstein, of the Principality of Lichtenstein, is showering all kinds of attention on the beautiful Ina and it is very possible that when his divorce becomes final he will marry Ina.

15. When Bill Cagney, younger brother of Jimmy Cagney, the lovable screen tough guy, visited his brother in Hollywood, RKO-Radio offered him a motion picture contract, which Bill hesitated in accepting until Jimmy coaxed him to sign on the dotted line. Bill was an advertising salesman before he went to the movie city and had never given a thought to acting. There is a great resemblance between the two brothers.

16. Charles Butterworth, comedian of stage and screen, and his pretty wife, who is the former Ethel Sutherland, actress, were held up by two young bandits who invaded their palatial home and robbed of $15,000 worth of jewels. The same clique of thieves who have victimized other movie personalities is suspected by the police.

17. Not until after the burial was the death of Helen Carlyle, former star of silent pictures, made known, in deference to the dead star's wishes. Miss Carlyle died on June 30th and her death was announced forty-eight hours later. She was the former wife of the motion picture director, Hampton del Ruth.

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

gathers distinction by the elastic strap that circles Lyda's chin. If you're the pert type, go to it!

Also, Lyda gives you a peek at two of her favorite evening gowns in her own wardrobe. Her particular pet is the one of gold stripes over a surface of beige chiffon. Note the "tongue" at the neckline and the "late" flare of the skirt. The other going-places gown is of black satin with a startling jeweled ornament in *back*.

Hollywood simply will not give up her permanent yen for the "Letty Lynton" sleeve. Paris and New York may have long since subdued this idea, but Hollywood still clings to its pictorial exaggeration. I do not believe that it has lost its popularity with Miss America, either.

Gloria Stuart wears a very interesting model of the famous "Letty" dress in Universal's mystery, "The Secret of the Blue Room." The color combination is black and white; the material, starched chiffon; and the large flower on each shoulder is of white organza.

Still another "Letty" variation is worn by Glenda Farrell in "Lady for a Day." This is of pink tulle, combined with rhinestones. Demurely cut in front, the back has a deep décolleté. (It reveals that bathing suit sun-tan, if you have any.)

Along with keeping cool, one of the real problems of summer dressing is choosing something appropriate for street wear—as Ginger Rogers has, in appearing with Lew Ayres in his last picture for Universal, "Don't Bet on Love." Ginger exhibits a duck of a little street ensemble of thin brown crêpe, with a yellow and white polka-dot jabot and yellow and white polka-dot cuffs.

And here is some gossip news for you: Joan Crawford wears *twenty* gowns in her new picture with Franchot Tone "The Dancing Lady," which is going into production just as this is written. All of which means that next month you will be the first to get an advance idea of what America's fastest style-setter is wearing—for I'll be telling you about Joan's new wardrobe!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

G. Robinson as *Napoleon* . . . Warner Baxter in "The Tale of Two Cities" . . . Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa" . . . "The March of Time," a peppy pictorial history of the musical comedy stage . . . Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in "The Late Christopher Bean" . . . "Eskimo"—the Arctic picture which Director W. S. Van Dyke and his crew were almost a year in the making, with a native cast . . . "Alice in Wonderland," with an all-star cast and with Charles Laughton the likeliest choice as The Cheshire Cat . . . "The Emperor Jones," the study of terror by O'Neill, with Paul Robeson, noted Negro actor and singer, in the title rôle . . . "Wild Boys of the Road"—a story of the homeless, workless younger generation in America to-day . . .

WITH his wife, Dolores Costello, and his children, John Barrymore was stopping at the luxurious Ahwahnee Hotel at Yosemite, when John suddenly got the urge to go native. Desiring to spend a few nights in a tent, he asked for a taxicab to take him back to Nature!

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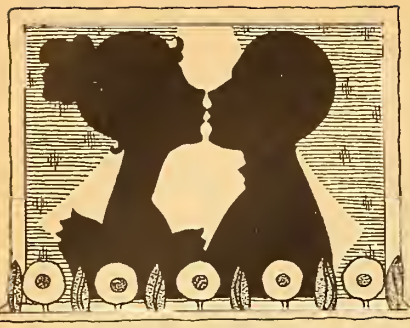

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Seeing "Dinner at Eight" Thru Hollywood's Eyes

(*Continued from page 55*)

another. There was hardly a person among them who has not had a lifetime of experience on stage and screen. Some, in fact, bear names that belong to theatrical tradition—the Barrymores, Marie Dressler, Billie Burke and May Robson, the latter now completing her fiftieth year before the public, having made her début in 1883.

Many had played together in previous years and they took this opportunity of renewing old acquaintanceship between scenes. Louise Closser Hale and Grant Mitchell, cast here as man and wife, had not met since they had played aunt and nephew more than ten years ago. Nor had Billie Burke seen Madge Evans, her screen daughter, since the day they were mother and daughter in Noel Coward's "The Marquise" on Broadway.

One of the strangest meetings, however, was that of John Barrymore and George Baxter, who enacts one of the butlers. "I knew a George Baxter, once," remarked Barrymore, as he acknowledged the introduction. "The George Baxter I knew was an art dealer and I remember him well. He bought the first drawing I ever sold. He paid me ten dollars for it."

"I have heard my father tell about it many times," replied Baxter. "I am a Junior, you know. The sketch was later sold to Andrew Carnegie."

"So that's what happened to it." Barrymore said, "I've often wondered."

Marie Ill? "Bosh!" Said She

REMINISCENCES of one kind or another made up a great deal of the small-talk on the "Dinner at Eight" set. There was much good-natured jollity and more than a little equally good-natured kidding. In the center of practically all of it was Marie Dressler, belying the reports that she was ill.

Marie worked shoulder to shoulder with the others, seemingly in as good health as they. When told that she must spare herself undue effort, she would reply, "It will take more than an operation to kill this old war-horse." Only Mamie, her faithful maid and companion, could make her rest at all. Upon the completion of each day's work, Marie punctiliously made the rounds to wish everyone "Good-night."

Quitting time, by the way, was usually about five o'clock for the entire crew. Director Cukor, although never appearing to hurry, managed—through his quiet efficiency—to do a full day's work each day. As a result, his company was never charged with overtime and he completed the picture exactly upon its four weeks' schedule. No mean feat, this, considering the size and scope of the production.

When Hollywood sees "Dinner at Eight" on the screen, it will note particularly the spirit with which the large cast delivers individual performances. It will see evidenced in little things the lack of dissension among the players.

The story opens with *Millicent Jordan* (Billie Burke) planning a dinner party a week hence, when she will have the honor of entertaining visiting English nobility. *Millicent,* whose social contacts are her life's blood, is overjoyed with her catch. She finds *Oliver,* her husband (Lionel Barrymore), and *Paula,* her daughter (Madge Evans), less interested in the proposed dinner.

Oliver has other things on his mind. The fortunes of the Jordan Line, an old and once-prosperous shipping concern, are at low ebb. New financing is needed, but this is nothing to be discussed with *Millicent.*

The set that is the office of the Jordan Line is worthy of especial note. Built to typify a firm established generations ago, the fourteen ship models that decorate it were collected after considerable effort. All are museum pieces, loaned from private collections, and were guarded day and night by special police officers.

Oliver is greeted at his office by *Miss Copeland* (Elizabeth Patterson) and *Fosdick* (Harry Beresford), employees of many years. Unexpectedly, *Carlotta Vance* (Marie Dressler), who has returned only that day from a twelve-year absence in Europe, drops in. *Carlotta* was the reigning musical comedy favorite of what she calls "the Delmonico period." Her references to "Noel" and "Winston" will bring laughs from the insiders, who will recognize the quips as concerning Noel Coward and Winston Churchill.

Jean and Wally Are Married

CARLOTTA and *Oliver* are old friends and they are still chatting of former days when *Dan Packard* (Wallace Beery) arrives. *Dan* is an extremely wealthy, if uncouth, Westerner to whom *Oliver* intends appealing for financial aid. After listening to the proposition, *Packard* promises to consider it.

He has just gone when *Millicent* telephones. She is simply frantic about her dinner. She needs, it seems, another couple and an extra man. *Oliver* urges, for business reasons, the *Packards.*

Kitty Packard (Jean Harlow) is still in bed when the invitation comes. She is pretty, but empty-headed, totally unaccustomed to her life as a wife of wealth after her years as a check-room girl. Her one ambition is to be taken up by society and she fairly snatches at the opportunity of dining at the *Jordans'.*

The apartment of the *Packards'* is another set that is commended to your attention. Although badly overdecorated to suggest the *nouveau-riche* occupants, it is at the same time a basic departure in interior decoration. The work of Hobe Erwin, it combines ten different "tones" of white. The curtains are flesh-white chiffon, the drapes oyster-white satin, the wardrobe lacquer-white with ornamentation of chalk-white, the walls cream-white with alabaster-white pilasters, the rug milk-white chenille, the chaise longue upholstered in squares of metallic-white and warm-white and the bed ivory.

Such tonal values are startling in effect and presented no small problem to Cameraman William Daniels. As yellow, which photographs white, is generally used in motion pictures as a less glaring color, Daniels had his work cut out for him in filming the bedroom sequence. Daniels will be remembered, by the way, as Garbo's favorite photographer, the only one, in fact, whom she will have on her productions.

Both Do Things on the Sly

DAN PACKARD is not so eager as *Kitty* to accept the dinner invitation. He admits that he is planning a steal of *Jordan's* company and only when he learns that a rich English nobleman is to be a guest does he accede to *Kitty's* pleas. He is off to Washington to see the President, but he will be back in time for the dinner.

No sooner does *Dan* leave the apartment than *Doctor Talbot* (Edmund Lowe) calls. We quickly learn that his call merely

assumes a professional aspect. He and *Kitty* are having an affair.

The scene shifts to *Millicent*, still at the telephone and still searching for that extra man. Her party now comprises the English Lord and Lady, the *Packards*, *Carlotta Vance*, *Paula* and her fiancé, *Ernest* (Phillips Holmes), and *Doctor* and *Mrs. Talbot* (Karen Morley). Nearly exhausting the list of eligibles, *Millicent* finally thinks of *Larry Renault* (John Barrymore).

Larry is a once-great movie actor, dethroned by the advent of talking pictures and now attempting a comeback via the New York stage. *Millicent* finds him at his hotel and he accepts. Turning from the telephone, he addresses someone whom we discover to be the *Jordans'* daughter, *Paula*, who is apparently on more than intimate terms with the actor.

Their tête-à-tête is interrupted by the entrance of *Max Kane*, *Larry's* agent (Lee Tracy). He brings disturbing news. The play he hoped to get produced for *Larry* has been purchased by *Jo Stengel* (Jean Hersholt), who plans to star someone else. *Larry* is distraught. He, the great *Renault*, to be replaced by some Broadway ham! The idea is revolting. The next moment, the hotel manager presents a long-overdue bill—too long overdue, he says. Something must be done about it immediately.

Lee Silenced Shaw

JOHN Barrymore and Lee Tracy were the only members of the "Dinner at Eight" cast upon the set when George Bernard Shaw deigned to visit it. Shaw's much-vaunted rudeness upon the occasion of his brief Hollywood sojourn was displayed when he refused Barrymore's request for an autograph for his small son. Tracy had a stronger word for what I have termed rudeness and, incensed by Shaw's attitude, he refused to meet the author. So loud were his refusal and subsequent remarks that Shaw could not help but hear him. It must be noted that the bearded one did not stay long upon the stage nor say much. To Lee Tracy, therefore, belongs the honor of being the one Hollywoodian who stopped Shaw.

Think of this when you hear Lee, as *Max Kane*, lashing into *Larry* to tell him that he is through—a has-been. Among the sarcastic terms that he uses to describe the drunken actor is "the Great Profile."

There was a bit of debate, I am told, about allowing this particular epithet to remain in the script after John Barrymore was signed for the part. Those who held that Barrymore's sense of humor was too keen to take offense ruled against the deletion and were eventually proved correct. John topped the "Great Profile" line, as you will see.

That Barrymore is not sensitive about being caricatured—and really enjoys a good joke at his own expense—has further proof in the manner with which he greeted George Cukor. There was some speculation as to how the two men would get along, for it was Cukor who directed "The Royal Family of Broadway," that gorgeous travesty upon the whole Barrymore clan. John slapped Cukor on the back, remarking, "See if you can get me to give as good a performance of an actor as Fred March gave of me."

To reveal here the rest of the plot of "Dinner at Eight"—to tell you what happens when the dinner actually comes off—might curb your enjoyment upon seeing the completed picture. It is a film that no lover of the movies can afford to miss. See it by all means and when you do, remember the little incidents we have told pertaining to its production. You will then be viewing "Dinner at Eight" through Hollywood's eyes.

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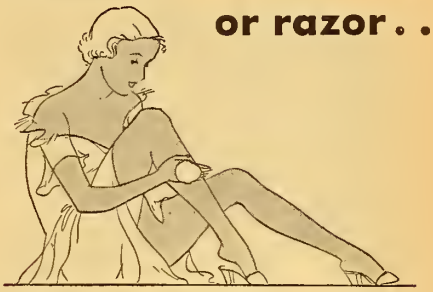

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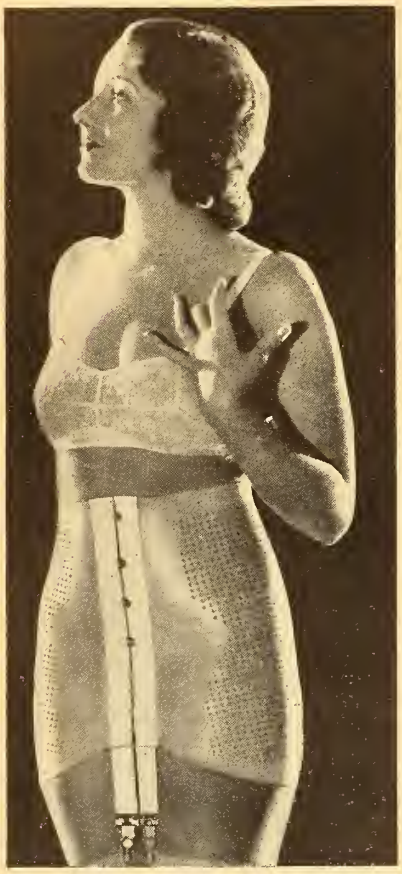

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Whose "Boy-Friend" Is Chevalier Now?

(Continued from page 49)

fact that his marriage to Yvonne Vallée Chevalier was childless. There was something vaguely depressing about the original Hollywood version of Maurice off-screen. Even his subsequent divorce publicity was lacking in the sensational developments it had at first promised. Yvonne and Maurice did *not* continue to live under one roof following the granting of the decree in Paris.

And then, in Hollywood, all these things suddenly started to happen! There was a brief respite when Maurice went to France for a vacation, but upon his return, the hue and cry again began. I mean romantic gossip of this "new," very witty, very gay Chevalier and the ladies—the lovely ladies, Dietrich, Harvey, Churchill, Ames, and others.

Of course, Hollywood gossip has been wrong before, and could be wrong about the "new" Chevalier, in spite of that old adage about "where there's smoke, there must be fire." Obviously, there was nothing to do but to learn from Chevalier's own lips just what was going on in his private and social life. Had he suddenly discovered some new philosophy of living and having fun—or was it all just plain, polite prevarication on the part of the gossips?

Peeved About the Gossip

WHATEVER it was to turn out to be, it was a cinch that "Hollywood's New Boy-Friend" was not in one of his breeziest moods that day when I met him, by appointment, at the studio. He looked unreservedly peeved. The famous under-lip was protruding a bit farther than it usually does. In a sort of state-your-business-I-am-very-busy manner, he asked what I wished to talk to him about. The idea of being interviewed on the subject of his social engagements didn't seem to help matters any, either.

"So?" he said as only Chevalier can say such an unimportant word. "What you want me to say, in effect, is that when I was here before, married to Yvonne, I was not happy. But now that I am no longer married, I am having one grand time, hitting the high spots with the charming ladies of Hollywood."

He said, like a cross, small boy: "That is not true. I do not like such a story!"

As he said nothing more on *any* subject for several minutes, I assumed we had reached the finale of the interview, and for two thin dimes I would have gone out into the world, willing, nay, anxious, to help him in denying that he had suddenly turned charming to the ladies.

He said, still crossly: "I am not different at all!" I was perfectly willing to believe it, when, unexpectedly, he smiled.

Then Laughs Away Rumors

MOODS are funny things. Like mysterious fogs, they can lift as suddenly as they have descended. A split-second before, Maurice had been a very grouchy young man. I had been an even grouchier young woman. Then all of a sudden, he handed me a cigarette, lighted it and *smiled*. Whatever it was that had prompted that first antagonism between us had evaporated.

"I know what you mean," he laughed, "I, too, have been reading the papers. This Chevalier . . . he is being a very gay fellow, is he not? Every evening he is apparently some place and with a different charming lady each time! How that fellow gets around! I, like you, am amazed. I happen to know that Maurice Chevalier was 'out' only twice last week. And yet so many times have these social events been reported and in so many different news-

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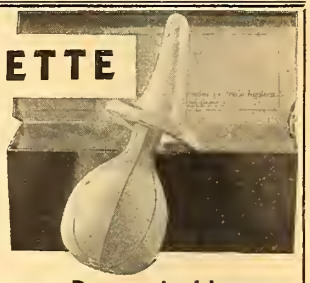

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papers that one would think this fellow had been in a café or a theatre every night!

"I do not wish to disillusion you, but this is the sad truth: I spent a week-end with Marlene Dietrich and her husband and young daughter at Palm Springs. A month later, I invited Dietrich to be my guest at a film première. Lilian Harvey, I have visited at the Fox studio and I have sent her flowers. Do you understand? Lilian is a neighbor of mine in France. Her estate is close to my own. Naturally, when she arrives in this country, a stranger, I wish to make things pleasant. I wish to welcome her like an old friend. So after I had called, and lunched with her at the studio, I invited her to dine with me at the Cocoanut Grove."

Too Soon for a New Love

MAURICE sighed: "This Hollywood and her 'romance rumors!' They can be very embarrassing. I invite Miss Ames, who is very happily married to a gentleman in New York, to attend a concert with me. The next day I read that Miss Ames and Chevalier are the 'newest rumor!' Likewise, I am seen lunching with Benita Hume and they attempt to make something of it.

"I have finally come to the conclusion that Hollywood understands nothing at all about love, or romance. If it did, the gossips would know that it would be impossible for any man to become romantically involved so soon after one important love has been dissolved in divorce.

"Believe me when I tell you that I am not looking for love or romance—now! I have been too upset in the past year to be in any mental condition to receive such an emotion now. *Real love requires leisure*—and the chance to know the loved one. That is, it means that to me.

"What I am really looking for is not love, but friendships and diversion. I feel that my circle of friends in Hollywood is much too limited. I wish to know a few more people and broaden my concepts and contacts of this town, which must be my home at least half the time for the next five years.

Admits He Has Changed

"AS for any change in me, any new philosophy of living—well, perhaps I was not altogether truthful when I told you a moment ago that I was still the same fellow. I have come to the point in a man's life when it is discovered that it is not well to take things too seriously. I do not want to learn to laugh at life, particularly, but I wish to learn to smile with it a little more readily.

"It is very amusing to me that every morning, when I come to the studio to work on the story of 'The Way to Love,' I chatter away like a magpie! Two years ago, when I walked into a story conference or on one of my own sets, I never opened my mouth to anyone. Now I am what-do-you-call-it, so 'chatty,' that others seem like the Sphinx in comparison—practically wordless! I am finding that I wish to talk to people and share my ideas with them in place of drawing into my shell as I had once done. That must signify some change in me, does it not?

"*But the reason is not romance!* It is more that I have been happier in working on my two latest pictures, 'A Bedtime Story' and 'The Way to Love,' than I have been since I first came to Hollywood. And when I am happy, I have a right to show it, haven't I?

"I am sorry if I have spoiled your nice story about Chevalier and his gay romances! But believe me, I am still leading the quiet, uneventful life!"

And, with that, he had to go back to work. It wasn't until the morning *after* that I read where Chevalier had attended two different night-clubs with Lilian Harvey "the evening *before*"!!!

"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. *"Airedales"* have ruined many a movie close-up—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. *That's why all Hollywood uses* X-BAZIN *Cream* to remove hair. It is essential for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

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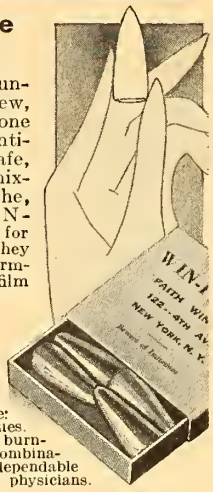

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Four Directors Tell What's Wrong With the Movies

(*Continued from page 42*)

schedule, with intermissions between each showing—and no admissions during the screening.

Classification of city theatres—cataloguing them according to the type of picture shown. Certain ones would then screen comedy exclusively, others intimate drama, and still others spectacular productions.

Picture Dictators Must Go

"MANY of the faults of pictures may be traced directly to the czaristic dictatorship, which gave into the hands of five men the power to determine what one hundred and twenty million people shall see on the screen," declares Ernst Lubitsch, whose brilliant subtleties have created a new standard for direction.

"Each one of these men supervised fifty pictures, and couldn't do one properly. Now we're breaking up that dictatorship, and evolving the unit system of production. It means that individual producers will have the entire responsibility of making a picture from the moment it goes into production until it is ready for release. This will foster the spirit of competition, which is necessary to fine creative effort.

"That doesn't mean that every picture can be great. There always have been, and always will be, just a few outstanding pictures, as there are only a few superior books or plays each year.

"But to increase the chances of success, we must definitely correct two evils practised to-day. One is the custom of studios to assign as many as ten writers to one story. There is, therefore, no concentration of thought, no definite evolution of situation, no logical development of character. The story becomes a hodge-podge.

"The supervisory system is also wrong. A director who has proved himself should have no supervision. Only the man who is a beginner, or incapable of meeting every directorial problem, should have the help of a supervisor or an 'associate producer.'

"Artistically, we have adjusted ourselves fairly well to this tremendous invention—the talkies. Our stars are far superior. Our artistic level is higher.

Not Enough Ideas to Go Around

"CYCLES have been condemned. But in every profession, in every business, there are originators and imitators. There are not enough original ideas, or a sufficient number of leaders, to avoid a string of duplicated productions. That is a fault which cannot be corrected. Pictures are definitely an artistic endeavor, perfection is elusive and unattainable. We can only adjust some of the situations and conditions, which lend themselves to correction.

"We now have a condition where business men are empowered to discuss dramatic situations, set an arbitrary time-schedule for production, and dogmatically decide on important features of a picture. That phase will pass.

"What the motion picture industry needs right now is a genius to reorganize the theatre situation. We have over-seated houses and too many of them. The so-called prologue should be scrapped. City theatres should be classified according to the type of pictures they show. Audiences should never be fooled on the type of picture they may well expect to see in a particular theatre.

"Our present chief trouble is that artistic pictures have no chance at the box-office. It takes courage to produce a 'Cavalcade,' or a 'Man I Killed.' The masses prefer hokum to art. I hope that the rising gener-

ation will appreciate art and make it pay.

"In justice to the motion picture industry, we must admit that it has a pioneering spirit. It experiments constantly. Every step forward is made by those within it. And unlike the kindred arts of music and painting and literature, it is not subsidized by wealthy patrons. It pays for its own mistakes, and struggles for advancement unaided."

Says Moods Are Stifled Now

"MOTION pictures need a damn' good housecleaning!" says Frank Borzage, who won last season's Academy award with his 'Bad Girl' and is given to no compromises in his statements.

"There can never be a standardized method of production," he declares. "The present effort to draft a program of price and schedule for a certain picture is far from right. Cost is not a determining factor, whether a picture is magnificent, a smash hit or a complete flop. 'Bad Girl' was made for a twenty-five-cent piece, relatively speaking, and yet it was a success.

"Motion pictures are a product of mood. You can't produce them in cut-and-dried business fashion. Mass production is basically and structurally wrong.

"I grant that the head of a studio should be a business man. But he should vest authority in a new type of supervisors—with definite power to accept or reject.

"Our present supervisory system is an indefinite control, in which glorified assistants, at exorbitant salaries, work under the mental hazard of their producer's displeasure. They veto telling scenes because they remember that six months ago the boss didn't take to that particular angle in a story. Immediately they begin bastardizing a potent situation, which might make the difference between a so-so picture and a brilliant one.

"There is only one man who should be in control from the moment the type of picture to be made is determined and various details about it settled—and that is the director. The present supervisory system induces a chaos comparable to that within an army without a commander.

"We've developed great artists in this business, great writers, great directors, but no producers who are big enough to be unafraid of developing other men to take their places. Sheer stupidity is stifling potential ability.

"We are spending approximately one hundred million dollars a year in making pictures. Because of the narrow viewpoint of a handful of producers, the business has become so unwieldy that it is toppling.

"I respect the business and am happy in it. But I want to see it healthier, more vital. I am selfishly interested in seeing it adjust its difficulties!"

Bosses Don't Know the Business

CECIL B. DE MILLE, whose name is synonymous with spectacular productions, declares that the very life of the motion picture is threatened by parasitic growths.

"Picture policies have been taken out of the hands of tried picture-makers," he points out, "and entrusted to strangers, business men from the East, who neither know the public mind nor comprehend studio problems. Stories are arbitrarily selected for producers and directors, instead of permitting them to make what appeals to them. Reverse that procedure and you will have different minds rooting in different fields for good material, with fine pictures as a result.

"Stars and executives receive exorbitant salaries, and so for every two dollars spent on a production, only one dollar comes back to the box-office. For thirteen years I have never received a salary from a studio.

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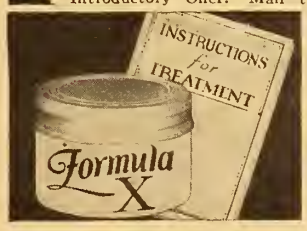

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"Unnecessary costs must be reduced. But there is danger that the mad endeavor to save money will extend to cutting time on production schedules, to the detriment of the pictures made.

"Casting offices can all be improved. New talent doesn't get the proper opportunity, and old talent doesn't get the proper care. Casting offices are to blame.

"It is customary to put the burden of every wrong on the studios. That is, the production end. But the distribution department—the selling end—must assume some responsibility for maladjustments existing in the industry. The two departments of the business would profit by working in closer coöperation. A picture makes a hit—and the selling division yells for more pictures like it. It doesn't take into consideration the fact that by the time its order is filled, the public fancy might change. Instead of visualizing future trends, it seeks to capitalize on present ones."

Le Roy Wants More Feeling

"TOO many canned pictures, too many mechanical writers, directors and actors." Thus Mervyn Le Roy, the young director who awakened a nation's social consciousness with "I Am a Fugitive," tersely summarized his answer to "What's Wrong with the Movies?"

"Footage means nothing—feeling everything," he points out. "A story must be human, actors and director must believe it—so that they can transpose their own emotion, their own conviction, their own sympathies to an audience. Tell a story from the heart, and your success percentage promptly increases. Reflect life in every picture you make, and you will have a healthy industry.

"Pictures would improve if we could give more time to a preparation of the script, to rehearsal of scenes, and to the final editing of the film. Make fewer pictures, but better ones!

"An intense sincerity must characterize every step of picture-making. Casting of star rôles is no more important than to give reality to the closing of a door by a 'bit' player.

"Not enough importance is given to dialogue. If I were a producer, I wouldn't hire a director who didn't know the value of speech. It's the basic feature of a great picture. One line can ruin a production. In 'I Am a Fugitive' one scene, in which seven words were spoken, was rehearsed fifty-four times, and shot another twenty-four. The intonation, the phrasing, the depth of feeling in those few syllables meant either a terrific climax, or a complete let-down for the entire picture.

"Camera angles, enormous sets mean nothing. The play is the thing on the screen, as truly as it is on the stage. As a corollary to that, it would be well if we were to borrow from the stage and inaugurate a policy of definite time-schedules in picture theatres, with intermissions between screenings, and no admissions while the feature is being shown. Pictures should be seen from the start. As it is, those who come in the middle, or in time to see the climax, lose a substantial amount of enjoyment value. This, of course, will take a campaign of education. But, eventually, theatres will come to this practice."

Four leading directors have given significant answers to the momentous question—"What is Wrong With the Movies?" They have suggested remedies. What is *your* opinion of them?

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CITY.....STATE.....

about YOU? shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY--- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized* Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

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Make-up To Go With Costume. Because *any* shade of Princess Pat rouge will match *your* skin, you may choose with the color of your *costume* in mind. Simply choose the more *intense* shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

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Motion Picture

October

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IN CANADA 20c

ADRIENNE AMES
by
MARLAND STONE

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THE REAL SECRET OF GARBO'S RETURN

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

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STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

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* * *

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ...never tire the taste. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .

But her Teeth are Dull... her Gums Tender

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

This young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look?*

She cleans her teeth. Of *course* she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough.*

Her gums are flabby, touchy, unhealthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

"A Good Number!

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."

Move your feet?

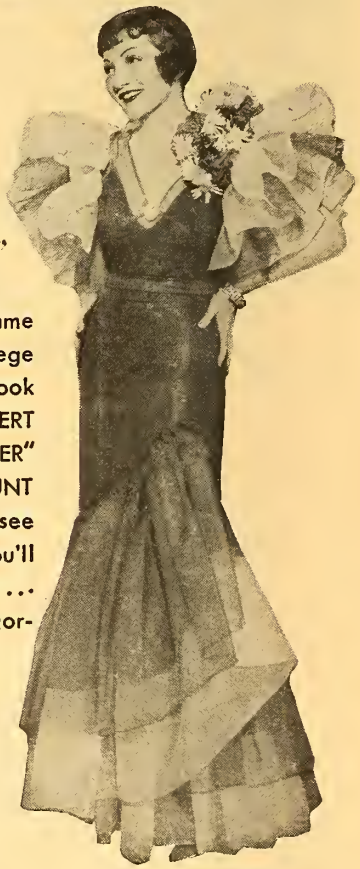
"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

Motion Picture

OCTOBER
1 9 3 3

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 3

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ADRIENNE AMES

When a girl can come to Hollywood with no movie aspirations — and create such a sensation that she is asked to sign on the dotted line—well, she must have screen personality. They saw her portraits —and the rest was easy.

Adrienne Ames is from New York's Park Avenue by way of Fort Worth, Texas. But don't take it that this is all a Cinderella story. She had studied art and music and knew her amateur theatricals. So with these attainments, plus poise and personality, it wasn't difficult for Hollywood to find a place for her. **Adrienne Ames has started at the bottom of the screen ladder, playing minor rôles. Now she is commanding better parts — and doing very well by them!**

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Cover Design of Adrienne Ames Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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Rouge: Radiant___ Medium___ Sunglow___
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Write 'Em and Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$20.00 Letter

Most Screen He-Men Are Ridiculous

SOUTH BRISTOL, Me.—A punch-drunk victim of socks-on-the-jaw here rises to enter a plaintive peep against the epidemic of hard-boiled, alleged He-men with which the screen has lately been cluttered up. They may be colorful, but painted in broad, harsh stripes like barber poles—and just as stimulating—they leave him absolutely palpitating for a few less simple-Simon and more companionable specimens of *homo sapiens* (the 'sap,' it seems is all that's left).

And at that, they don't really know how to be tough. Why even this avoider of violence (when possible), could be home and all wrapped up for the night in aunt Agatha's patch-work quilt long before one of those telegraphed pokes arrived in the vicinity of where it was supposed to be parked!

But what a relief when Leslie Howard or Ronald Colman strolls across the screen! They make most of our young men look like a flock of high school boys who have just put on their first pair of long pants! And how easily they convey the impression that (actually!) they really do read a book occasionally; and are not afraid to show interest in some other art besides the prize-ring.

So harken unto a voice crying from the wilderness, O ye Picture Potentates, and give us more variety and more subtlety in our movie characters! Less action but *more* drama. It can be done.

McKelden Smith.

$10.00 Letter

A Fair Exchange

BEDFORD, O.—Isn't there such a thing as fitting an actor to a part? Hollywood usually endeavors to fit the part to the actor—hence the alarming number of flops. If "Ivanhoe" ever reaches the silver screen, and you see Jimmy Durante in the title rôle and Polly Moran running around in *Rowena's* costumes, you will not be surprised because by that time Maurice Chevalier will have appeared in "The Merry Widow," and Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle" and you will have learned that nothing is impossible in Hollywood.

I am not criticising Chevalier. I think he would be great in something like "The Cat and the Fiddle," but he will ruin "The Merry Widow." The whole atmosphere of that charming work will have to be advanced thirty years to fit Maurice's personality. And the really lovely lyrics will have to be hacked into a "Hello Beautiful" mold to fit his voice.

If someone with a little foresight would only make Chevalier swap tune shows with Novarro, out of two unsatisfactory pictures we will have two super-specials. *Beatrice Vincent.*

$5.00 Letter

"Gold-Diggers" Restored Faith

MASSILLON, O.—Sound certainly has made a great difference in motion picture entertainment. I have missed the old-fashioned vaudeville acts, the orchestra presentations, and the organ recitals.

I am bored with the double feature program that was so popular until very recently, and is now slowly dying away. Seeing both pictures at one time confuses me and the true satisfaction and thrill of one picture is swallowed by the change of emotion of the other.

But, being a movie enthusiast I have continued to patronize movie houses through thick and thin and have at last witnessed a picture that has restored my faith and confidence in the future of the motion picture.

It is quite different from those degenerate, gangster, racket, and murder mystery plots which undoubtedly are a bad influence on the weak-willed.

It has achieved tremendous box-office success, showing the public's approval, and since our responses are the criterions in outlining the type of pictures to be produced, I am expecting very shortly to be seeing more pictures the equal of "Gold-Diggers of 1933."

The beautiful settings displayed the intricate skill of engineering. The costumes, dances and chorus numbers were the works of a genius and its photography, the height of imagination. The theme was a simple, excellently written and well directed masterpiece. *L. P. Lambrou.*

"Peg" A Refreshing Change

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Feeling one of those sweet, old-fashioned moods coming on, I dropped into my favorite theatre to see "Peg O' My Heart." It thrilled every fiber of my being. A joyous, sentimental story, chaste and charming; smacking of the good old days (?); something you could take your Aunt Emma, your mother-in-law and little Mary to see in perfect confidence.

Marion Davies, Irish as a clay pipe, does some of the finest acting of her colorful career. She has a brogue that would trip a goat and she sings and dances with true Irish abandon. Really, if I didn't happen to be Jewish, it would have made me homesick for the Auld Emerald Isle.

Farrell MacDonald also gives a memorable performance. The cast was excellent as a whole and clicked in every particular.

"Peg O' My Heart" was a refreshing change from the ultra-modern run of pictures. We like to loosen up sometimes. It gets monotonous, being too sophisticated. *Violet Lane.*

How Do They Do It?

ARLINGTON, R. I.—A close friend of mine, who is a nurse, earns forty-two dollars a week, and that is just about double the amount a salesgirl in a department store would earn. She has no dependents but in order to make both ends meet she scrimps, goes without many luxuries, and spends much time window shopping and just wishing and hoping and commenting that her ship will soon come in. She gets her meals at the home where she is employed, wears simple clothes, and shares an inexpensive apartment.

I cannot figure out how in "Hold Me Tight" Sally Eilers kept an extra nice apartment, bought her own food, and dressed as smartly as she did on a salesgirl's pay. Sally wore a negligee—it must have set her back at least forty dollars, and satin pajamas—another ten. She wore any number of snappy ensembles which made her look like anything but a poor working girl. Maybe her hair is naturally curly and she doesn't have to pay a hairdresser.

All I've got to say in closing is, "A dollar must purchase a lot more in the movies than it does here, or else—?"

Ruth M. Durfee.

Defending the Movies

NEWFOUNDLAND, N. J.—Why must people find fault with the movies? There is nothing the matter with them.

With some, it is a wholesale condemnation. All movies are bad, chiefly because their father and mother thought the stage a platform that slid merrily into the place of fire and brimstone. But the world has moved on since the days when our parents were young and honest fun and amusement are no longer frowned upon.

Still others object to certain kinds of pictures. Well, why see the ones you don't like? There is variety enough to enable one to select a picture suited to one's taste.

Again you hear, "I wouldn't mind sending my children to the movies, but I don't like to have them out in the streets at night." And that's the poorest excuse of all. One could be led

(*Continued on page 14*)

WHO shall decide which is the best of the better beers? Is the answer to be found in public preference? Perhaps. Is it to be found in the opinions of experts? Perhaps. But when both the public and the experts agree, the answer is clear and unquestioned. That's why we say without fear of contradiction, Pabst Blue Ribbon is the best of the better beers.

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PABST

BLUE RIBBON

Best of the Better Beers

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—his first picture just released *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ames, Adrienne—recently completed *Disgraced*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Golden Harvest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—resting abroad after completing *Voltaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—just finished *Son of Kong*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The World Changes*—Warner Brothers Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—latest release *The Secret of the Blue Room*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Fugitive from Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Bride of the Bayou*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—scheduled for *Shanghai Orchid*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—now making *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Fog Bound*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—will soon start *Without Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—just finished *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—ready to begin *Havana Widows*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—about to start on her second come-back picture *Hoop-La*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—recently completed *Flaming Gold*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—playing in *Beauty for Sale*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brook, Clive—now playing in *Behold We Live*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—scheduled for *Son of the Gobs*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *Saturday's Millions*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Burke, Billie—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, Bill—Jimmy's brother who makes his screen debut in *The Sweet Cheat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Footlight Parade*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—now making *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—resting between pictures. Latest release *I Love That Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Female*—Warner Brothers Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing in *Penthouse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—just finished *Three-Cornered Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—vacationing abroad. Latest release, *The Masquerader*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *One Sunday Afternoon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—recently completed *Big Executive*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Biddy*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—now playing in *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wide World

It must be love when a girl changes the color of her hair to suit her boy friend and that's just what Paulette Goddard did for Charlie Chaplin (both pictured above). Charlie wanted Paulette to let her platinum hair go brown again. Although they have not admitted it, Hollywood is convinced that they have been married and that the cruises they are taking aboard his yacht are really honeymoon trips

Davies, Marion—may do *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* next — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *Bureau of Missing Persons*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—ready to start *Green Mansions*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—returning to Hollywood soon from vacation abroad. Latest release *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—preparing to start *Escape to Paradise* — Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—just finished *Tugboat Annie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—recently completed *Take a Chance*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—is ready to start in *Behold We Live*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—scheduled for *Shanghai Orchid*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—recently returned from abroad and scheduled to appear in *Jimmy and Sally*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Beauty for Sale*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—resting abroad. Latest release *The Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—Holidaying abroad and planning a co-starring picture with Doug, Jr.—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—returning to the screen in *Aggie Appleby*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—playing in *Goin' To Town*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston — preparing to make *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recuperating from effects of two operations — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William — playing in *Aggie Appleby*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—playing in *Aggie Appleby*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil — playing in *Ladies Must Love*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Bombshell*, with Lee Tracy — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lillian—working on her second picture *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—starting work on *The Old Maid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Beauty for Sale*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Man of Steel*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—will soon start working on *Design for Living* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—now in England, making *The Lady Is Willing*, for Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Saturday's Millions*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—scheduled for *Wunderbar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Keeler, Ruby—recently completed *Footlight Parade*—First National Studios, Burbank Cal.

Keith, Ian—playing in the Garbo picture *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—playing in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 15*)

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"

Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis...because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both —a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW. G. ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . . Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another WARNER BROS. Hit . . . Coming to your theatre soon . . . .

Look

How I Smoothed and Whitened Rough, Red Hands

...with this utterly NEW TYPE LOTION

YOU can keep *your* hands lovely, too. This radically different lotion is called Chamberlain's—and it is far superior to *ordinary*, old-fashioned preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose.

One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally* lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands and skin—or *money back*. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Ia.

Chamberlain's *LOTION*

CORNS

and Sore Toes Relieved at Once

Take no chances—use the one safe, sure way that stops pain instantly, quickly removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause, friction and pressure of shoes; prevent blisters and sore toes. Always keep a box handy. Sold by all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY

541 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

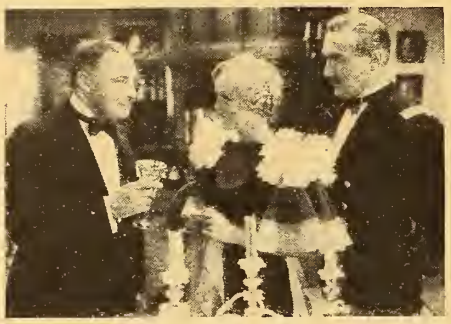
Tip-Offs On The Talkies

What They're About— And How Good They Are

By James Edwin Reid

Arizona to Broadway—Joan Bennett joins up with a carnival and meets a smoothie (James Dunn) whom she transforms into a square-shooter. A hodge-podge of well-worn melodrama (Fox).

A Bed of Roses—In the Ol' Man River country, Constance Bennett takes the easiest way to a life of ease with John Halliday and then decides she would rather live on a tugboat with Joel McCrea. An old story in a new setting, but there's nothing wrong with the acting—particularly newcomer Pert Kelton's acting (RKO).



One of the few calm scenes from the thrilling mystery picture, "The Secret of the Blue Room," with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart and Paul Lukas

Best of Enemies—Buddy Rogers returns to the screen as a breezy band-leader who falls in love with Marian Nixon, daughter of his Dad's pet enemy. Trivial, but entertaining (Fox).

The Big Brain—A colorful character sketch of a small-town barber who becomes a big-time financier (of the gyp artist variety). George E. Stone does the sketching (RKO).

Captured!—In a German prison camp, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., meets Leslie Howard, whose wife he has won away from him. A triangle story that is novel and tense at times, and far-fetched at times. Doug. out-acts Leslie, believe it or not (W. B.).

College Humor—A peppy, nonsensical and occasionally musical version of life at a co-ed college—with Jack Oakie the comical hero, Richard Arlen his moody pal, Bing Crosby as a singing prof, and Burns and Allen as the Kampus Katerers. Silly at times, but maybe you'll let that pass (Par.).

Dinner at Eight—Here's an all-star picture that IS an all-star picture—boasting, among others, John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe and Billie Burke. It's a clever comedy about a number of people, whose lives are intertwined under cover, meeting at a dinner (M-G-M).

Disgraced—When Helen Twelvetrees' common-law husband (Bruce Cabot) is murdered, Helen tries to take the blame—but her father finds a way to save her. Good acting saves the picture (Par.).

Double Harness—By feminine trickery, Ann Harding gets hitched to William Powell—and then has her troubles, keeping him in harness. Smooth acting in a comedy that should sparkle, but seldom does (RKO).

F. P. 1—An unusual melodramatic glimpse into the future—the melodrama revolving around an airplane stop in mid-ocean. Made abroad, with Conrad Veidt and Leslie Fenton (Fox).

Gambling Ship—An exciting insight into what goes on aboard a ship anchored beyond the twelve-mile limit, especially with racketeers present. Cary Grant, Jack La Rue and Benita Hume do well by it (Par.).

Goodbye Again—Such nonsense! You've never seen anything like it. An insanely funny comedy about a lecturing author (Warren William) who can't seem to escape from an old girl-friend; she's convinced that he is in love with her, even if she is married. Genevieve Tobin, Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert are of invaluable assistance (F. N.).

Heroes for Sale—Richard Barthelmess, as a war hero whose luck runs out on him after the war, shows you how radicals are made, not born. It's a bit morbid, but well acted (F. N.).

Hold Your Man—Again Clark Gable and Jean Harlow team up for an amusing, hard-boiled little romance—with Clark as a law-evader who can't get away from the little girl who wants to protect him (M-G-M).

I Loved You Wednesday—Years after they had been lovers, Elissa Landi and Victor Jory meet again, and he almost rekindles the old flame. But meanwhile Warner Baxter has entered her life, which alters matters. Clever, sophisticated drama, with Elissa newly daring (Fox).

Jennie Gerhardt—A saga of a secret romance that lasts a lifetime, with Sylvia Sidney superb as the aging heroine, in love with Donald Cook. This time, the movies have done right by a Dreiser story (Par.).

Mama Loves Papa—As Mary Boland's henpecked husband, Charlie Ruggles permits himself to be sent off to work in morning clothes—and one hilarious misadventure after another befalls him. Good, clean, Grade A fun (Par.).

The Masquerader—Ronald Colman satisfies a big ambition—playing a dual rôle. He is both a drug-racked man of fame and the clever unknown who takes his place. Elissa Landi is a radiant help (U. A.)

The Mayor of Hell—"Hell" is a reform school, and the "mayor" (Warden) is James Cagney, more serious than usual as a politician who turns reformer and tries to give the boys a chance in life (W. B.).

Melody Cruise—A novel musical comedy—its novelty lying in its photographic, rhythmic originality. The plot has Charlie Ruggles trying to keep crooner Phil Harris from falling in love on a girl-infested liner (RKO).

Midnight Club—This springs a surprise on the folks—introducing Clive Brook as a suave crook and George Raft as the lad who is on his trail. It follows a familiar pattern, but moves briskly (Par.).

Midnight Mary—As a rose of the slums who is shielded by gangster Ricardo Cortez and then falls in love with honest Franchot Tone, Loretta Young finds herself on trial for murder. It's a minor melodrama, but it has some bright moments (M-G-M).

Norman Foster as *Jim Jessop* in a scene from "Pilgrimage," with Marian Nixon who plays the rôle of his sweetheart, *Mary Saunders*

The Narrow Corner—In an out-of-the-way corner of the globe, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a fugitive from justice, finds romance—with tragedy in its wake. A few degrees better than the average tropical melodrama (W. B.).

No Marriage Ties—When ad-man Richard Dix and artist Elizabeth Allan discover each other, they drift along without benefit of clergy, which makes parting seem that much easier when he meets Doris Kenyon. Meanwhile, you see an overdrawn, but constantly amusing exposé of high-pressure advertising (RKO).

Pilgrimage—Wanting her son all to herself, Henrietta Crosman parts Norman Foster and Marian Nixon by sending him off to war. Years later, as a Gold Star Mother touring France, she comes upon another young couple who face a similar separation and realizes how selfishly cruel she had been. A quietly impressive tragedy, with a magnificent portrayal by Miss Crosman (Fox).

The Power and the Glory—Colleen Moore returns to the screen as a school-teacher who shows track-walker Spencer Tracy how to read and write, marries him, and sends him on to power and glory—only to have his success lead to tragedy. You won't forget the story or their performances (Fox).

Private Detective 62—Usually a glamourous sleuth, this time William Powell gives you an insight into detective work that approaches racketeering. The acting is smooth, but the story has some rough edges (W. B.).

Lilyan Tashman feels confident about winning the henpecked Charlie Ruggles away from his wife, Mary Boland, in this scene from "Mama Loves Papa"

The Rebel—A sensitive, realistic story of a minor Alpine rebellion in Napoleon's time, acted with convincing simplicity by Luis Trenker and Vilma Banky (who's back on the screen at last). Like the scenery, some of the scenes are spectacular (Univ.).

Reunion in Vienna—Some grand fun for the sophisticates. Archduke John Barrymore, after a ten-year exile, returns to find his former mistress (Diana Wynyard) unchanged, but married to a clever psychologist (Frank Morgan). The two have a nimble battle of wits for her (M-G-M).

The Secret of the Blue Room—In Lionel Atwill's dour castle, one of Gloria Stuart's suitors vanishes, another is murdered, and the third (Paul Lukas) solves the mysteries just in time. It has suspense—and what more do you want? (Univ.).

She Had to Say Yes—Loretta Young becomes a hostess to out-of-town buyers and is misunderstood by both of her boy-friends, Lyle Talbot and Regis Toomey. Pretty slight (F. N.).

Silk Express—There's plenty of suspenseful villainy aboard a train speeding across the country, with everyone (chiefly Neil Hamilton) in danger of sudden death. A fast-moving thriller (W. B.).

The Song of Songs—The scenario writers haven't done right by Sudermann's novel of a woman born to be loved—but the camera has made Marlene Dietrich more magically glamourous than ever before, ably supported by Lionel Atwill and newcomer Brian Aherne (Par.).

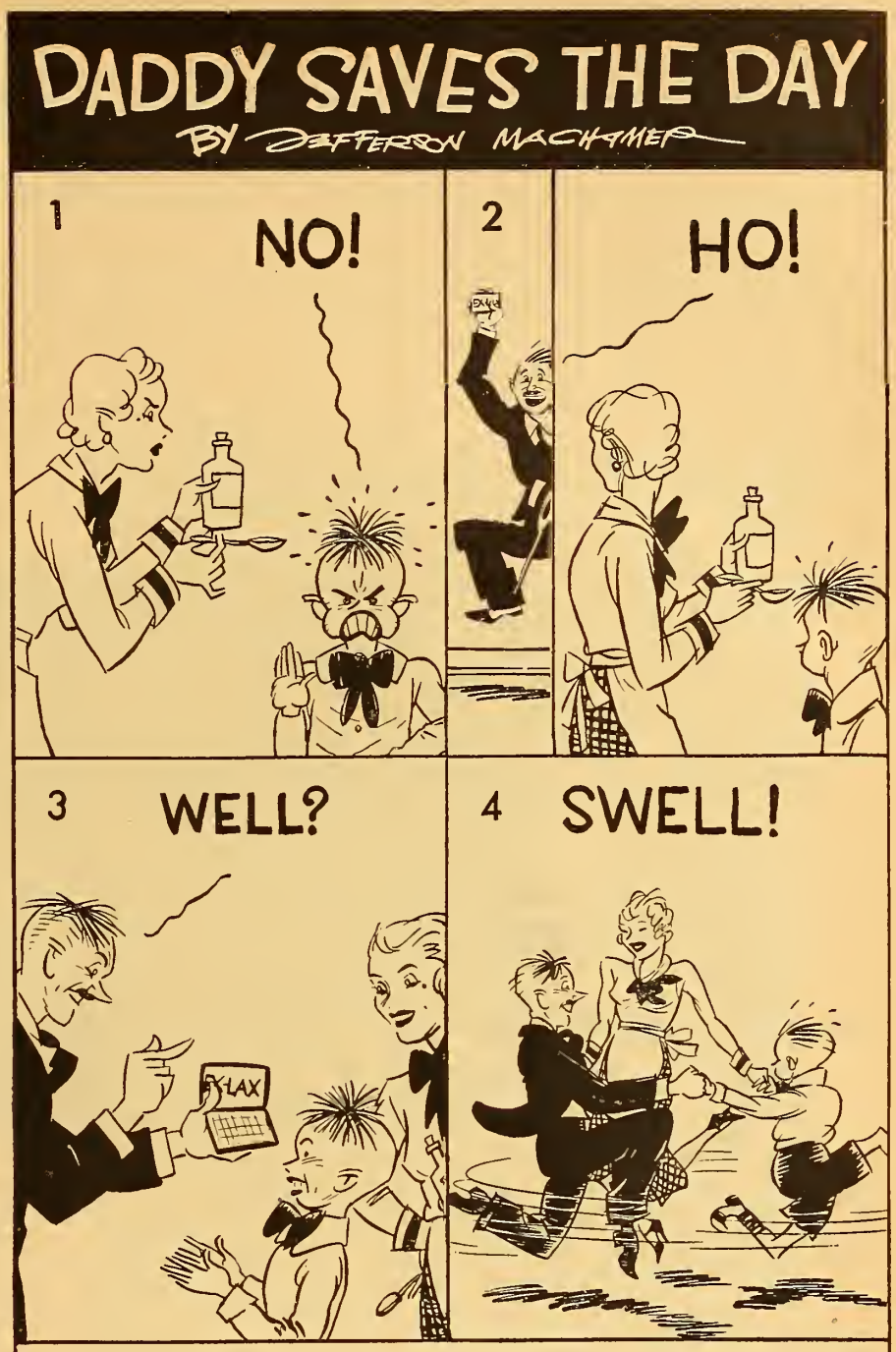
Storm at Daybreak—Against a background of war and racial hatred, Austrian Nils Asther falls in love with Serbian Kay Francis, wife of Walter Huston, whom they both respect. Tense triangle melodrama (M-G-M).

This Is America—Something new in the movie line—a pictorial reminiscence of American life from 1917 to 1933, told through newsreel shots. It's a colorful, entertaining history lesson (U. A.).

Thunder Over Mexico—A tragic love story that is really the saga of a race—an unusual, disturbing picture and one of the most beautifully photographed in movie history. Silent (Sol Lesser).

Voltaire—George Arliss brings the great French wit and master of intrigue back to life again, with the help of Doris Kenyon as Madame Pompadour, mistress of the king. It's a suave story for a suave actor (W. B.).

When Ladies Meet—Again, Ann Harding and Myrna Loy are rivals—with Ann the wife this time. Robert Montgomery brings them together at the home of distressed Alice Brady, and the result is a comedy that is uproariously clever and has a serious punch (M-G-M).



HERE is a swell idea! When the children need a laxative, don't dose them with nasty medicines! Give them Ex-Lax! It tastes like chocolate. It is *gentle* in action, effective in results. America's favorite for 27 years, millions have found it the ideal laxative. Try Ex-Lax yourself, too. Your druggist sells it. 10c and 25c.

Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. M. P. 103, Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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Your Gossip Test

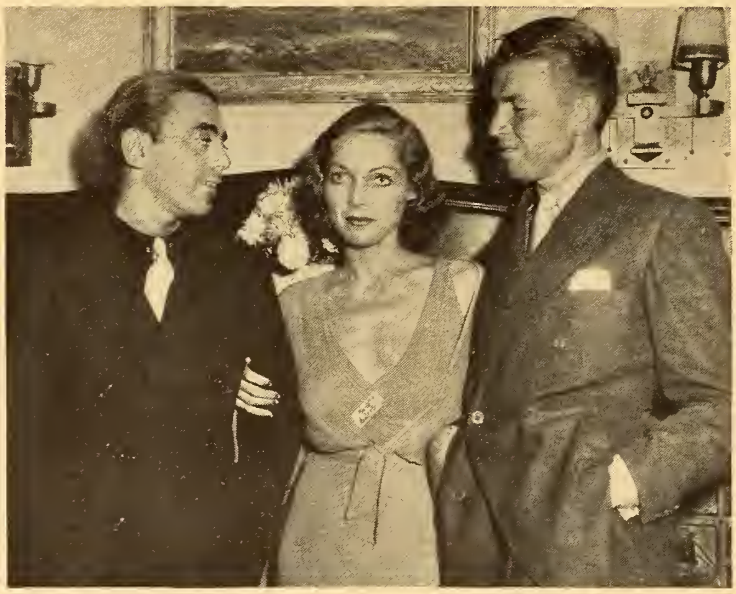
By Marion Martone

1. What is strange about the friendship between the threesome pictured on this page?

2. In suing her husband for divorce, what screen actor's wife asked the courts to award her all community property, valued at $600,000?

3. Can you name two of the girls toward whom, it is reported, Gary Cooper is showing a romantic interest?

4. Do you know Mary Howard, the Fox film player, by any other name?



5. What veteran stage actress and screen player died in Hollywood on July 26th?

6. Can you name the screen player and her husband who have agreed to a one-year trial separation?

7. How did the Neil Hamiltons deny the rumors that they were about to be divorced?

8. Who are the two movie stars who were married during the month of July?

9. What famous screen lover became the father of a baby daughter on August 2nd?

10. The mother of which screen comedian is making her screen début?

11. Which popular male star has had two operations performed on him only a few weeks apart?

12. The voice of what screen and radio artist has been insured for $100,000?

13. Do you know the name of the screen star who is listed among the players whose pictures are banned by the Hitler government?

14. Do you know the movie pair who, according to Dame Rumor, were long looking forward to August 15th? Why?

15. Whose feet have been adjudged the prettiest pair in Hollywood?

16. Can you name the movie star who is being divorced from his socially prominent wife?

17. Who is Sally Eilers expected to marry if she goes through with her plans to divorce Hoot Gibson?

18.. Why did Benita Hume unexpectedly announce her engagement and her intention to make a hurried trip between pictures to her home in London?

19. Do you know why Carole Lombard, the attractive blonde screen star went to Lake Tahoe, Nevada, for several weeks?

20. Who is Maurice Chevalier's newest "girl-friend" (she speaks his language!) and whom do they say she resembles?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 86*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

There is Style magic in metal mesh! Its gleaming beauty adds high notes of smartness to *any* costume . . . new frock or older gown. In Fall ensembles, Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh is definitely sponsored by those women to whom smart appearance is so essential—

Feminine fashion leaders of Stage and Screen

FALL frocks of these popular stars display daring touches of scintillating metal mesh on shoulder, at waist and wrists! Mesh bags gleam against rich fabrics! And shoes of metal mesh complete their ultra-smart costumes.

You can achieve this same distinctiveness with *your* own Fall frocks . . . or renew the glamour of older gowns . . . with an ensemble of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh. It may be worn in the complete ensemble, or in varying combinations to attain any smart style effect desired.

Metal mesh is *light*. It is flexible as a soft fabric, and very flattering in its gracefully conforming drape.

Leading retailers are displaying the new Whiting & Davis Mesh Ensembles. Ask your dealer to show you these unusual Fall fashion accessories.

MISS LORA BAXTER, *co-star of the New York stage success, "Goodbye Again," and whose appearances in the Paris hit "Sex Fable," in "Holiday," and other notable productions have won her unusual commendation, wears a new Fall ensemble of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh*

Shoes by Colella & Leighton, Lynn, Mass., in Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh

Made in WHITING & DAVIS CO. MESH BAGS the U.S.A.

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WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
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... at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 7*)

astray going to prayer meeting, for that matter.

Many of these objectors never have seen a really good movie. If they would take their children and let themselves go, and not be looking for something amiss, they would find a new pleasure and get a newer, fresher outlook upon life and things in general.

Mrs. Belle W. Drake.

Few Stage Plays Are Artistic Successes

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The advent of the talking pictures has brought a great increase in the number of stage plays that have been adapted for the screen. Strange to say, while some of these plays have been huge artistic successes on Broadway, they have often been artistic flops in the movies. Financially, they usually succeed because of the glamour of a Broadway title.

The reason for the artistic failure of most of these screened stage plays is that they are nothing more than photographed plays. The screen adaptations fail to make use of the many advantages that the cinema affords over the stage. A notable example of this occurred in "Journey's End." The film production was nothing more than a photograph of the play with its stage technique. On the stage it was art, in the movies it was a flop from an artistic standpoint.

On the other hand, "Cavalcade" showed the result of intelligent adaptation to the technique of the motion pictures. Not content merely to photograph the stage set, the directors took us through the sweep of the camera's range and left us one of the most artistic productions that has ever emerged from Hollywood.

Felicien Lozes.

Let's Forget Their Private Lives

EAST HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—The publicity which the Fairbanks-Crawford divorce received strengthened the conviction I always had that the private lives of the movie players are of more than polite interest to the majority of the fans. I realize that a divorce between two well-known people is always good scandal-sheet copy.

But I can't understand the almost insatiable appetites the fans have for the notorious parts of the publicity. Why can't they leave the stars' private lives out of consideration? Why must they enjoy the continual exhibition as they would the antics of the animals in a zoo?

I have always been able to find an excuse for the actions of most people by thinking that, after all, they are only human, but is anyone human who acts like some fans do?

This was not written to champion the cause of either Mr. Fairbanks or Miss Crawford or anyone else. It is written out of respect to their private lives and because of the enjoyment I receive from their work on the screen.

Here's hoping they will continue!

V. H. Stenholm.

Ann Harding's Sincere Portrayals

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The artistry of Ann Harding eulogised by a professor! Yes, and to my great delight. In his lecture on the Art of the Cinema he remarked that in Ann Harding with her severely simple coiffure, which brings into sharp relief the perfect oval of her face, one sees a quality vaguely reminiscent of the lamented Duse.

Personally, I believe (since I was born too late to behold the glorious Eleanora) that this is due to Miss Harding's dependence—not upon elaborately arranged hair, exotic gowns, or mannerisms to "put her over" to her audience—but solely upon her ability to portray every emotion SINCERELY in those deep-set eyes and in that magic voice.

Sincerity in acting is a vital factor to an audience. They watch for it in a production, and are always sure to find it, in an Ann Harding vehicle. How manifest this quality was in her splendid performance of *Daisy* in "Animal Kingdom!"

Elizabeth Boland.

Wants A Better Break for Nils Asther

WINONA, MINN.—I don't know where else to voice this question that has been bothering me for some time, and I read your magazine all the time so I thought I might as well write to your department.

Why is it that Nils Asther's picture career seems to be floundering? After the magnificent performance he gave as *General Yen*, I thought it would surely give him back his old place in popularity that he held before talkies came in, but I don't believe he has had a really good part since "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," unless the part in "Storm at Daybreak" is really worthwhile, and I hope it is.

I suppose this letter is more or less useless, for after all whoever "the powers that be" that have Mr. Asther's destiny in their hands are the only ones that can make or break his career, but at least I'm one fan that hopes most sincerely that he gets better parts and keeps on going up.

Now that that's off my mind I feel better, and I want to thank you sincerely for having made it possible for me to get this "off my chest."

E. R.

Stars' Salaries

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—There has been a great deal of controversy recently, both verbal and written, pertaining to our present star system—and the so-called nefarious way it is "damaging" the net profits of the private purses of the cinema mighty (the "Front Office" end). Their prime argument appears to be that, after all, picture making is a business (t'ell with art!); and, as such, they should be allowed to pocket Most of the plump, material dollars accruing therefrom.

"$5,000 a week, $100,000 a picture!" they shriek, a "crocodile" tear or two coursing down their lined cheeks. "Why—why—ridiculous—preposterous

(*Continued on page 92*)

What The Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 8*)

Knight, June—playing in *Ladies Must Love*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—on vacation since *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Rue, Jack—playing in *To The Last Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—scheduled for *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—makes his screen debut in *Romance In Manhattan*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Linden, Eric—playing in *Escape to Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—establishing residence in Nevada preparatory to divorcing William Powell. Scheduled for *She Made Her Bed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—making personal appearances. Latest release, *Her Bodyguard*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Penthouse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—has a rôle in *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—back from Europe and ready to start on *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen—playing in *The Late Christopher Bean*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—playing in *The World Changes*—Warner Brothers Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—scheduled for *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—about to start *Solitaire Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *Chance At Heaven*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—just started *Three Indiscreet Ladies*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Muni, Paul—back on the screen in *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—now working in the picture *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Dr. Bull*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—after tour abroad, ready to make *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—now making *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Olivier, Laurence—recently returned from abroad to play in Garbo's *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—after a short absence from the screen, she is to make *Ladies Must Love*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Pearl, Jack—the famous Baron Munchausen of the Air ready to begin on his first picture *What A Liar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—latest release *Secrets*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, Dick—Scheduled for *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—scheduled for *The Kennel Murder Case*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—recently finished *I Loved a Woman*—First National Studios, Burbank Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Chance at Heaven*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—making *Dr. Bull*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—will play opposite Constance Bennett in *Without Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 97*)

A *NEW* PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE AMONG THE *GREATEST*...

"LADY FOR A DAY"

★ ★ ★ ★

4 STARS AWARDED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE

"It's grand entertainment!" *says* Screenland Magazine.

"You will scream with delight!" *echoes* Photoplay.

"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!" *predicts* The New York Daily News.

"Only one word can describe this picture . . It's swell!" *adds* Screen Play and gives "AAAA"

See this great story of love and romance—of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

WARREN WILLIAM
MAY ROBSON

GUY KIBBEE . . . . . NED SPARKS
GLENDA FARRELL . . . . . BARRY NORTON
WALTER CONNOLLY . . . . . JEAN PARKER

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A FRANK CAPRA *Production*

COLUMBIA PICTURES

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Keystone

Beauties to the right of him and beauties to the left of him, but what's there to do about it? Sooooo . . . Eddie Cantor just goes along, grinning and bearing it. Here's how the girls with Eddie are lined up from left to right: Vivian Keefer, Mary Lange, Barbara Pepper, Katherine Mauk, Lucille Ball, Dolores Casey, Rosalie Fromson and Theo Phane

Motion Picture *presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play*

By
FRANK MORLEY

NOTHING during the month quite approached the yammer which arose as an aftermath of the Walter ("Canvasback") Winchell: Al ("Rabbit-punch") Jolson fisticuffs. Al, allegedly incensed because Walter used his romance with Ruby Keeler as the basis for a picture story, says he "saw red" when he encountered the columnist at the fights, and forthwith put the slug on him. Winchell was inclined to the belief, however, that his assailant really was his ancient friendly enemy, Ben ("The Old Maestro") Bernie, masquerading as Jolson!

HOW a good bit of scrapping does liven up things! With Myron Selznick, the agent, now being so successful and all, these days, the one-time town's ace battler—he crashed Jack Barrymore, among others—has sort of retired from the wars. Maybe now Al, with Winchell's scalp at his belt, will be encouraged to take his place as the town's bad-mans.

WINCHELL, by the way, has a grand story about Selznick. It seems that seven years ago Myron was broke. He urged an old friend, a movie magnate, to give him a job—with no luck. Then Selznick started his agency, and presently was *so* big. The other day the same magnate, clipped by the market, went to his bank for a loan—and was told that he could get it . . . providing he was able to get Myron Selznick's endorsement!

AND speaking of tough guys reminds us that this Francis Lederer, the curly-haired matinee idol who giggles, is somewhat harder than you might think. In Hollywood, as in New York, Lederer spends most of his spare time in gymnasiums, getting even more muscular. Which will be a surprise to Mimi Jordan, who, attending a luncheon for the Bouncing Czech, got so annoyed at his coyness that she walked out in the middle of it.

THE other day someone was mentioning the big German boycott, and Polly Moran cracked out with: "Sure, and why not? Everybody's taking a cott these days." Oooooh!

DAY in and day out, we'll take the Marxes for our puns. Relative to the burning question now going around, namely who will play the title rôle in the forthcoming "Alice In Wonderland," the boys felt they should have their say. And so:

"Alice fair in love and war," remarked Groucho, twitching his false mustache.

"Alice not gold that glitters," Harpo countered.

"Alice no fury like a woman scorned," added Chico.

"With Alice toward none, but charity for all," Zeppo ended it. And about time.

HARPO is out after the laurels of Groucho, heretofore known as the wittiest one of the troupe. Harpo covered the Winchell-Jolson brawl for the papers, and encouraged, here makes a few observations for you and you and you. More or less he says:

That a Marx brother without make-up is as out of place as a pickpocket in a nudist colony.

That he knows a girl who thinks a "slide rule" concerns baseball.

That the average steel worker is "welded to his art."

That . . . Well, maybe we'd better stick to Groucho.

OR Jack Oakie. Certainly Jack has the comeback for those lads who started the famous "Keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake" campaign. After going for a swim in the lake, and swallowing most of it, Jack is starting his war. His slogan is "Keep Toluca Lake Out of Jack Oakie."

Parenthetically, Jack has been taking up golf. When we asked him how he was doing, he answered that he was "hitting them as far as anybody else—but not as often."

BUT Jack's embarrassment was little as compared to that of Norman Taurog, the director, who would give out that he is something of a linguist. Thus, the other day, when he was accosted by a man in rapid Italian, he smiled and nodded, passing on. And imagine his chagrin when

(*Continued on page 82*)

"YOU CAN'T JUDGE HIM BY ORDINARY STANDARDS . . . . *HE WAS TOO BIG*"

. . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG* TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE

RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard — Story by Preston Sturges

FOX

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Any woman, any man, who fails to keep the breath beyond suspicion is headed for neglect.

The condition of your breath should be your first consideration—every day. Nothing repels others, even loved ones, like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Why guess about your breath? Why not make sure that it is sweet, wholesome, agreeable? So much depends on it—popularity, friendships, the affection of others, happiness, and peace of mind.

And it is so easy to be sure! Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine.

Listerine is antiseptic and therefore instantly halts fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and on the teeth and gums—the cause of 90% of breath odors. Having thus struck at the cause of odors, Listerine gets rid of the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot conquer in 12 hours.

Begin today to make your breath agreeable. Every morning and night, and between times before social or business engagements, use Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE

instantly conquers halitosis (bad breath)

When a girl studies voice and other arty ideas in Paris she serves notice that you'll hear from her sooner or later. And so Jean Muir's talents, so definitely manifested on Broadway in "Bird In the Hand" and "Saint Wench," won her a movie contract. Several Hollywood ladies are casting envious glances. And no wonder! She's twenty-two years old, blonde, tall (about five feet seven) weighs 122 pounds—and oh, what poise and personality! You'll be seeing her with Paul Muni in "The World Changes"

JEAN MUIR

mer Fryer

LIKE GRANT TOOK RICHMOND

Although "she done him wrong," Cary Grant is still Mae West's man. Any picture in which the scorch queen of the movies appears has a love interest with a meaning all its own. Cary was not the type to refuse when Mae asked him to "come up 'n' see me sometime." And now it has become a habit. You'll see both of them carrying the torch for one another in "I'm No Angel." Yeah, this Grant takes Mae like the other Grant took Richmond

The Ginger girl, who can also give you the "come 'n' see me sometime" appeal, has made such rapid strides that stardom is waiting to tag her name in big, bright lights. After a season of songs, dances and funny sayings she has branched out as a serio-comic actress — who knows how to make things hum, as she did in "Professional Sweetheart." In "After Romance" she makes an excellent foil for Norman Foster, whose homespun characters, in all of his pictures, are eloquent etchings from life

GINGER ROGERS
AND
NORMAN FOSTER

Tearer-Downers And Builder-Uppers

The best li'l tearer-downer is Arthur Vinton (above)—who stops at nothing when menacing the hero. Woe to the heroine who falls in his clutches. Did you hiss him in "Gambling Ship"?

When there's smooth menacing to be done, John Miljon (above) is usually chosen. For years he has been belittin' the hero — and it takes a smart builder-upper to outwit him — which you probably noticed in "Fog Bound"

For resourceful, cunning villainy—the type who sneers at the Law because he has every track covered, C. Henry Gordon (above) wins the tearer-downer-medal-of-the-double-cross. Few can eclipse him in adding shivers to the melodramas. His latest roles are in "The Devil's In Love" and "Turn Back the Clock"

In toasting "here's to crime" don't overlook David Landau (above). "The evil that men do lives after them" is surely borne out by this exceptional actor—for no one who saw him in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" can forget his hard-hearted villainy. His next is "The Doctor"—and the doctor better hide his pills. Harold Huber (left) is a tearer-downer par excellence. It takes heroic courage to subdue him. And can he take it! You met him in "The Mayor of Hell"

Some of you moy wonder whot George Roft is doing among these builder-uppers, whose job it is to thwart the Londaus on the opposite poge, but George, for once, is ploying hero to Clive Brook's heovy in "Midnight Club." Gene Raymond (obove) built up real heroics in "Zoo In Budapest" ond appears soon in "Brief Moment." Franchot Tone (far left) is the builder-upper in "The Doncing Lady," the Joon Crowford essoy—ond Worner Boxter builds up Jonet Goynor's love interest in "Poddy-The-Next-Best-Thing"

THE LOY LADY AND THE LUPE BABY

You might call it pent-up emotion masquerading under the guise of wistfulness which Myrna Loy and Lupe Velez are expressing. Both actresses are capable of passing through every possible mood—sometimes with just the flick of an eyelid. Myrna has blossomed forth as one of the screen's most dependable actresses—and just lately finished "Night Flight" with Clark Gable before starting on "Penthouse." Lupe returned from a long stage engagement with Mons. Durante to lend her rich emotions to "The Prizefighter and the Lady" and "The Hollywood Party"

Peggy Day-Dreams Over Hollywood

People who live in the hills are fortunate. They can always look down on the world and shout—"it's my onion." And so Peggy Shannon, who has a hillside home (with the magic carpet of Hollywood at her feet) can sit back in perfect contentment and scan a world which has taken her places. She lately took the high road to town to make "The Deluge" and "Turn Back the Clock." Now that they're finished she can once more day-dream over Hollywood

WILL AND MARY— FATHER AND DAUGHTER— ROGERS IS THE NAME

Well, all Will Rogers knows is what he reads in the papers. So it took the papers to tell him that his daughter, Mary, skipped off to the studio and passed a movie test so well that she's off on a career of her own. But Mary won't use the name of Rogers since she refuses to capitalize on her father's fame. So you'll see her as Mary Howard in "My Weakness." As for her daddy, well he's about to present "Dr. Bull." Wonder if he misses Blue Boy. Nosirree—no bull can take the place of that prize hog in "State Fair"

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily *Beauty Contests*

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

The *Real* Secret of Why GARBO Returned

She didn't come back just to make more pictures or more money. The fact is, she couldn't stay away—she was homesick for America! Here is a brand-new impression of Garbo—an Americanized, unmercenary Garbo!

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

Caricature by NANCY O'GAY

SO you thought that Greta Garbo was tempted to come back to America because of the huge salary that was offered her—and because she was promised some rôles she has long wanted to play?

Those are just the surface reasons for her return to Hollywood. The REAL reasons go much deeper. And the real reasons may surprise you. Certainly, they will change your impressions of the elusive Swedish girl—give you impressions you have never had before!

The movie public is always interested in Garbo's leading men. In "Queen Christina," her newest picture, Ian Keith (above) and Laurence Olivier (right) will appear opposite her—though Keith is more of a heavy

Perhaps you read, soon after her return, that even her studio had seen precious little of her. What was Garbo doing? everyone wondered. She was out house-hunting. For when Greta returned to America, she had to seek a new dwelling-place. She found that the one she had formerly occupied was no longer available. Miriam Hopkins had been living in it for some time, and Greta couldn't very well go to her and say, "Please, Miriam, that's a goot girl, I want my house back!"

But she did manage to secure the only place available *near* her old home—one not unlike it in many respects, and almost identical in location and view. The houses are only a few blocks apart in Santa Monica. In fact, from her new home Greta can see the house that sheltered her so long and so well. She is settled comfortably, surrounded by new furniture.

However, some obscure sentiment causes her to yearn for the old location still. Just a short time ago, when a "For Rent or Sale" sign appeared on a place that is separated from Miriam's by only one vacant lot, Garbo's real-estate agent investigated it. But this place is un-Garbo-like, being exposed to the public view on two sides—so no deal was made.

I am told—although this in only third-hand hearsay—that when Greta discovered her old place occupied by another star, she bit her lip and remarked regretfully, "If I had only known I was coming back, I could have kept it." And I know definitely that when a news item claimed that Miriam was to move to her avocado ranch, Greta promptly made inquiries.

Revelations From Stockholm

BEHIND all this is something much more important than mere adventures in house-hunting. When combined with other bits of information I have gleaned, here and there, it throws a startling light upon the real reason for the silent Scandinavian's return to films, to Hollywood, to America.

Consider, for example, this letter from Stockholm, Sweden, from a friend of mine who knows Greta's family. I reproduce it here nearly in full, because all of the comments by my Swedish friend should be of interest to anyone interested in her return:

"About Garbo, I am sorry, but I really can't intrude on the Gustafssons or her other relatives and friends to get the definite magazine material you wish. Anna (Greta's mother), least of all. They take her American 'silence' very seriously, you know;

besides, they are anxious to please her, especially as her health seems delicate—and they have been bothered considerably by prying agents not only of the American, but the whole world's publications.

"Some of the information I have gathered about her casually and incidentally will doubtless interest you. Most important, it seems to me, is the fact that while she was here, Garbo became homesick—*for America!*

"As I told you before, we had rather bad weather following the August she landed. She missed your California sunshine. She often told how she loved it, and believed the rays beneficial to health. The search for better weather probably inspired her trip to France, originally planned to include Spain, Italy and Greece. Whether she visited those countries or not, I didn't hear, did you? Only France—and foggy London! — were mentioned. I don't suppose she even got down to the Mediterranean. You know how she is—the idea of something she must face in the immediate future, even in the way of pleasure, may suddenly terrify her, or tire her out, so she changes her plans as soon as that happens.

(*Continued on page 66*)

In "Queen Christina," Garbo plays an old-time queen of Sweden who was as individual in her way as the present Swedish queen of films

The Divorce Epidemic Strikes Hollywood

The breaking-up of marriages of movie couples (some call it midsummer madness brought on by rising temperatures and clashing temperaments) has the studio city worried. The rush to the divorce courts started in early Spring—and the end is not in sight. And Hollywood truly wonders if movie marriages can endure

HAS the rift in the "ideal union" of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks shaken Hollywood society to its foundations and precipitated a new avalanche of crumbling marriages—as more than one competent observer contends? Or is their separation and imminent divorce merely another sensational catastrophe in the most deadly divorce epidemic which even Filmtown has ever known?

The marriages of our screen celebrities are crashing to the right of us, to the left of us—and all around the town. Glancing back over the records of the past few months, we are staggered by the amount of marital wreckage. And looking ahead, through the eyes of Dame Rumor, who has an unhappy faculty for being well-posted, still other famous marriage *barques* are to be seen beating, hopelessly, on the shoals of divorce.

When will this *en masse* rush to the divorce courts stop? Is it utterly impossible for a marriage to endure in this movie-mad city? Hollywood, fast growing groggy from so many body-punches, wants to know!

This year, July—always a month of human unrest, turbulance and declarations of war—has more than lived up to its reputation, as far as Hollywood is concerned.

On July 2nd, Mary Pickford tearfully admitted that she and Doug had reached the parting of their ways.

"I love my husband," she said brokenly. "I don't *want* to say that there will be a divorce. Divorce from someone whom you love as dearly and as tenderly as I have loved Douglas for sixteen years is an almost unbearable thought."

The newspapers headlined the story, of course—and garnished it with reports that Doug, in Europe, was being particularly attentive to a certain titled English lady. They have been friends for several years.

Hollywood was shocked and dismayed. The Pickford-Fairbanks marriage had been our local "Rock of Ages." Whenever our critics had flayed the Hollywood "divorce scandal," Hollywood, in self-defense, had proudly pointed to Pickfair, where Doug, to show his love for "America's Sweetheart," flouted social usage and demanded to be seated next to her at even the most formal dinners. The motion picture colony, addressing the world-at-large, cited Mary and Doug as the living proof that marriage *can* endure in Hollywood. To themselves they said:

"No matter what happens, Mary and Doug will never permit a separation. They are figureheads in the industry, and they know and feel their responsibility."

And now Pickfair is advertised for sale, with all its furnishings!

Richard Dix and Winifred Coe (top) whom he married a little more than a year ago, have separated and expect to be divorced shortly. Rumors have it that the Hoot Gibson-Sally Eilers marriage will soon be dissolved

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Ewing Galloway

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were thought to be Hollywood's most happily married couple, but they have gone their separate ways. Carole Lombard and William Powell have decided to call it quits after two years

It's Raining Divorces

DURING the week following, five other filmland marriages crashed and three were rumored to be falling.

Richard Dix and Winifred Coe, the society girl whom he married little more than a year ago, separated and stated that they would be divorced as soon as possible. Incompatibility was given as the cause.

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, whose marriage two years before had been a Hollywood sensation, decided to call it quits. Carole packed her trunk and slipped away to the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe, leaving her secretary to cancel a number of social engagements made less than a week before she reached her sudden decision.

Hoot Gibson, who recently recovered in a Los Angeles hospital from injuries received when his plane crashed during the National Air Races, announced that his marriage to Sally Eilers (which had been an off-again, on-again, affair for more than two years) is hopeless and that it will be ended by divorce at the earliest possible moment. He made several conflicting statements, first affirming and then denying the report that he has found a new heart interest. Can it be June Gale?

Judith Allen's case, while adding another divorce to the rapidly growing total, at least provided Hollywood with a good laugh. Judith was reputed to be unwed and unsophisticated, a glorious example of girlish innocence. Cecil B. De Mille, after seeing her in a leading rôle opposite Gary Cooper and talking with her personally, selected her for a stellar rôle in his next production—largely because of said girlish innocence.

And then some enterprising reporter got a tip that she had been married for two years to Gus Sonnenberg, the heavyweight wrestling champion. Gus talked and confirmed the report. Judith wept and announced that there would be an immediate divorce in the Sonnenberg family. She said that she had been separated from the wrestler for more than a year, that she didn't love him and never had, and that she wanted to devote all of her attention to her career!

Her story was such good newspaper "copy" that it overshadowed the announcements that Zita Johann had filed a divorce action against her stock-broker husband, and that Eph Asher, one of Hollywood's pioneer producers, had been sued for divorce by Lillian Bonner, his wife.

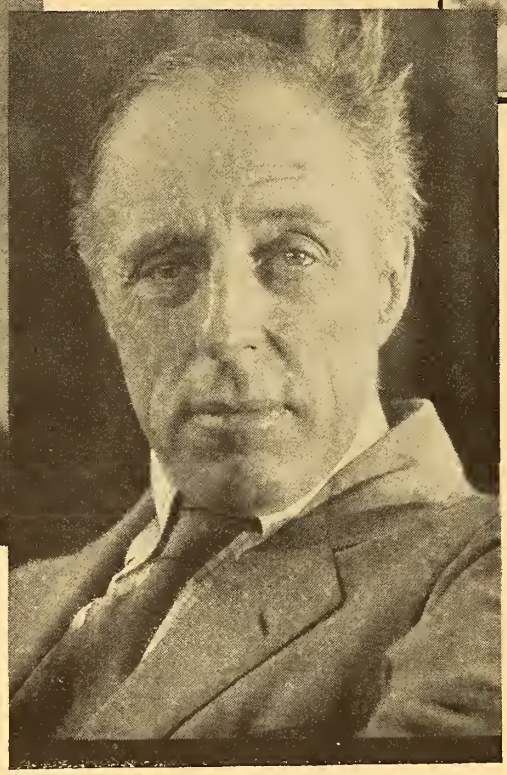
Seven marital catastrophes in one week! A new, all-time, Hollywood record, following on the heels of a Spring which had witnessed one famous couple after another agreeing to disagree! When and where would it all end?

(*Continued on page 88*)

IMMORTALS *of the*

The motion picture is the newest of the arts —but already it has produced figures that the world will not forget. They are six in number—three men and three women. These are their claims to fame that will not fade!

The art of the motion picture is new, but in its short span of years it has produced six candidates for Immortality. They are creators—and three of them are Charles Chaplin, David Wark Griffith and Marie Dressler. Their art is deathless



By SONIA LEE

EVERY art has its shining symbols. Caruso, Bernhardt, da Vinci, Shakespeare, Chopin, Michelangelo—all are names that to-day form part of the vocabulary of the world. Their achievements in arts that are ageless, have made their memory imperishable. The art of the motion picture is new. But though its history is brief, it, too, has produced Immortals—six of them. Three men. Three women. Five stars and one director may rightfully be considered candidates for Immortality.

And they are:

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
MARY PICKFORD
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
CHARLES CHAPLIN
MARIE DRESSLER
GRETA GARBO

With the sole exception of David Wark Griffith, their claims to ever-living fame must rest, not so much on their work—hidden away in tins of celluloid—but on the fact that they have been able to crystallize and interpret intangible, universal needs and desires and basic human qualities.

Their task is greater than that of an artist who leaves canvasses behind him to plead in his behalf; or of a singer immortalized on records; or of a composer with his legacy of concertos to revitalize his memory; or of a writer whose words imbue the world with renewed illusions. Immortality for members of the motion picture industry must result from a fine blend of accomplishment and personality. They must become *symbols* of an art, rather than creators of a definite thing.

Griffith Created a New Art

IT is given to David Wark Griffith alone to write motion picture history in terms of material achievement. He created most of the camera effects still in use to-day. The flash-back, which permits a story to have coherence through showing simultaneous action or preceding action; the close-up, which gives audiences a close relation to emotion on the screen;

SCREEN

No one can deny that Valentino deserves screen immortality—his achievements live in the memory. Mary Pickford stands for tradition and aspiration—the movie queen by acclamation. Garbo ranks because of her physical and spiritual appeal

the dolly-shot, which follows characters from place to place, rather than imprisoning them in one spot; the fade-out, which reduced the number of subtitles necessary; process shots, which utilize miniatures and stock backgrounds with actors superimposed against them—these were all discovered by him. He constantly experimented with the camera. It was to him as pliable a medium of expression as the brush is to the painter.

Griffith has a daring and scintillating mind. He is the only man who has carried four parallel stories in a picture and made them all focus on one idea. He did that in "Intolerance." His "Birth of a Nation" took the motion picture out of the nickelodeon and put it in the realm of an aggressive art. No director has ever been able to match the spiritual quality of his love scenes. Do you remember "Broken Blossoms" and "Hearts of the World"? Think of the sledge-hammer audacity of love scenes to-day. The majority of them are stripped of every nuance, of every suggestion of beauty. But Griffith placed love on a plane of ethereal loveliness—and in the doing ennobled his art.

He was the first director to use hundreds of "extras" in his pictures. He had an uncanny wisdom in finding talent. Griffith was the star-maker, the destiny maker, the pioneer, whose pioneering built the foundations of a new, a splendid art. David Wark Griffith—Immortal.

Mary Recaptured Youth for Us

"AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"—Mary Pickford—has withstood not only the ravages of years, but has proved herself equal to the cataclysmic changes that an advancing industry has wrought. Her greatness rests on an insidious, unfading charm, on an irresistible appeal, on a potent, child-like magnetism.

But her claim to immortality lies not alone in that she has been the ideal child—with a child's engaging graces. There is the additional fact that she seems so untouched by life—so utterly removed from the sordidness and the heartaches of an adult world. She voices in her art that silent cry of a grown-up world weary of living, weary of fighting, weary of coping with adult problems.

Mary Pickford gave to the world glorious moments of enchantment—of removal from care. She riveted the world's love to her not only through the inherent protective instinct, but also through a latent regret that childhood days were over. Here was a grown woman, recapturing the illusion of youth—and audiences watching her, recaptured their own lost days.

But even that would not have placed Mary Pickford on the Scroll of Immortals. She is something more than the perpetual *Pollyanna*. She is significant of the industry that has produced her. Her name alone—of all those who were in pictures from the moment of their crude beginnings—has continued to be a household word for two decades. She stands for tradition and for aspiration; for obstacles overcome and for success. Mary Pickford is a legend without mystery, a queen by acclamation. And a Hollywood Immortal.

The Incomparable Lover

DEATH made Rudolph Valentino an Immortal. The frenzied adulation he excited in life became an enshrined memory. His fame was the result of a national mood that welcomed romanticism as a balance to the multiple realities following on the heels of War.

Valentino had an electric intensity—the power to realize for millions of women their ideal of the clandestine, the daring, the fictional lover. He made real the dream world of glamourous emotional experience. And he had a tantalizing, a dis-

(*Continued on page 72*)

By HELEN DALE

HOLLYWOOD—The Last Frontier of the Cowboys

The make-believe West of the screen has taken the place of the West of the open range. The old West is in Hollywood now, trying to find work in the movies. And the pickings are very lean. Gone are the days of the round-ups and six-shooter excitement. This is all told eloquently and poignantly in a story that makes fascinating reading. Don't miss it!

IT is a pleasure to read this story by Helen Dale. She has captured not only the poignant appeal of the old West, which is fast vanishing into the dust of yesterday, but she has also brought forth the tragic hopelessness of the cowboys—the old-timers of the open ranges. They came to Hollywood to ride herd and fences in a make-believe world of the open plains. They are now pounding pavements in their high-heeled boots, looking for jobs. It is a story that stirs the romance in you—and its painting has rich colors. We highly recommend it.—Editor.

THE gallantry of hoof-beats on a canyon road; the creak of saddle leather, hot and dusty; the bawling fear of calves under branding irons—and a cowboy standing on Hollywood boulevard . . . rememberin'.

Cattle huddled together in the night, listening to the lonely comfort of an old trail song; a coyote's furtive howl; a horse shifting his patient weight—and a cowboy standing on Hollywood boulevard . . . rememberin'.

The old cowboy is all that is left of the Old West. He is now in Hollywood, looking for work. He is broke and can't turn back

Cowboys in the glitter and glamour capital; the Old West in the tinsel and tattle city; the heart of the old, wild West standing on the corner in Hollywood, the Last Frontier!

The traffic signals change; a policeman blows his whistle, and shining limousines, shaking off their momentary mechanical apathy, jerk quickly forward; street-cars clang their bells and crunch after the steel guidance of the tracks; and the cowboys in Hollywood stand wearily around on street corners, rememberin' . . . yes rememberin' the eerie hoot of a billy-owl; the swift strength of a horse; the lamp-lit humor of nights in the bunkhouse, the poignant perfume of the purple sage, and the fine freedom of the range.

Hollywood is the stamping ground now. The make-believe West of the screen has taken the place of the West of the open range, and the white glare of studio lights is a pallid substitute for the brave, red face of the sun.

Hollywood, the Last Frontier!

They can't go any further, these lean, old, slim-hipped sons of the saddle. And they can't go back. The old ranches of yesterday, with their

Illustrations by DOUGLAS RYAN

The cowboys in Hollywood stand around at the Water Hole—their gathering place at the corner of Sunset and Gower. Their days on the range are over. They live on their memories and the hopes of getting picture work. Their chuck wagon is any nickel hamburger stand

thousands of head of cattle, and their ranges and trails and bunk-houses, are gone. The old days of round-ups, chuck-wagon outfits, and six-shooter excitement are over. The Old West is here in Hollywood now, trying to find work in the movies and trying to forget the old beloved ranch homes and horses and foremen, and riding fence and cutting stock and winter camps, and the sad passing of those hard-riding, bronco-busting years. These are the things that count and what the boys are rememberin'. The last surviving remnants of the tradition of the Old West are now hanging around casting offices in Hollywood, selling their past for a few dollars a day. And few are the days when they can sell their past.

The Old West In Hollywood

SOME of the cowboys came here after watching film companies—on location—work on the ranches (many of them came back with "The Covered Wagon" outfit); some headed west when the big ranches in Colorado, Arizona and other States went broke and they couldn't get work; others heard from adventurous pals already in Hollywood who wrote of the excitement and easy money of the films; and still others were tempted, after years of working in snow and blizzards, by the balmy weather of Southern California.

They came, with spurs jingling and chaps flying, to brand in celluloid an immortal record of the old, wild West. And once here, they couldn't break away. The excitement, the always imminent chance of a "big break" (which means enough money to buy a little place in the country), no place else to go . . .

And there stands Hollywood, the Last Frontier!

About three years ago, there were four hundred cowboys in the film city, making their living as extras in westerns. There are fewer now. Some of them died, some trekked away to dude camps when movie work became scarce. In the summer-time a good many go to the mountains to "pack in" tourists. Quite a number have starved out of Hollywood and are now trailing around after the rodeos. Even old-time cowboys must live.

Lean Pickings

THE boys who are left in Hollywood seem to live and get by someway, in spite of the heart-breaking shortage of work, but nobody knows how. There are so few westerns being made, comparatively. Trem Carr never has stopped

(*Continued on page 78*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

Lilian Harvey takes to the springboard for her sun tan —and if old Sol gets too warm she can just fall over the side. Incidentally, it's her own swimming pool

THE announcement that Pickfair was to be put upon the auction block has brought crowds of curiosity seekers. These people who storm the once-happy home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks pose as prospective purchasers in order to be taken on a free sight-seeing trip through the house and grounds. As a result, a heavy guard has been placed around the house, and the premises are shown to "responsible parties" on appointment only. A clever phrase was coined for newspaper advertisements. It was said that Pickfair is open to inspection "to persons who can qualify for an estate of this nature."

Still, it was a bit difficult to determine just who would qualify. One day a roughly-dressed individual turned up and wanted to see the place. He was bruskly turned away, but it was later discovered he was an Oklahoma oil millionaire, financially able to buy a dozen Pickfairs.

Mary's fortitude in facing the public after her separation was announced must be admired. She was scheduled to appear as hostess of the Air Races the following day and kept her appointment. She has, likewise, kept all other appointments at dinner and charity affairs where her presence had been advertised. Most women seek retirement until the news of their marital unhappiness is no longer news, but not so Mary!

HOOT GIBSON narrowly escaped death when his plane crashed in a race with Ken Maynard. Only quick thinking in cutting off his switch just before the accident saved his life. As it was, Hoot was in the hospital for over a month. The accident occurred during the National Air Races in Los Angeles.

WHILE in the hospital, Hoot admitted a new heart interest to replace his broken romance with Sally Eilers. The young lady in question is June Gale, twenty-one-year-old San Franciscan, who has been appearing on the New York musical comedy stage. She was a daily caller at Hoot's bedside.

But now that the Hooter is up and about, he is going to do an airplane stunt picture in which he will repeat the crash, but this time intentionally.

GEORGE BANCROFT is to return to films under a new three-picture deal with Twentieth Century. Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck will launch Bancroft in a picture called "Blood Money," an exposé of the bail bond racket.

DOROTHY JORDAN and Merian C. Cooper were successful in concealing their secret marriage more than a month. They were married in Arizona in a town called Williams, May twenty-seventh, and the news leaked out around the Fourth of July.

A STRIKE of more than a thousand employees, headed by the unionized sound men, threw Columbia Studios into darkness. The strike was precipitated by the union men, who claimed that Columbia had advanced to the status of a major studio, but salaries had not advanced proportion-

They're making "Little Women," adapted from Louisa M. Alcott's famous classic, a story which little girls are brought up on—and the players who will step out of the pages and come to life are Frances Dee as *Meg*, Jean Parker as *Beth*, Katharine Hepburn as *Jo*, and Joan Bennett as *Amy*

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

Freulich

June Knight talks to her tootsies. Now that she has a picture contract, she wants to be sure that her tootsies will take her places, as they did on the stage. June's first picture is "Four Wise Girls," after which you will see her in "Take A Chance"

ately. As a result of the "Act of God" clause in their contracts, all studio employees were suspended without pay, only to have the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, unexpectedly, demand half-pay for all contract people. It is an unprecedented situation and one which Hollywood is watching with interest. The strike is not as yet settled as we go to press.

HOLLYWOOD threw a big party for Walter Winchell at the Writers Club and nearly a thousand people attended. As Will Rogers said, "I don't know whether the crowd is a compliment to Mr. Winchell or not. I don't believe any of us would have dared stay away." Among the other speakers of the evening were Rupert Hughes, who served as toastmaster, and Eddie Cantor. Winchell took umbrage at some of the remarks made by Eddie Cantor in introducing him and launched into a violent defense of his work as the leading purveyor of Broadway and Hollywood gossip. An uncomfortable situation threatened until Will Rogers, with a few well-chosen remarks, smoothed things over.

SEARCH for a girl to play *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland" continues. Paramount seems determined to choose an unknown, although there are dozens of established actresses who are casting longing looks at the part.

The difficulty of finding just the right girl for *Alice* caused Corey Ford, the humorist, to perpetrate one of the worst gags of the year. He suggests perfect casting would award George Arliss the rôle. And then if the public didn't care to accept the actor in a female impersonation the title could be changed to "Arliss in Wonderland."

So far, definitely cast for "Alice" are Charles Laughton as *Humpty Dumpty*, Edward Everett Horton as the *White Rabbit*, Alison Skipworth as the *Duchess*, Jack Oakie doubling as *Tweedledee* and *Tweedledum*, and Mary Boland as the *Red Queen*. The part of the *Mad Hatter* seems to be in dispute with Charlie Ruggles and Charles Butterworth both contesting for the rôle. And by the way, what do you think of Charles Laughton's suggestion that Jean Harlow is the perfect *Alice*?

C. B. DeMILLE'S twentieth anniversary in the motion picture industry was commemorated by a party given in his honor at Paramount studio. The locale was the famous "Barn" where DeMille, in 1913, produced the first "Squaw Man." That old barn still stands on the Paramount lot where it is now used for the studio gymnasium.

The party caused a Hollywood wisecracker to remark, "It must be discouraging to have started in a barn and twenty years later find yourself exactly in the same place." Mrs. C. B., overhearing the remark, retorted, "A lot of thoroughbreds do exactly that." Touche!

WHEN you see "Turn Back the Clock," Lee Tracy's latest starring picture, you may note that through a majority of the scenes only one side of Peggy Shannon's face is photographed. Peggy, grand little trouper that she is,

With a fat movie contract, Jack Pearl (the "Baron Munchausen" of the radio) finally arrives in Hollywood. Jean Howard, who appeared with Jack in the Follies, helps to hold the contract—while Cliff Hall (the equally famous Sharlee) claps hands in approval

The Albertina Rasch girls had a nice bus ride for themselves when they were carried across the country to Hollywood. Whenever the bus stopped for gas, the girls would take to the roof and practise their dances. They will appear in "The Hollywood Party"

played nearly the entire picture with an impacted wisdom tooth. Her jaw was swollen so badly she could face the camera only in profile. The swelling was so painful she could not use make-up on that side of her face.

Meanwhile production on a neighboring stage was held up a full day to allow another feminine player to recover from the exposure that two hours in a heated tank had caused!

ANNIVERSARY celebrations fell thick and fast last month. The movie crowd even went so far as to commemorate at a breakfast party the two-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Onion Soup. It's still anything for a gag in Hollywood.

THERE is a Hollywood rumor that needs a bit of explaining. And that is the talk of a rift in the marital happiness of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. Upon their return from Europe several months ago, Ruth was immediately confined to her bed with a bad attack of bronchitis. The fact that George was seen about alone in the process of taking care of their business made items for the Raised Eyebrow Department. Then no sooner did Ruth recover than George fell ill. Again eyebrows were raised. Ruth was seen without her husband. Then when she went to Arrowhead alone to recuperate, gossipers' delights knew no bounds. Fortunately, neither Ruth nor George is disturbed by rumors. As you know, they will be seen together in the production of "Female," which is currently shooting at Warners.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg are back in Hollywood after spending several weeks in Europe. While abroad, Thalberg lined up several players and stories. You see them here indulging in a deck walk

WHEN Jack Dempsey married Hannah Williams in Reno, his Hollywood friends got busy. Mervyn LeRoy and Al Green spent a full evening calling various cities in Nevada, and leaving insane messages to be delivered

Patricia Ellis has a police dog, Major, that knows all the tricks even to begging forgiveness for barking too soon. Patricia lately finished "The Narrow Corner"

to the newlyweds. They were finally located in the town of Calneva where for thirty minutes Merv and Al held Jack in conversation over the long-distance telephone. Then filing calls that would ring the Dempsey telephone every half-hour for the balance of the night, two prankish directors retired for a well-earned rest!

OF all things! A chiropodist in Dallas, Texas now comes forward to name Greta Garbo as the possessor of the most beautiful feet in the world. Size apparently has nothing to do with the case. It's beauty that causes the doctor to burst into print with his nomination. Kay Francis won the dubious honor of having the second most beautiful feet.

CONRAD NAGEL, who left Holly-wood to be gone two years, has returned for a rôle in "Ann Vickers" with Irene Dunne. It may have seemed two years to Conrad, but actually it was only a couple of months.

PRODUCTION on the Chevalier pic-ture, "The Way to Love," has been postponed for thirty days, due to the

A cool dip when you feel like it—that's why movie stars, like Dolores Del Rio, build swimming pools. And there's privacy, too

necessity for an immediate operation on Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia went to the hospital with a glandular disorder that was critically affecting her weight. Fortunately, there was a French version of the Chevalier picture to do, which will keep the star and director busy until his leading lady recovers.

By the way, it seems that Chevalier will make "The Merry Widow" for M-G-M after all. The question of who will play the *Widow* is still undetermined, though at this writing, Jeanette MacDonald has the inside track. But the picture will not be made this year. It's on next year's schedule. Jeanette has returned to Hollywood after an amazing success in her European concert tour. And she has already started work in "The Cat and the Fiddle" —with Ramon Novarro.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT as Cleo-patra! Now there is a sweet bit of casting for you! It has been decided

Detroy

When the Tobin sisters, Genevieve and Vivian, go down to the sea in ships, they wear bathing suits and big straw hats

that DeMille will make a picture about Cleopatra and Mark Anthony following completion of his next film, "Four Frightened People," in which Claudette also stars. Looks like a new team, Colbert and DeMille.

MAE WEST was entertained by a friend the other evening, who planned as a surprise the running of her picture, "She Done Him Wrong." The friend apologized to Mae, hoping that she would not mind sitting through another showing of her now-famous success. Mae announced that she would not mind seeing it at all and much to everyone's surprise admitted never having viewed the completed version. She saw daily rushes.

Ray Jones

An Angel in a swimming suit—and Heather is her name. This petite English girl's legs are called Hollywood's prettiest

THAT is quite a contract list that RKO-Radio are building up. Ann Harding, having signed a new long-term agreement, heads the roster, and even Constance Bennett's name is being retained, for Radio has contracted her for two more pictures even though she has become a Twentieth Century star. Now Lillian Gish is announced, probably to co-star with Frances Lederer. It was sister Dorothy who played with Lederer on the New York Stage in "Autumn Crocus." Dolores Del Rio is also back for a pair of films and Clive Brook, Wynne Gibson and Frances Dee, formerly with Paramount, are now Radio players. Add Ginger Rogers and Pert Kelton as newcomers to the list and you have quite a formidable array of talent.

REMEMBER all that talk of the World's Fair picture Lola Lane was to make? Well, when Lola got to Chicago to report to the company, supposedly, about to film the picture with the World's Fair background, she found that the organization had no intention of filming anything. The scheme, instead, was to have Lola teamed with Grant Withers on display daily while a dummy camera ground on their "love making." The gag was to charge admission to the general public to see how movies were made. Needless to say, Lola boarded the first train and returned to Hollywood where ALL the stars are on exhibit.

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By DOROTHY

If I Were SINGLE in Hollywood—

LESLIE HOWARD is glad he isn't. He says that married men have all the luck in Hollywood. But if he were a bachelor, he would find some way to dodge the "typical" movie bachelor's life!

"IF I were a single man in Hollywood," said Leslie Howard, stretching out comfortably, as he humorously played with the idea of being a gay, unattached blade in these Hollywood parts (at my request), "I should probably be the most frightened man in the world!"

With this extraordinary statement off his chest, the thoroughly married Mr. Howard (there is a charming Mrs. Howard and two young Howards, you know) gave himself over to a real honest-to-goodness laugh from some place around his diaphragm and settled himself even more comfortably into a large chair in his Spanish living room in Beverly Hills.

"Funny idea, this—playing with the thought of being unattached in Hollywood. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it would be a most frightening state unless one were a very careful bachelor!

"*Marriage is really a delightfully simple existence in Hollywood.*" (Now, there is a statement for all local papers to copy!) "I am sure the place was originally planned for domesticity. All the comforts and joys of the town are planned exclusively for the married man! Look at the large, comfortable homes, the gardens for 'puttering around' purposes, the nice cliques already established for his social life. The married man is free from gossip-columnists' rumorings, studio romance intrigues (at least, they don't get into print), and all the frightfully busy, planning hostesses of Hollywood. It is the married man who really enjoys what freedom and privacy there *are* to be enjoyed in Hollywood. They can be had, you know.

"But to be single—*there* is a complicated state for you! As I see it, the eligible Hollywood bachelor is completely at the mercy of all these dangers that I have just mentioned—particularly the gossip-columnists and hostesses. It is the Hollywood bachelor who has his engagement book made up weeks in advance, whether he wants it that way or not.

"There is always," remarked Mr. Howard, who had dissolved into an open grin by this time, "an 'extra lady guest' to be taken care of at Hollywood dinner parties, you know. It is the Hollywood bachelor who cannot be civilly polite to a charming co-worker without being rumored engaged to her, or at least in love! In Paris I should imagine a bachelor's existence would be very nice; in New York it has keen possibilities; but in Hollywood, that is something else again."

Now, in my simple way, I had always supposed it would be romantic to be a bachelor in Hollywood. I should imagine it would be even more fun for a gentleman who could be so attractive to the ladies in general as the poetic-appearing Mr. Howard. Consider all the beautiful co-stars from among whom a dining and dancing partner might be chosen. Consider Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea and the apparently swell existence they lead. And here—along comes Leslie Howard, who could make such an A-1 Hollywood bachelor, and is downright scared at the possibilities!

"If I played the Hollywood bachelor game the usual, accepted way, I know I should not enjoy it," he insisted. "But if I were permitted to work it out in my own way — well, now that might prove rather interesting!

Wouldn't Live in a House

"*IF I were a Hollywood bachelor*, I should not want to live in a house. In the first place, homes are for a wife — and children. In the second place, a house offers the possibilities of too much 'typical bachelor' entertaining, planned more by your friends than by yourself. Instead, I would settle in a studio apartment; and I am not even sure I would run the risk of having a kitchen!

"Another thing: I should try very hard to keep my telephone number off hostesses' lists. Now, don't think that I am carping about the parties given by our charming leading hostesses. As a married man, I enjoy them thoroughly. Mrs. Howard enjoys them. Even the children enjoy the Sunday

(*Continued on page 94*)

If I Were Married in Hollywood—

JOEL McCREA claims he wouldn't want to be—not under "the present rules." When he does find the Little Woman, they're going to get away from Hollywood and its "typical" married life!

"I WOULD just as soon contemplate an existence founded on dynamite as to expect to be safely married in Hollywood!" With these gentle words, Joel McCrea—who seems to be getting romantic about Frances Dee—took an extra stab at a piece of asparagus that had been eluding his fork.

Just an hour previous, I had left the Beverly Hills domicile of Leslie Howard, Married Man, who had assured me that Hollywood was built for domestic life; the married man got all the breaks; and, in short, it was the single man who led the dog's life. These interesting facts I had put before Joel after gathering him up from the set of "The Doctor," where he had been looking wistfully at Dorothy Jordan (the script called for it) and glaringly at Lionel Barrymore (also in the script). In something of a memory feat on my part, I had quoted Mr. Howard's eulogy on Hollywood married life and had been sitting there as innocent as you please when Mr. McCrea suddenly said: "Nuts."

Said I: "What?"

Joel repeated: "Nuts." He added quickly: "I don't mean that as an answer to Leslie's arguments, or intend it to sound disrespectful of what he had to say. He's a swell guy—I'm all for him. But after all, lady, you must remember that Leslie is comparatively a stranger in our midst. From merrie old England, you know. I'm sure he wouldn't feel so optimistic about married life in Hollywood if he had been here long enough to get a load of the average Hollywood marriage in actual operation.

Doesn't Like Present "Rules"

"REMEMBER you have been talking to one of our few happily married men." It was here that Joel made that crack about dynamite and Hollywood married life. "I'm not saying that there might not be quite a few happy Hollywood marriages in our little village. But I am saying I'd be scared to tackle one of them—unless I played an entirely different set of rules.

"Look! If you are a partner in one of those far-flung 'happy marriages of Hollywood,' the fact is played up for all it is worth in the papers and magazines and you are made out in general as a bloomin' love bird. All right. Things start going wrong. Along comes the proverbial old divorce. Blooey—the fans are disillusioned, somebody's heart gets busted in the break-up; and there is generally the devil to pay. But if you are just 'stagging' it along in a typical bachelor existence—well, everybody expects you to play a little, anyway, and they don't take your flings too seriously."

"But what about this business of being at the command of Hollywood hostesses—and all the gossip romance rumors—and all the other 'dangers' of bachelor life?" I put in weakly.

"Oh, those!" said Joel, disdainfully. "Well, no man is forced to accept an invitation, you know. And what difference does it make if they do rumor romances about you? It's all in fun and it gives the lady a chance to deny everything!"

"Couldn't you . . ." (in an even weaker key) "just *play* with the idea of what you would do if you were married in Hollywood," I begged, "I mean, just as a sort of little favor?"

"Sure," agreed Joel, jovially. "But get this right: *playing* with the idea is just about as far as I would care to go.

Would Seek Some Privacy

"*IF I were married*, I would not live in Hollywood at all. I've just bought a ranch about a hundred miles up the Coast, and that would be my home and all the 'convenience-to-the-studio' stalls in the world couldn't make me have my home any closer to Hollywood than that.

(*Continued on page 95*)

Is the Future *Threatening* GABLE?

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

"TO tell you the truth," said Clark Gable, "it does get me a little punch-drunk." By "it" Clark meant film success and the social life of Hollywood's elect, into which he had been thrust so suddenly and unexpectedly.

Then he hastened to assure us that he wasn't really in danger, that he knew the perils lurking for such a man as himself in a lavender-scented existence. He pointed out that he had known hunger, and that the lessons of the lean, hard years had toughened the fiber of him until he was proof even against this!

Clark steered safely past one big risk—the risk that his sudden, sensational success would change him. But now his rôles are threatening to turn him from a "he-man" into a "gentleman." Can he hold his popularity, if they do?

"Besides, I'm not a kid, you know," he added. "Life has had plenty of chance to make me whatever I am. It can't change me so easily from now on."

The real kick about these remarks, as they apply to a grave danger that confronts Clark to-day, lies in the fact that he uttered them two years ago!

Even then, he realized that he had a tough fight on his hands against that never-tiring, wily and subtle opponent—soft living. It threatened to strip him of the vital energy required to project his sort of personality from the screen. It threatened to make him soft in body, brain and courage.

To-day, we know that he won the first stage of the struggle, but it took something out of him, as such a fight will—made him a little less invincible against another phase of the cunning, persistent old opponent's attacks.

Also, his mode of life has departed somewhat from the one of Spartan rigor that characterized the early days of his fame. He now attends parties, fussy dress affairs "out," and evening social functions. The look of martyrdom that used to show so plainly on his face, when they did drag him into a party in those days, is no longer apparent.

Clark Faces New Menace

AND now Fate has suddenly reached out a hand to help Clark's antagonist, and to pile up the odds against the most popular actor on the screen to-day. Let's inspect this new danger he faces. It all begins with the return of a certain screen trend, which came about in this manner:

Everything in Hollywood goes

(*Continued on page 64*)

Clark Gable is said to have the biggest picture of his career in "Night Flight." He has a genuine he-man rôle as an aviator

In Paramount's Misses and Junior department are three buds destined to traval fast to stardom. The girls, starting at the bottom rung of the ladder, have climbed rapidly. Verna Hillie (in the circle) and Lona Andre (right) were "Panther Woman" contestants, while Toby Wing (below) was drafted from "The Kid From Spain"—with the recommendation of being Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl. These debs have a way of pepping up pictures—and all have been awarded contracts. Verna is a Detroit blonde, Lona—a brunette from Nashville—and Toby is a blonde who hails from Richmond, down there in ol' Virginny. When better numbers come along, Hollywood will raise them

RAISING JUNIORS

CLOTHES GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY *Marilyn*

Claudette Colbert wearing Travis Banton's two-way evening creation—a white crêpe gown which may be worn with the white organdie cape (left) or (below) with the black velvet and taffeta one. The lower center picture shows the blue and white organdie dress in which Claudette was a sensation at the fashion show. Lupe Velez, extreme left, adorned in the evening coat designed by Adrian for Lupe to wear in "The Hollywood Party"

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S Advance Fashion Tips from the New Pictures

SEPTEMBER is "the hot-and-cold flash" season for styles! In other words, it isn't summer and it isn't quite time for the russets, and browns and greens and wools and furs of Fall! It is during this season that many women, even those who take pride in being well dressed, are inclined to let their wardrobes "go" just a little. It is so easy to become a little careless and wear last year's coat over this summer's dance frock.

That is the reason we have spent our entire time this month mulling through the new fashions for style tips for the girl who just won't go into a "between season" slump! If I just casually told you that Travis Banton, Paramount stylist had just

Directly above, Elissa Landi's lace evening gloves and, above them, you see Sharon Lynn's black gown with the silver fox cape thrown over one shoulder

The costume Carole Lombard (above) displayed at Banton's party also serves two purposes. It is of chiffon in the new eel grey shade, trimmed with blue fox fur, and it does make an ideal outfit for those semi-formal occasions

about solved the difficulties of the "hot-and-cold-flash" season with a new evening gown for Claudette Colbert, you probably wouldn't believe it. So we'll demonstrate one of the cleverest of Mr. Banton's ideas:

The novelty of Mr. Banton's idea is this—a perfectly simple white crinkle-crêpe gown with two boa capes, one of white organdie petals to be worn on the warmish nights, and the other of black velvet and taffeta for those cool nights that spring up so unexpectedly!

Don't mistake this little idea of two evening wraps for one dress! They are

actually part of the dress and cannot very well be worn as "handy garments" for the rest of your wardrobe. How cool Claudette looks

At the fashion party, Adrienne Ames was also one of the mannequins. She wore a striking white crêpe gown (left) with a white ostrich muff. Above, a close-up of the neckline. Adrienne was a "gaspgetter" when she appeared in the organdie frock below. Janet Gaynor, lower right, wearing the garden pajamas

in the all-white . . . and how nice, and new and Fall-like the same gown becomes with the black velvet boa and the black gloves! Here is a grand idea that not only fits the mode of the moment, but the seasonal climate as well!

The gown with the two capes, which has just been described, was displayed by Claudette at Travis Banton's recent fashion party, where more than 150 members of the Los Angeles press were gathered. The stars played mannequins for Mr. Banton and modeled some of his most exquisite creations.

Practically the same feature might be emphasized in the stunning evening coat Adrian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stylist, has designed for Lupe Velez to wear in "The Hollywood Party." The three-quarter length coat, you will notice, is of cool-looking white, but the material is a very practical warm velvet! Other outstanding features of this unusual garment are the wide lapels and the tri-flounced balloon sleeves which are cuffed mid-way down Lupe's arm and allow for at least four of her very famous bracelets to show on one arm. Yes, the bracelets and that enormous diamond ring are part of Lupe's personal collection and not studio property.

While we are on the subject of "showing jewelry," what do you think of these brand new white lace gloves modeled in the picture by Elissa Landi? You can't see Elissa, but you can see the very pretty rings and diamond wrist watch she is wearing, right through those sheer lace gloves. Rita Kaufman, fashion designer of Fox, had this nice idea for evening wear . . . that is, it is nice if you have jewelry to "show."

Getting back to Mr. Banton's fashion party, we want to tell you more about the stars as mannequins. Claudette Colbert caused a sensation when she appeared in the piquant summer dinner frock of cornflower blue and white organdie. The sleeves were accomplished by exaggerated ruffles and, over the left shoulder, a mass of red poppies, white daisies and blue bachelor buttons completed the gayety of the costume.

Carole Lombard was also one of the models at the party and she sure made a beautiful model when she displayed an ensemble in the new shade of eel grey (a shade between grey and brown) in chiffon trimmed with blue fox. It is just the thing for those semi-formal affairs, but it may easily be turned into a soft and graceful evening gown by removing the coat.

But the big "gasp-getter" of Mr. Banton's fashion show was Adrienne Ames in a costume called rhumba, which was designed in white organdie with wide sleeves and a ruffled train edged with black lace. The dashing accessories—cart wheel hat, gloves, and the sash with the enormous bow—are of black taffeta.

Another very popular number which was also modeled

by Miss Ames is a very striking gown of white sheer crêpe with an intricate neckline, with which she wore a white ostrich muff. Feathers, which are so flattering, will be used now and then in place of furs this winter.

No fashion showing could possibly be complete without Lilyan Tashman, and probably the most sensational costume of all was one she wore. Banton accomplished this frock from a series of blue and white cotton obi sashes. The cape of white pique, which covered the shoulders, tied about the waist with red sashes. An enormous cart wheel hat of navy blue taffeta accompanied the costume. Miss Tashman, who knows how to wear extreme and daring clothes, won a great deal of admiration for herself and Mr. Banton's creations and helped make the showing a huge success.

Sharon Lynn offers another very nice "between seasons" suggestion from her personal wardrobe. It is a Carnegie model of black matelasse crêpe and has almost a "bathing suit" simplicity . . . but there's nothing at all suggestive of a bathing suit about that silver tipped fox cape, which she has thrown over one shoulder in the illustration accompanying this story, and the platinum and diamond clip! The

(*Continued on page 97*)

No fashionable gathering would have been complete without Lilyan Tashman being present and, above, is the summer dinner costume which Lilyan modeled for Mr. Banton. It is quite a gay creation of blue and white cotton obi sashes with a cape of white pique. While Janet Gaynor was not at Travis Banton's fashion party, her buttercup-yellow organdie tea gown, at the left, from her personal wardrobe deserves your attention. It really is a lovely girlish dress

In a protective, but possessive manner, William Gargan (top) is seeing June Brewster home. On the back cushions of a car, Bill and June find contentment in "The Headline Shooter." Center, William Boyd and Mae Clarke seal their love with a passionate kiss in "Flaming Gold," while at the left, William Powell gives Ann Harding a memorable kiss in "Double Harness." Ann's closed eyes prove she can take it!

"I Would Rather Drive a Taxi Than Be a Star" —says GEORGE RAFT

BY SONIA LEE

George is absolutely on the level in his preference for driving taxis over acting in the movies. He feels that after a day's work operating a cab he could go home to peace and freedom. It is a frank, straight-from-the-shoulder interview, given by a man who always speaks right out in meeting—and who stands by every word

"I WOULD rather drive a taxi than be a star." So says George Raft, the suave gentleman with no pretensions—the man who brought a strange and lurid power to his characterizations—the actor who became a star overnight. To date, he has found few compensations in stardom. There is a certain quality within him that does not expand to the pomp and ceremony and glitter of Hollywood success.

"All I need to be happy," he says, is a place to sleep, something to eat, a few decent clothes to wear, a healthy body. It doesn't make any difference to me what I do. I'd just as soon make three dollars a day as a hundred. If I left the screen to-day—and ditch-digging was the only job I could get—I'd dig ditches without turning a hair. I haven't any false pride about the kind of work I *do*, just so long as it brings me enough to go to the fights once in a while, see a ball game, and maybe take in a musical show.

"If you have money, you sit somewhere down front. If you haven't, you're in the gallery or in the bleachers. But you see the same fight, the same ball game and the same show. It doesn't make a bit of difference to me—I've sat in both places.

"O. K. I'm in pictures. What have they brought me? They've cost me every dime I've made. I worry whether a picture is going to be good or just lousy. I don't have one boss sitting in an office and giving orders. I've got a million bosses all over the world—watching me on the screen—and I've got to deliver. My characters must have reality and sincerity. The people out in front must believe what I say and what I do—or I am falling down on my job.

If He Drove a Taxi

WHEN a picture starts, I begin worrying. And keep right on worrying to the last scene. The tension isn't lessened until the fans say it isn't bad. Every moment of my life is crowded with doubts.

"If I were a taxi-driver, I'd pick up my fare, drive to a certain given address, open the door, make change, and then I'd be through. After the day's work I could go home to peace and security and freedom—sure of myself and my future.

"I'd *belong* to myself. In pictures you don't. You shouldn't. But it's sort of tough to be told what you must do and what you mustn't do every minute of the twenty-four hours. You're scared to death to open your mouth for fear you'll say the wrong thing.

"You have to question every friendly gesture. A taxi-driver doesn't. You have friends or you haven't. You know exactly where you stand. But Hollywood is the most uncertain place in the world. And pictures are the most uncertain business in the world. To-day everybody is your friend, and everybody has a pat on the back for you; you're a grand guy. To-morrow—if the breaks are against you—nobody knows you. You're just something cluttering up the landscape.

"Money has never been very important to me. I want to enjoy life and have a few simple pleasures. The more you make in pictures, the more it costs you. A star has to give a dollar where a dime is expected of anyone else. Not that I mind giving—I like to."

(And George Raft's generosity is one of the sagas of

(*Continued on page 96*)

There's quite a lot of boy to Bill Cagney who is about to do a "Weissmuller" in brother Jimmy's swimming pool. Bill (you could tell he's a Cagney) intends to dive into the Hollywod swim and hopes to come up as famous as James. Anyway, he's about ready to make his screen début and if he's anything like his brother the Cagneys will be as plentiful in pictures as those Barrymores. Maybe the girls are saying "have a heart." It's enough to be slapped down by Jimmy without taking it on the chin from Bill

IF YOU CAN'T MAKE OUT YOUR CAGNEYS
AT THIS POOL ON A BEVERLY HILL
'TIS JIMMY WHO'S DRESSED UP IN FLANNELS
AND IN TRUNKS IT'S HIS BROTHER BILL

Falling in love with her leading men is absolutely necessary to Loretta—in order that her romantic scenes may show the proper emotion. But there's a serious side to this young actress — which you will discover after reading her amazingly frank opinions of love and marriage

"I Have Been In Love Fifty Times!"
—says LORETTA YOUNG

"WOMEN take love too seriously," Loretta Young says. "I have been in love fifty times—so, of course, I don't take it so very seriously. And I won't until the marrying and home-building and motherhood love comes along. That is different."

Loretta faces twenty-one as most women face forty-one. She has had everything of life and living, of loving and achieving that most women ever know, at any age. She has had fame and all that goes with it. She has had marriage and disillusionment and divorce. She has had wealth and travel and the knowledge of complete independence at an age when most girls are barely out of finishing schools and into college. She has had hard work and disappointments and she has had triumphs.

I said to her, "What now?" I asked, "What do you see for yourself when you look ahead, what is there for you to have or to want? What is there left for you to want?"

She answered instantly, "Children. I want four or five of them. I want motherhood—without a career. I wouldn't try for both. It isn't possible, or it wouldn't be for me. There isn't anything else left for me. There doesn't need to be. What could any woman wish for more?"

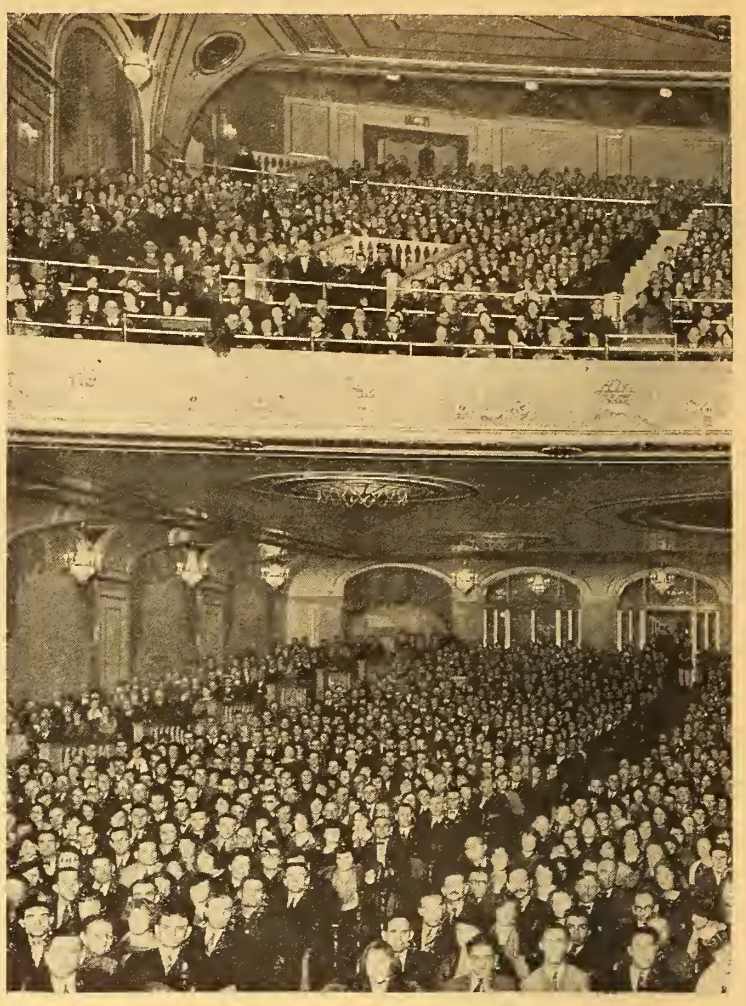
Many a star before Loretta has told the world of a love for children, of a longing for children—and not all of them have meant it. But Loretta is nothing if not honest. Besides, so far as publicity is concerned, she has nothing to gain by such a statement. She went on, "I know that I am fond of children. Georgiana—my youngest sister—has taught me that. I often take her to the movies with me, just the two of us, alone. And I have never known her to fail to ask me to take her—well, you know where—just as a scene that I am particularly anxious to watch flashes on. I always take her. I never resent it—which seems to me to be a pretty good proof."

Loretta has recently built a white brick Colonial house in Westwood Hills. There are halls papered in old-fashioned design. There are four-poster beds with testers, eagle mirrors, a curving stairway with a deli-

By GLADYS HALL

(*Continued from Page 68*)

How Movie Stars Are Paid So Much —*and Why!*



EVERYBODY knows that motion picture stars receive staggering salaries. Thousands of moviegoers, without an instant's hesitation, can quote you the current figures on Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Ruth Chatterton and Charlie Chaplin, where they would have to stop and fumble around mentally for the date of the Declaration of Independence or the Discovery of America. And they mention the sums with bated breaths, as if they were unreal—as if they were a Believe-It-or-Not. But when you know the inside story, star salaries DO make sense.

Most reports of stars' princely incomes exaggerate the real amounts anywhere from twenty to forty per cent. But even when you make allowances for such errors, the results, in most cases, are still enough to turn the 1933 Captains of Industry green with envy. Yet, stars really *earn* these salaries!

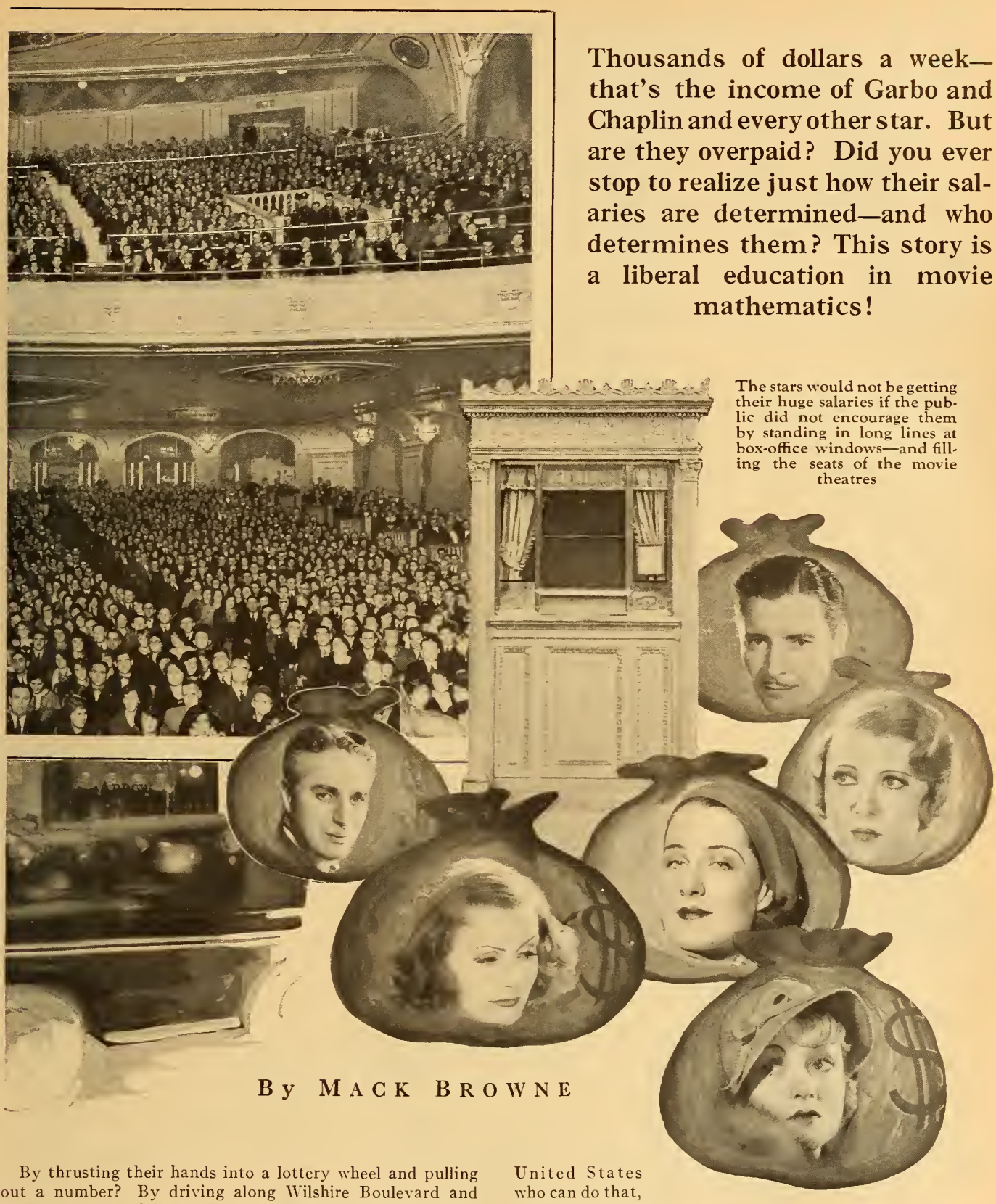
Preposterous and extravagant as these salaries may sound, every cent of them is earned by every star who receives them. Earned, I mean, in the same cold, mathematical sense that a stock earns its dividend. And when the raucous and derisive laughter which greets this statement subsides, I shall proceed to demonstrate how and why it is literally and entirely true.

You may think that star salaries can't possibly make sense. You may be convinced that Hollywood is a wild, fantastic place where two plus two doesn't equal four, but makes seven or fifteen or two thousand or some other haphazard sum. Nothing could be further from the truth. Two and two make four in Hollywood, just as surely as they do in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Wall Street or any famous industrial or financial center. If anything, more so.

How Are Salaries Decided?

WHEN the producing executives of Hollywood decide to pay Greta Garbo $10,000 a week—or whatever she gets; and John Barrymore $125,000 a picture (or approximately that); and Janet Gaynor $7,500 every seven days (or thereabouts); and Will Rogers $150,000 every time he appears in a feature, and so on—how do you think they arrive at those figures?

Thousands of dollars a week—that's the income of Garbo and Chaplin and every other star. But are they overpaid? Did you ever stop to realize just how their salaries are determined—and who determines them? This story is a liberal education in movie mathematics!



The stars would not be getting their huge salaries if the public did not encourage them by standing in long lines at box-office windows—and filling the seats of the movie theatres

By MACK BROWNE

By thrusting their hands into a lottery wheel and pulling out a number? By driving along Wilshire Boulevard and agreeing to take the number of the first limousine they pass? By opening the telephone directory at random and picking the tenth number in the second column of the right-hand page? Or by letting the star guess some number from one thousand to ten thousand and offering him that as an inducement for promenading in front of the lens and microphone? Not at all.

The answer is so simple and obvious that when I tell you what it is, you'll realize that you have known it all the time.

Producers don't make stars—and producers don't determine their salaries. There is only one group of persons in the United States who can do that, and who do it, every day, week and month of every year. Those persons are you and *you* and YOU. You are the people who make it possible for the stars' salaries to be what they are—who make it possible for *anyone* to pay *any* star *any* salary at all.

There is only one source of money for anybody or anything in the motion picture industry, for stars, directors, writers, executives, stories, pictures—the box-office. And YOU are the box-office. It is your dimes, quarters and half-dollars, paid at the box-offices of every theatre in the country

(*Continued on page 70*)

313 Years Behind Make-Up

Seven actresses in Hollywood have acted almost fifty years apiece—and each of them has apparently found the Fountain of Youth that Ponce de Leon searched for in vain. Read how May Robson, Marie Dressler, Henrietta Crosman, Beryl Mercer, Laura Hope Crews, Alison Skipworth and Louise Dresser have stayed "young"!

By LLEWELLYN MILLER

IN 1512, Ponce de Leon set out for the New World, firm in his purpose to find the fountain of perpetual youth. And even while he was searching, old age crept up and laid its withering hand on his shoulder. But if Ponce de Leon could step down through the centuries, his sword would drop from his wrinkled hand, and he would hurry to the Hollywood hills, certain that the fountain of youth was hidden near by.

He would be convinced by the fact that, gathered around May Robson to congratulate her upon fifty years on the stage and screen, are six bright stars, each of whom has spent nearly that amount of time in the enchanted land of the theatre. Each has the secret of eternal charm. Each is a great actress in her own right. And each has a zest and an enthusiasm for work that ingénues find difficult to equal.

"Youth! Youth!" Mankind has sent that cry echoing down the centuries as a prayer and a plaint. Bent alchemists have stirred seething cauldrons of drugs, searching for the formula. Astrologers have tried to wrest the answer from the far, calm stars. Sorcerers have drawn magic circles and mumbled incantations to the spirits of darkness in attempts to wheedle or force the secrets of everlasting youth from the silence of the unknown. Not so, these seven stars—who have found the spirit of youth without seeking it.

Left, Marie Dressler in the Gay Nineties—not a bit younger than she is to-day (below)

May Robson celebrates her fiftieth year behind make-up on September 17.

Henrietta Crosman will have reached that goal a few weeks before. She will have seen the end of her fiftieth year in the theatre on August 13.

Laura Hope Crews started on the stage when she was four years old, which gives her a grand total of forty-nine years behind the footlights.

Beryl Mercer, appealing little purveyor of laughs and tears, also began to delight the public when she was four—exactly forty-seven years ago.

Marie Dressler first discovered that she could make audiences laugh forty-seven years ago.

Louise Dresser, who invariably walks away with honors in every scene in which she appears, has been known to theatre-goers for thirty-three years. She is still going strong.

Alison Skipworth has had stardom for nearly all of her thirty-seven years on the stage and screen.

Three hundred and thirteen years behind the footlights is the total—and every single year holds the history of achievement, of unremitting work and the secret of perpetual youth. Ponce de Leon might very well be sure that the miracle-working fountain had its source in Hollywood.

Ponce de Leon searched in vain for the Fountain of Youth. He didn't look for it within himself!

Decoration by H. L. TASKEY

Never Wants To Retire

MAY ROBSON (she plays the cook in "Dinner at Eight") is sixty-eight years old, vigorous, handsome, with the keenest of sharp wits and the kindest of understanding smiles.

"Old?" she says. "I feel younger than I did fifty years ago!

Left, Laura Hope Crews as she looked THEN. Below, as she looks NOW.

Right, May Robson when she first started on the stage. Top right, fifty years later!

Above, the young Alison Skipworth. Right, the still-young Alison!

Left, Henrietta Crosman thirty years ago. Below, as she is to-day.

Except for graying hair, does Beryl Mercer (left) look any older than when in her twenties (lower left)?

Packard Studios

Above, Louise Dresser when an ingenue. Right, the sprightly Louise of to-day.

And I'm getting much more fun out of life than I did then. I had the weight of the world on my shoulders in those days, because I did not know anything about anything. You have to spend half of your life growing young enough to be really carefree and youthful, you know."

Though May Robson has known steady success ever since she scored a sensation in her first rôle, she admits, in those words, that the first fifty years are the hardest.

Her family raised its hands in horror when it was discovered what she had chosen to do. Her father was a captain in the British navy. Her brother-in-law was a clergyman. Both felt that May was losing caste, as well as her chance at heaven. But little May had the same determined streak then that is so evident in her to-day. She went her own way, and lived to see the day when her relatives were proud of the great lady of the theatre that she became, instead of being positive that she was a lost soul because she wore make-up behind the footlights.

She does not like to be called Miss Robson, and she does not like to be called Mrs. Robson. "I'm May Robson!" she says with some sharpness. "How could I be 'Miss' when I have a grown son? And I have a married name for the 'Mrs.' but that is for use outside the theatre." (She is Mrs. Brown.)

Her real name is Mary Robison, but the very first time that her name was printed on a theatre program (it was her second part), a typographical error changed it to May Robson. She stormed

around, demanding that all of the programs be reprinted, until someone pointed out that such errors are supposed to bring good luck, so May Robson she has stayed to this day.

Her plans for the future are just as definite now as when she

(*Continued on page 76*)

Dick Took the Count —But He's Up Again

There was such a thing as overwork in Dick Powell's young life. Aside from acting in the movies, he crooned over the air and conducted jazz bands. But the gold he gathered was soon spent for doctors' and hospital bills. He has learned his lesson now—and will concentrate entirely on trying to make a good actor of himself

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHILE his movie shadow was entertaining audiences of the country singing "I'm Young And Healthy" in his latest musical for Warner Brothers, "Gold Diggers of 1933," Mr. Dick Powell, the boy, himself, was lying seriously ill in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood!

He was so far from healthy that every edition of the afternoon newspapers carried bulletins giving the latest hospital report concerning his condition. And you have to be a "somebody" to earn extra bulletins—even in the Los Angeles papers.

While his shadow caroled about how chuck-full he was of Vitamin B—Dick was losing sixteen precious pounds as his doctors fought to save his life with oxygen tanks! The learned physicians diagnosed his case as pneumonia, which developed from influenza. But to Dick, who is now up and around and working in "Footlight Parade" after recuperating in the sun-patio of the home he recently rented at Toluca Lake, it was just plain hell!

In six weeks the savings of almost a year of the movies and personal appearance tours have been swept away by doctors', nurses' and hospital bills! But in his still physically-weakened way, Dick is not complaining *too much*.

"Thank God it happened when it did," is the way he looks at it, "and not after I had gone on and completely wrecked my health to the point where I would not have been able to pull through.

"You see," he said, sipping a glass of wine (doctor's orders for strength-building purposes) as he exposed his hospital pallor to Southern California's midsummer sun, "what happened to me was just a little bit too much success at once!

Burning the Candle

"A YEAR ago I got the luckiest break in the world . . . at least I figured it that way. There was I, just a home-town boy from Little Rock, Arkansas, who had been snatched out of a master-of-ceremonies job at a Pittsburgh theatre and wafted to Hollywood. Without knowing a darn thing about the movies I was lucky enough to be cast in a picture that was a sensational hit, 'Blessed Event,' with Lee Tracy. Right on the heels of that came 'Forty-Second Street,' another box-office wow, and Mrs. Powell's ickle boy, Ickday, was lucky enough to land among those present in that, too.

"As though that weren't enough good fortune, a flock of radio offers started pouring in and lots of bids to make personal appearances. Talk about waking up and finding yourself under a four-leaf clover! I tell you I began to feel like the original Blarney Stone.

"I looked around at all the gold that was pouring my way and said: 'Dick, old kiddo, the sun is shining. Here is the time to make your hay while the hey-heying is still hot-cha. When the studio gave me a six-week leave of absence to go out on a very profitable personal appearance tour, I figured the world was my oyster. 'A couple more years of this,' said I to me, 'and you'll be able to retire on the profits!'

"Well, I accepted six weeks of solid bookings—four shows a day with, maybe, a couple of extra thrown in where the business warranted it. The first town I hit was Chicago—they were having a blizzard there. Next, came Washington, where they were dishing out an unseasonable hot spell. After that came New York where they were indulging in a blizzard, probably the same baby I met in Chi.

"In Detroit, where they were having hot and cold flashes this Spring, I began to notice that I tired easily and that I was very susceptible to colds. But what were these little danger warnings to the kid who was cleaning up? From Hollywood I received two wire offers—one from the studio to re-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Getting a Line on ALINE

Aline MacMahon doesn't want to be a star—but what can stop her? Ever since she flashed some grand acting in "Once in a Lifetime," events have been moving fast for her. She has practically stolen every picture in which she has appeared. And her name will soon be in bright lights. This story presents the off-stage Aline. She's quite a person

By HELEN HARRISON

"I DON'T *want* to be a star!" says Aline MacMahon. Will you say that again, Aline? I don't believe I've ever heard it before—with such a ring of sincerity!

And she'll say it again, quite as distinctly, quite as vehemently, and with a finality that is marred only by the insistent demands of her tremendous following—and the work she has done to deserve such praise. She really *doesn't* want to see her name in lights—well, not yet anyway. She means it! It's amazing!

But can the fans be hushed? I doubt it. For Aline's fan following, laid end to end, would reach three thousand light years—or will you have yours dark?

High up in her charming apartment in New York, in the modernistic bedroom into which a gale was blowing on that sultry summer afternoon, she was gay and energetic. And terribly glad to be getting back to work after her three-month "rest period," which is a part of her astounding contract. Three months' rest—three months' work. Could *you* take it? Could you *get* it? Maybe you could in this New Deal year.

But looking at Aline, you know she works terribly hard at work—and works terribly hard at play. Standing five feet eight, she has, you feel, terrific excess energy and great physical endurance—even if you didn't know she was the progeny of a Russian-Jewish mother and a pink-cheeked Scotch father—which alone makes her a star if we know our Who's Who—and what's what!

If you didn't know she was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania on May 3rd, 1899 you'd probably guess she was reared at Malmaison and fashioned mud pies on the Riviera. I mean she is definitely worldly in a thoroughly sincere way. (Funny how that word "sincere" creeps into your vocabulary, involuntarily, when you speak of Aline!) She knows people, knows instinctively the way about, knows what to say and what to do. And she looks younger, prettier, off-screen, though she doesn't use make-up and wears her hair severely plain. Nice chestnut hair it is, too, abundant and straight above her clear gray eyes. Her clothes from the best Fifth Avenue shops have rightness of line and are of remarkable texture and colors. But they don't run to frills any more than does the personality of their wearer.

Fair and Square

She has had a very sympathetic background. This has brought out the best in her nature. I can't conceive of her being unfair. She has too much respect for human rights. But I shouldn't want to cross her in something she believes to be fair and just as it affects herself. As in the case of her recent little tiff with the studio, when she just walked out and didn't come back, because they wanted her to do something which she felt was impossible. The way I size her up, I believe she just won't quarrel about anything. It is either possible or impossible and if it's possible she'll go to great lengths to do a job well, but if she feels it's impossible, nothing, I believe, could induce her to budge from the straight line of fair play. It's the MacMahon personality. Her objections would be based on reasonable argument—and, of course, her sheer will-power would win!

Her education was attained at public schools in Brooklyn. Then the MacMahons moved to New York, near Barnard College, where it may almost be said the group matriculated, so interested were her parents in Aline's education and, subsequently, in her career. When she decided upon the stage as her vocation the family immediately moved right into the heart of the theatrical district, so that Aline could attain every advantage within arm's reach. She didn't miss one!

Her professional début was made in Edgar Selwyn's stage production "The Mirage." She received the part only because (already showing her dominating personality which is making

(*Continued on page 83*)

The Picture

THE MORNING GLORY

You'll Go For Hepburn All The Way: Another triumph for Katharine Hepburn. Sorely taxed by a story that does not stand analysis, she emerges a greater star than ever. You will notice little refinements in her performance that point to an increased knowledge of screen technique. Obviously, she is lending a fine intelligence to her work.

As in her previous appearances, Hepburn completely dominates the proceedings, sweeping all before her. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou, as the two men in her life, play with sincerity. Mary Duncan scores briefly in a temperamental rôle. But the glory of "Morning Glory" is all Hepburn's. She is a stage-struck lass from the country when the picture opens. She is an established star of the theatre at its close. What happens in the interim is neither novel or particularly engrossing. But you do not care. Just as long as this vivid person who is Hepburn is on the screen you are satisfied. (Radio.)

BERKELEY SQUARE

Artistic Picture Has Feeling: Occasionally the motion picture industry bestirs itself to answer its critics who claim that the ordinary run of Hollywood products is a dissipation of a great art. The answer takes the form of the production of a picture of distinguished artistic merit designed for a highly discriminating few. Such a picture is "Berkeley Square."

Projecting the fascinating and fanciful idea that a man might triumph over time to return in body and spirit to mingle with his ancestors of the 18th Century, "Berkeley Square" was authored with fine imagination as to the possibilities of its metaphysical theme. It is as delicately conceived as it is executed by Leslie Howard, its chief protagonist. In a month of splendid performances, Howard takes premier honors with his work in this exacting rôle. He achieves the almost impossible feat of breathing near-reality into fantasy. Heather Angel is charmingly effective. (Fox.)

THREE-CORNERED MOON

It'll Pay You To Look Over—A Nifty: Depicting the mad existence of the rattle-brained *Rimplegars* results in as thoroughly a diverting picture as has come our way in many a moon, three-cornered or otherwise. The *Rimplegar* family are irrelevant, immaterial and—irresistible. Pay them a visit, by all means.

There is Mary Boland, the mother, a distinguished neurotic, whose bad management plunges the household in a financial crisis. There is Claudette Colbert, the daughter, more level-headed than the others except in the matter of love. She believes herself in love with the pseudo aesthete, Hardie Albright, instead of the respectable doctor, Richard Arlen. Then the three *Rimplegar* brothers, Billy Bakewell, an aspiring actor, Wallace Ford, a perspiring law clerk, and Tom Brown, who really tries. The girl next door is Joan Marsh and the dumb kitchen slavey, Lyda Roberti. All deliver superlative performances. (Paramount.)

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

All-Star Cast In A Slice Of Life: Deftly combining satire with the serious problems of a wife beset upon and inhibited by in-laws, "Another Language" is a fit vehicle for its multiple-star cast. Helen Hayes, with her usual charming authority, gives a memorable performance as the wife. Robert Montgomery delivers a characterization of a slow-thinking, self-satisfied husband, and Louise Closser Hale is magnificent as the domineering mother. Most of the others were recruited from the original stage play with Margaret Hamilton and John Beal repeating their Broadway successes.

The picture fails somewhat to achieve the expected climax that would make it thoroughly satisfactory. That the wife awakens her husband to understanding is not enough. She should also have found a way to revenge and retribution. The tale seems incomplete therefore despite the perfection of the characterization of these every-day folks. (M-G-M.)

STRANGER'S RETURN

Brilliantly Acted—You'll Go For It: From the same pen that gave us "State Fair" comes another saga of the farm. "Stranger's Return" presents the claim that once the soil is in your veins you cannot fail to succumb to its spell. Having advanced this theory it only half proves it. Rather do the combined efforts of a brilliant cast overshadow theme and story.

Lionel Barrymore surpasses even himself in his delineation of a lovable, quarrelsome Civil War veteran whose relatives impatiently wish his death. He finds understanding only from Miriam Hopkins, the city girl "stranger," and Stuart Erwin, his shiftless man of all work. Erwin in this latter rôle offers the finest piece of work he has yet done. Franchot Tone is likewise distinguished in carrying an unrequited love theme. Brilliant portraits in a lesser key are contributed by Beulah Bondi, Grant Mitchell and Irene Hervey. Note, too, the direction of King Vidor and the beautifully simple dialogue. (M-G-M.)

TUGBOAT ANNIE

Will Do—But Not A World-Beater: Characterization and direction are all that save "Tugboat Annie." The plot devised to bring this beloved magazine character to the screen is filled with careless inconsistencies. Someone should have investigated this little matter of salvage at sea.

No picture that co-stars Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery and is directed by Mervyn LeRoy can, however, be lightly dismissed. It is nevertheless regrettable that the material is not worthier of their efforts. Marie plays *Annie*, captain of the tug, and Beery is her no-account husband who attempts to drink up whatever profits there are. Both handle their assignments as only they can, wringing every bit of comedy or pathos from every situation.

The result, unfortunately, is not another "Min and Bill" despite all attempts to duplicate that earlier success. Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young contribute a mild love interest and Frankie Darro has an outstanding moment. (M-G-M.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

THIS DAY AND AGE

Too Much Plot And Propaganda: C. B. DeMille turns Pied Piper, and, playing his tune with a High School boys' band, rids the country of gangsters by throwing them to the rats. Were it not overstressed almost to the point of the grotesque, there might be much to be said of his theme. It is played, however, to such a hysterical flag-waving finale that it is impossible to take the affair as seriously as did DeMille, apparently. For the psychology of the mob, it is probably all right. But much better subtlety could have been employed in this preachment.

There are some fine juvenile performances with Richard Cromwell, Ben Alexander, Oscar Rudoph, Lester Arnold and Eddie Nugent all outstanding. There is also a striking portrayal by Bradley Page as a suave gunman. Charles Bickford's work lacks shading, being all on a single note, and Judith Allen, while capable, seems too old for a high-school miss. (Paramount.)

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE

Ancient Plot Dressed Up To Please: Combining the plots of a dozen of its predecessors, this is all too familiar film material. Yet somehow the cast and director are not as badly hampered as might be expected. Somehow they manage to lend a freshness to the oft-told tale. The locale is a French Foreign Legion Post in the desert wastes. The hero is a doctor who, when falsely accused of murder, escapes. Then, when the Post is struck by plague, he returns voluntarily even though such a sacrifice means the firing squad. Interwoven are a dozen supplementary plots including a triangular love story.

Victor Jory has his biggest opportunity to date and he acquits himself more than creditably. Loretta Young, lovely as ever, handles her brief assignment with charm. David Manners is good as the sympathetic other man. Director Deterle contributes his best work when he can forget the limitations of the story and compose masterful photography. (Fox.)

LADY FOR A DAY

Surely Worth Seeing—Don't Miss It: Hail a new star of the screen! May Robson, fifty years an outstanding stage star, comes into her own with one of the most amazing performances of the year.

She is *Apple Annie*, selling her wares on the street corners that her daughter may be raised a lady. In a Spanish convent, the girl is kept in ignorance of her mother's occupation, believing her a society matron of wealth. When she decides to return to New York with her fiancé, Annie has to make good her deception. This she accomplishes with the aid of a superstitious gambler.

A familiar Cinderella premise, of course, but it is in the unique manner of its presentation that the picture achieves near-greatness. In the supporting cast, you will find such excellent players as Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Jean Parker and Walter Connolly. You can't afford to miss "Lady for a Day." (Columbia.)

RAFTER ROMANCE

Gay And Amusing. Sure To Please: She works in the daytime; he works at night. The problem of how to pay the rent worry both until their landlord figures out a way to reduce it. An attic room is divided so that each occupy the apartment twelve hours a day. They never meet in the house but when chance throws them together in the outside world, a romance brews. Write the balance of the story yourself.

In the hands of Ginger Rogers, a little girl who is getting places rapidly, and Norman Foster, always dependable, the picture is a consistently amusing, occasionally delightful comedy. The leads are given brilliant support by Robert Benchley as the salesmanager for whom Ginger works. Laura Hope Crewes and George Sidney are allowed to overplay their parts but score just the same. There is nothing to tax your mind in "Rafter Romance." It is just what it is supposed to be—a gay, light farce. (Radio.)

BLIND ADVENTURE

Mystery, Humor And Roland Young: Right down the alley of all lovers of mystery melodrama, "Blind Adventure" does not pretend to be an important contribution to the screen. Rather does it content itself with spinning its yarn in a straightforward way uncommon to such stories.

An American in London becomes involved in a hair-raising adventure from which he would have been unable to save himself and the girl, had it not been for the intervention of a kindly burglar. For this delightful character we are indebted to Roland Young and the debt is not a small one. In that quiet manner, peculiarly his own, Young strolls off with all the honors. So piquant are his drolleries that they seem to have a flavor that can only be described as delicious.

In reflected glory, Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Ralph Bellamy and John Miljan shine as best they are able. But it is Roland Young who makes "Blind Adventure" so decidedly palatable. (Radio.)

THE MAN WHO DARED

Late Mayor Cermak's Life Well Done: This is the long-awaited biography of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago. A foreword calls it "imaginary" but it can well be imagined to be fairly authentic, particularly in the latter sequences which end with the accidental assassination in Florida.

Necessarily episodic, as any story which tells so much must be, the life of this son of immigrant parents is sketched with fine, sure strokes. Whether or not it departs the realm of entertainment is debatable. Certainly its importance as an experimental screen document is not to be denied. It, at least, departs the ordinary. You should see "The Man Who Dared."

A forthright portrayal of the Mayor is given by Preston Foster who lends the rôle an admirable restraint and strength. Zita Johann is capable, but negative as his wife. His parents are beautifully done by Leon Waycoff and Irene Biller. Lesser parts are likewise well cast. (Fox.)

Charles FARRELL Is Back —and in a *Fighting Mood!*

"Good-Time Charlie" has turned serious. That was his mistake before, he says—he didn't take his career or himself seriously enough. Now he's back, and he intends to fight for good rôles—as he tells you in this frank, straight-from-the-shoulder interview!

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

"HOLLYWOOD won't take anyone seriously who won't take himself seriously. To succeed in Hollywood, you must put up a front. I know. I have been too good a fellow for my own professional good. 'Good-time Charlie,' they called me." That's Charles Farrell speaking—returning to the screen.

And if Charlie had learned sooner what he propounds now, probably a different story could be told. If he had come to a definite understanding with the studio—not to mention himself—doubtless he would occupy at present a top-notch position as reigning star.

"When the talkies came in, I felt so sure of my position that I paid little attention to the transition. I was Charlie Farrell. I was a star. The talkies couldn't hurt me because I already was established and my following would stand by me, regardless of whether pictures were silent or talking.

"Where others met the advent of talking pictures with increased effort, with voice lessons, with additional training, I was content to sit back and survey the situation casually. Talkies or no, I was a star, and would continue in that rôle. I was a bit too cock-sure to admit any chance of a change.

"I didn't foresee the necessity of unduly applying myself. I had always managed to get by. People liked me, and I liked people. I was popular around the studio and executives considered me a great fellow. My future seemed assured.

"My great mistake, I discovered, centered in my ability to be *too good* a fellow, too regular a chap. I see now that I was much too easygoing.

"I would play parts that others refused to do. Where other players forged ahead in better pictures and registered complaints aplenty, I would accept what was given me with little comment. The studio gradually took it for granted that I would not object to any part handed me. Accordingly, rôles that no other actor would portray were relegated to me.

Didn't Want to Argue

"I DIDN'T like to battle for the reason that it's not in my nature to fight about my work. I am not sure but what I considered myself bigger than any rôle. Consequently, I lost out by my reluctance to engage in arguments."

It takes good sportsmanship to admit things like this—better sportsmanship than most of us possess. I hope Charlie Farrell will rise in your estimation as he did in mine because of his frank admission of the mistakes he has made. He blames no one but himself.

"Had I asserted myself more in the manner of a star, blended a firm stand with my friendliness, the studio wouldn't have thought of giving me what amounted virtually to the 'cast-offs,'" Farrell says. "I've seen players far less prominent win their points merely because they didn't permit sentiment to enter into their dealings with the studio."

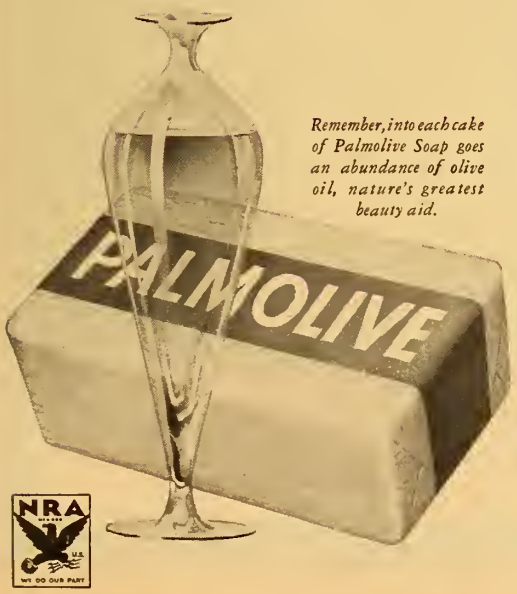
Many have wondered why Farrell, the male half of one of the greatest co-starring combines in cinema history, should have sacrificed, in dissolving his association with the Fox

(*Continued on page 90*)

ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

A lovely skin invites Romance



Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—*the soap of youth*—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

Palmolive . . . *the Soap of Youth*

"This soap brings

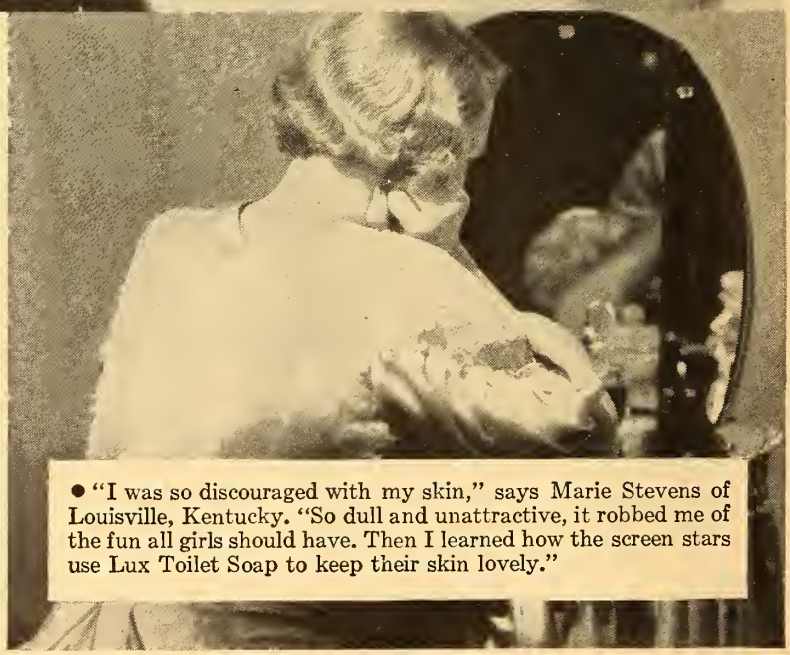
says HELEN TWELVETREES

"Every screen star knows that lovely skin is irresistibly alluring! We *must* have skin of flawless beauty—that's why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It keeps skin soft, smooth, infinitely appealing. Any woman who wants to be more attractive would do well to use this same complexion care—for it truly brings greater loveliness!"

Youthful skin! This heart's desire of every woman is every woman's birthright! To keep complexions lovely screen stars for years have used a simple inexpensive beauty care—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

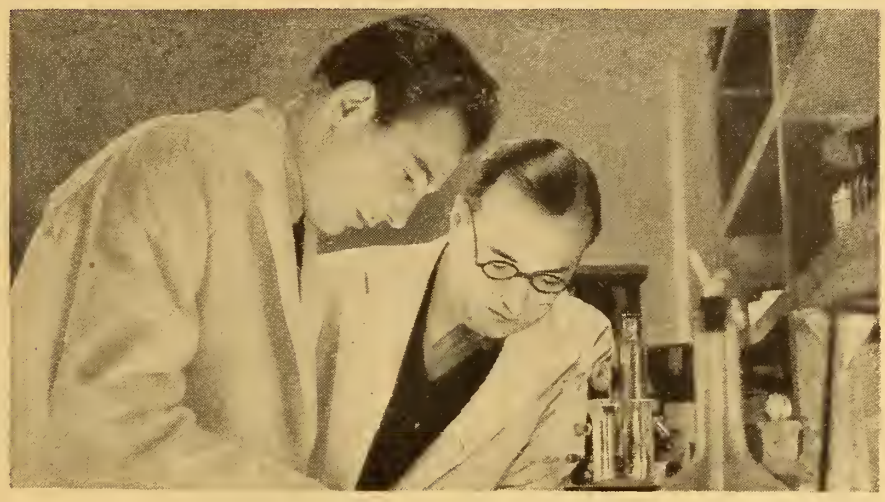
Paramount Star

"I wish every girl could know what this soap did for me," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Ky.



• "I was so discouraged with my skin," says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Kentucky. "So dull and unattractive, it robbed me of the fun all girls should have. Then I learned how the screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely."

greater loveliness"



Scientists tell WHY-

Read WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid to complexion beauty. Scientists say: "Tests show Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Skin gradually loses these elements—grows old-looking. This soap *checks the loss* of these elements from the skin. Readily soluble, completely free from harshness, it is a remarkable aid to complexion beauty."

• "I began using the Beauty Soap of the Stars at once! Gradually my skin took on a new loveliness and clearness and won for me all sorts of nice compliments. Now I'm really proud of it—and so happy."

• No wonder 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars are so devoted to this fragrant, white soap! Why don't *you* try it for softer, lovelier skin? Get two or three cakes and start today!

Is the Future Threatening Gable?

(*Continued from page 42*)

by "trends," except when a "trend" or cycle is shattered rudely by the public's interference with the cinema course of things. That happened when Clark Gable came into view. He was trying to break in at the wrong time—just when his "type," personified by Bancroft, Bickford, and Bill Boyd, having had profitable innings, was beginning to bow out in favor of a "polished gentleman" sort of film hero. Yet Clark crashed through, thanks to a mighty, vibrating, full-throated roar of encouragement from the public's rooting section.

"Hold that line, hold that line!" piped the dismayed "gentlemen" actors and their supporters. But it wasn't any use. Clark was over for a touchdown, and behind him, hardly able to believe that a miracle had happened and the tide had turned so suddenly back in their favor again, clumped his hard-bitten teammates. Of the old-timers, only Bill Boyd and Vic McLaglen recovered quickly enough from their surprise to follow, but newer "tough eggs," such as James Cagney and Lee and Spencer Tracy, were right on the job.

It was a hard-boiled, he-man, woman-socking era that followed, and no mistake! That is, until a certain slightly-built, studious-appearing young fellow, who wears glasses off the screen, came into the cast of one of Clark's pictures, "A Free Soul."

His Most Dangerous Rival

LESLIE HOWARD, himself, never learned exactly the truth of the situation. When he had finished his strong, sympathetic part in the picture, a part greatly enhanced in appeal by the very skill and force of Gable's "villain" portrayal, he shook the dust of Hollywood from his heels, and disgustedly entrained for New York. Films were jolly well off on one of their "type" stampedes, he thought, so they held no lure for him.

Then some lady columnist or other created a saying about Gable and women. It was copied and repeated widely, in many versions. Ladies, she declared coyly, love brutes best, after all; no red-blooded American woman could resist the big, rough, unscrupulous, but handsome man such as Clark portrayed. All the vaunted feminine love of finesse, gentleness, and such "finer qualities," she opined, was just so much ba-loney!

Some thousands of American women took her seriously, and launched an indignant protest! And, because Leslie Howard had played hero to Clark's villain, countless women said by inference that they could go for Leslie in a bigger way than for Clark! Back rolled the tide in favor of "gentlemen types." Howard, amazed, and not sure he was pleased, was dragged back to Hollywood.

But don't rush to the conclusion that *this* is the danger now confronting Clark—that he may be swept out with the ebbing of the "he-man" tide. Producers speedily discovered that Clark's followers were still as many and as loyal as ever, and perceived that such an actor and personality could hold his place in any screen era.

Might Be a Two-in-One Hero

CLARK'S danger to-day does not lie in the fact that there are too many popular "gentlemen type" actors on the screen, but in the fact that there are too few of them!

With an eye on Gable's tremendous following of "fans," and a knowledge of his versatility, producers are wondering if it wouldn't pay to have *him* play "gentleman type" rôles. His "fans" might remain loyal, and perhaps, in sympathetic, polished characters, he'd attract a host of new ones!

That would be a fine way of killing two birds with one stone, but if the plan is a failure, it might easily ruin Clark professionally, by losing *both* groups of his followers.

That, however, looks like a minor danger beside the one that will arise if producers, in giving Clark "gentlemen type" rôles, seek to soften his screen character. That will destroy the vital quality that makes him different, that attracts us to him. He is a good, versatile actor, who can portray a *real* gentleman as easily and effectively as a lovable roughneck. But the screen's "gentleman type" is something else again. It is too soft and poetical to fit on Clark's husky shoulders.

And if, with or without his co-operation, an attempt is made to "gentle" the man, himself, it might let that ever-alert, always-waiting antagonist we have been talking about sneak in a deadly wallop. A physical "kayo" that would spell the professional count of ten as well, since Gable, more than any other high-ranking screen idol of our day, needs to keep his health, vital force and condition.

Well, well, what have we here? A pretty li'l newcomer, Ruth Channing, and a coming li'l fad—"manicured" gloves

Not as Physically Fit To-day

CLARK, of late, hasn't been so well. Forced out of one film cast by appendicitis, he is taking it easy, recuperating from his operation. The immediate cause of his illness, I believe, was a strenuous cougar-hunt—and nothing can be more strenuous!—undertaken when he was seriously out of condition, from a continuous succession of pictures.

Study a photograph of Clark taken two years ago, then glance at one of his latest. You can see plainly the working out of a "polishing" process. The Dempsey-like appearance of his earlier portraits is erased. Some of the recent ones go so far as to give him a poetical, "spiritual" look.

So far, this change is entirely superficial. The make-up men and the photograph retouchers have done it, by filling in and etching away Clark's hard-bitten character lines. In real life, his face may have softened a trifle, but hardly noticeably.

Oddly enough, Clark is the only "hard-boiled" screen idol menaced by this peculiar state of cinema affairs, a dearth of really good "gentlemen type" actors and a wealth of able, popular "roughnecks." No one thinks of trying to make a Phillips Holmes of George Bancroft, a Buddy Rogers of James Cagney, a Franchot Tone of either of the Tracy boys, or an Adolphe Menjou of Edward G. Robinson.

What He Might Become

BUT Clark presents a big temptation. Soften and erase that Dempsey-like ruggedness of countenance, sophisticate his hard, but naive youthfulness by a little moustache such as he now wears, and you might have someone a bit like Cary Grant or George Brent, with—perhaps!—the appeal of a Gable.

Then he might be given rôles such as Phillips Holmes played so effectively in "The Man I Killed." Fancy, if you can, a man of Gable's type as we know it, spending part of his life in a psychological phobia of remorse because he had killed an enemy in a hand-to-hand combat of the late War!

Even if such a change in him "got by" with Clark's followers, it might react badly upon the man himself. And that would be too bad after the fine scrap Clark has put up against that wily old antagonist of his, who uses so many different subtly-dangerous weapons. The weapon of flattery, for instance.

How they've talked about Clark's powers with women! Some lady scribe or other said Clark finally had to go to Buster Keaton for advice on avoiding the fair sex, and Buster prescribed marlin-fishing and deer-hunting. The fact that she was a lady scribe made it worse, for Clark might deduce that one of her sex should be able to gauge his appeal accurately by her own reactions.

Then there's another type of flattery given few other film idols as lavishly. Not content to note that Clark is a husky, well-set-up fellow of about Jack Dempsey's height and weight, with a bit of Jack's facial appearance, prose poetesses have written odes on Clark's physical prowess. They brought out all the old Dempsey-descriptive adjectives, and struck not a few comparisons, such as: "he hits like Dempsey" and "he moves with the grace and quickness of a tiger."

Still Able to Kid Himself

FORTUNATELY, Clark spent some time in lumber camps. There a man is quickly forced to form a realistic conception of his own powers. He isn't allowed to retain the illusions of your average shoe salesman, for instance, who may go through life believing himself to be at least as good as Max Schmeling.

So when he was having a boxing lesson recently, Clark stopped poking at his professional trainer's elusive jaw for a moment to chuckle: "Gable—he hits like Dempsey!"

That sort of feet-on-earth, humorous cynicism is a fine armor for him, and has doubtless helped him to avoid many such calamities as that which befell Heywood Broun's fictional baseball character when a sob-sister styled him "a Greek god!" The Broun hero, you may recall, lost his job as baseball's greatest outfielder because, just as he was about to make a throw, he'd remember that "Greek god" business and pose Greek-god-like for that fraction of a second which makes the difference between a big-leaguer and a dub!

So far, Clark has shed flattery as a duck sheds raindrops, and he has tried pretty hard to stay tough and alert and capable. Despite the more dangerous trials now before him, I see him heading across for another touchdown—if we in the rooting section keep bellowing encouragement, loud and long!

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the first beauty creams to remain *Germ-Free* as long as they last

DR. JOHN MONROE SIGMAN . . . senior dermatologist of the Macon (Georgia) Hospital, says:—"It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

(*Signature*) JOHN M. SIGMAN, M. D.

Fifty miles in an open car! Yet her skin stays smooth, fresh, unruffled by wind or dust. Secure, protected by Woodbury's two new germ-free beauty creams, it's always the lovely skin that thrills the touch!

All the well-known brands of beauty creams are made today with scrupulous care under ideal sanitary conditions. When first they come to you they are pure and safe.

But germs are everywhere. In the purest air. On your hands even when freshly washed. Once the lid of your cream jar is lifted there is always the chance that germs may get into the cream and contaminate it. In its fatty oils they flourish . . . multiply. No matter how careful you may be you cannot prevent a certain risk from these creams to your complexion.

Especially if your skin is thin, dry, sensitive—one little scratch will carry the germs under the skin. And then! Eruptions and perhaps pimples, maybe even acne!

Now . . . thanks to an amazing discovery . . . you may have two beauty creams which reduce . . . practically eliminate . . . this risk. Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, from a new formula, are not only pure when first they come to you. They *stay* germ-free as long as they last! They *keep themselves* germ-free! Germs cannot live in them.

What does this mean in terms of beauty? What does it mean to you?

It means protection! Less likelihood of infection, blemishes, pimples. More than this! With greater safety comes greater beauty! Skin health, vigor, resistance! Fine smooth texture, firm muscle tone!

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams are the surest in the world for acquiring—and keeping—the alluring, youthful skin that thrills the touch! And they cost no more than ordinary creams. 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes. Now at all drug and department stores. Or mail the coupon for free gift tube of each.

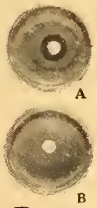
FIRST CAME ELEMENT 576 . . . NOW A SECOND AND EQUALLY UNIQUE DISCOVERY

A year ago Woodbury skin scientists developed Element 576 which in Woodbury's Cold Cream combats skin dryness, giving the skin special oils which keep it lithe, supple, young. Now they have discovered a new and equally unique ingredient which causes Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams to *stay germ-free as long as they last!*

109 leading American dermatologists in 38 states have tested the new Woodbury germ-free creams — in their laboratories — on their patients. And approved them!

93% of them believe that the germ-free properties of Woodbury's Creams clear them of certain dangers, to which ordinary creams are subject.

100% of them state that apart from their germ-free properties, Woodbury's Creams are of high quality and benefit to the skin.



THE PROOF IS IN THESE AGAR PLATES

Plates spread with nutrient agar jelly, seeded with poisonous germs. Woodbury's germ-free cream in Plate A surrounded by a clear dark ring, where germs have been destroyed by it, proves active resistance of this cream to germs. Plate B, with a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no dark ring, proving this cream has no germ-destroying power.

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Please send me free, generous sized tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams from the new germ-free formula.
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The Real Secret of Why Garbo Returned

(*Continued from page 29*)

This is how Greta looked when she returned on the motorship *Annie Johnson*—one of the very rare occasions on which Garbo ever posed for a news cameraman

Sought a Similar Climate

"FRIENDS, I know, suggested that she could find in North Africa—Algiers, I suppose—a climate almost exactly like Hollywood's. She seemed enthused over that for a while, but I'm sure she didn't even make a tentative plan to visit Africa on the trip South. Yet the question of climate seemed to interest her a great deal. She inquired of a widely-traveled real-estate man here about the weather on Soviet Russia's Crimean coast, asking if it is not like that of California.

"There's something beyond thoughts of climate and health, however, in her nostalgia. Several times she actually referred to America as 'home.' Rather surprising, eh?"

Decidedly! But they say, "He who tastes Nile water will return." Perhaps Hollywood has for Greta and many others a lure similar to that of mystic old Egypt.

Greta's peculiar sentiment toward her old Santa Monica house makes me doubt the theory advanced by some of her friends that her work, and her work only—not for the money it brings her, but merely for the thrill and joy of expressing herself—was the lure that brought her back to America, and will probably keep her here more or less permanently.

On the contrary, I think it's that old human sentiment which all of us, even the most hard-boiled, harbor sooner or later in life—the love of some particular geographical spot. Certainly, with Greta, it isn't a love of human contacts. She has friends here, but her friends in Sweden are both more intimate and more numerous.

Friends Didn't Influence Her

MOREOVER, it is true that Garbo is far from being a naturally sociable or gregarious person. Just as her circle of friends is a narrow one, and she has no inclination to enlarge it, her need for human contacts of any sort is slight, and yearning for absent friends and relatives is not an important factor in her emotional make-up.

You'd hardly expect her to be more sentimental about a particular place or country, but unquestionably she is. From every source there come indications that America has claimed her at last—perhaps has won her entirely away from Sweden! Just from the few glimpses of her I have had, and the few words I have heard her speak, as well as from information given me by those who have had far more contact with her, I am sure that she has at last formed a sentimental attachment for America.

She has always built illusions around places and things. She kept an old automobile far beyond its allotted rolling time, because she loved it. She is too sentimental about some of her favorite old coats, berets and so on, to part with them.

A stable master from whom she once rented saddle horses told me an amusing anecdote about Greta. It seems that she was always very disappointed when a particular horse she liked wasn't available to ride.

"He wasn't an especially good one, but she happened to get him when she first came here, and took a notion to him," he explained. "She didn't care for his riding qualities, I reckon. Just liked his personality."

Stars and Stripes Thrilled Her

CAPTAIN HOLMBERG of the *Annie Johnson*, the motorship that brought Greta back from Sweden, noticed her joy at the sight of American shores, and thought it more than mere relief at nearing the end of a voyage. Many on board ship noticed that the American flags along the Panama Canal seemed to have an especial meaning for her. Did they symbolize to her approaching disembarkation on the shores of a now-beloved land? She smiled as she looked at them, so evidently they *didn't* remind her of coming ordeals, such as enthusiastic American crowds and pestiferous American newspaper reporters.

Don't be a cynic and suggest that behind the vision of the stars and stripes she saw the $250,000 per picture—for two pictures per year, for two years—said to be her monetary reward for returning to this country. Again I refer you to my Swedish friend, quoting from a communication months earlier than the one hitherto reproduced:

"I think her reputation in your country for miserliness was earned by her real *disregard* for money and the things it buys. She never used to be interested in the salary paid her when touring with Stiller." (He referred to the late Mauritz Stiller, famous Swedish director and discoverer of Garbo.) "Any amount that supplied the necessities of life was all right. And there seemed to be little in the shops of Paris or Vienna that Greta cared to buy.

"I am sure she hasn't changed much since then, in that respect at least. She saves her money, accumulating a big fortune—more than she can ever use—because spending it means nothing to her. She didn't, as once reported, lose most of her money in the Swedish Match King's crash, either. So *if* she goes back to America" (this was written before Greta's decision to return to Hollywood was known) "it will not be due to the lure of your American dollars."

Why So Secretive Again?

AND when the *Annie Johnson* docked at San Diego, spectators were amazed to see Greta's bright smile, her animation as she waited for the gangplank to be lowered, and—most surprising of all!—her impulsive hand-waving at the crowd below her! Smiling happily, she talked to reporters. She posed for pictures. She didn't run away to the automobile that waited for her. Why has she been so secretive and unapproachable since then?

Although Greta gained a little weight during her stay in Europe, her health is not robust now. She still tires easily, and spends much time in bed, just resting. At the studio they are guarding her health as a miser guards his gold, for they know from the past that her eagerness to work, once a story, cast, director and other details of a film production have pleased her, makes her oblivious to hardship and strain. This time, I am told, she seems more eager than ever to get "into the harness." In "Queen Christina," she is playing an old-time queen of Sweden who was as individual in her way as this present-day Swedish queen of films.

That zealous guarding of her health by the studio is responsible for Greta's return to her old habits of silence and seclusion, in my opinion. *This* time, left to her own devices, Garbo would have come out of her shell.

Acme

Here is a believe-it-or-not picture, which shows Greta Garbo smoking a pipe. It is expected that many other ladies will follow her lead in pipe smoking

I'm convinced that she has become psychologically "Americanized." It is my prophecy that if Greta ever again says "I tank I go home," she will be referring to her home in Santa Monica, California, not to the one by the cold waters of the Baltic Sea!

Odd

THAT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE SEEMS MOST POPULAR WITH THOSE WHO LEAST NEED THE $3 IT SAVES

. . . Try this 25¢ tooth paste for a month. Compare it with dentifrices costing twice as much.

Prosperous, above-average persons are responsible for the quick success of Listerine Tooth Paste.

They aren't much influenced by the 25¢ saving possible on every tube. What these folks want is what you want—the best for the teeth at any price.

So we say: simply try Listerine Tooth Paste. Judge it by the results you get. Note how it brings your teeth to pleasing whiteness with less brushing. Watch how the film coats disappear more rapidly; also the many stains which discolor teeth.

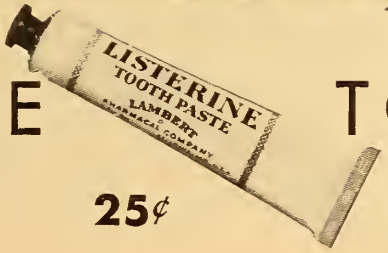
The special polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste brings speedy results. Yet it is so soft and gentle it cannot possibly injure delicate enamel.

Then, too, Listerine Tooth Paste has a refreshing flavor. It leaves your whole mouth feeling cleansed and refreshed.

If you have been using 50¢ dentifrices, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ for a change. If it does more for you than the costlier brands, the saving you make will be doubly welcome. Everyone can find things to buy with extra money. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

A tube a month . . . 25¢ instead of 50¢ . . . means $3 saved in the course of a year

Surprising—how many things you want cost only about $3 each. Select one . . . a cigarette case, book, theatre tickets . . . and let your savings on tooth paste obtain it for you.

LISTERINE 

TOOTH PASTE

25¢

"I Have Been In Love Fifty Times!" —says Loretta Young

(*Continued from page 51*)

cate hand-rail, old bits of china and porcelain, and books and prints. It all has the charm of simplicity. It all reflects this poised, cultured and lovely girl, who has such surprising dignity and humor and frankness.

And in this white house, amazing monument to the success of a twenty-year-old girl, lives Loretta with her mother and her step-father, her three sisters, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young, and Georgiana, aged eight.

There is a brother, too—Jack, eighteen. And a very unusual story goes with him. When he was a small boy, a wealthy and charming woman, a close friend of Loretta's mother, took a great fancy to him. He went to "stay" with her. He has stayed with her ever since. He comes often to visit his real mother and his sisters. The two families are like one. Between Jack and Loretta is a lovely friendship and affection. The whole family is jolly and close together. Which may be another reason why Loretta (born Gretchen) doesn't take love "too seriously" yet.

Loretta said, "Women do take love too seriously, really. Most of us wake up in the morning, bathe, dress, do our ordering, go shopping, go to the theatre, go to our work, eat our dinners, go to bed again with that one thought, that one emotion uppermost in our minds. We really have no other thought and no other interest. It's too bad. It may expand the heart, but it narrows and contracts the mind and spirit and lessens the vitality of other interests.

Why Men Accomplish More

"IT'S also too bad because men do not reciprocate this singleness of purpose. Which is why, of course, there have been more achievements, scientific, literary, musical, medical and so on by men. A normal man—and Heaven defend us from any other—says goodbye to his wife or his sweetheart and goes about his business and forgets her completely, until he sees her again. He is in love with her while he is with her. He is not out of love with her while he is away from her. He is just—away.

"It is undoubtedly true that working in pictures makes a girl take love less seriously. And more often. Much more often. After all, we work, we play emotional love scenes, we are in intimate daily contact with the most romantically and emotionally appealing men in the whole world. We play in one picture after another with one attractive man after another. And it is nonsense, it is untrue and it is unhuman to try to pretend that we do not fall in love with them. We do.

"I fall in love with all my leading men. If I fail to fall, it is just too bad for me and too bad for my love scenes. But the exceptions are so few that they are scarcely worth mentioning. There was one recently. I had the most awful time. I couldn't bear the man. When he touched me, when he had to make love to me and kiss me, I—well, if you want the truth, I left the set and was ill after each scene. That's how it affected me.

"If I didn't fall a little bit in love with the men I play opposite, I could not do love scenes with them. I could not be fondled and caressed and kissed by any man, on a set or off, unless I felt an emotional interest in him. It would be impossible. And if I don't feel a spontaneous attraction, I see to it that I work one up.

"Attractions" Happen Easily

"WHICH is fatally easy, of course. In the first place, when a man is to play opposite you, he makes it his business to be especially charming and courteous to you from the very first day on the set. He has his best foot forward, naturally—and *I* have my best foot forward, too. We are both delightful to one another. We are young and—and human. An attraction springs up, always. A superficial attraction, perhaps, but an attraction, nevertheless.

"If I should fail to be in love with my leading man," said Loretta, "or the star with whom I am playing the feminine lead, the camera would catch it. I had an amusing example of that very thing one time—

No, it isn't a new Hollywood romance. Johnny Weissmuller, recently made an honorary lifeguard at Santa Monica beach, is just out to improve the swimming technique of Maureen O'Sullivan, his mate in "Tarzan and His Mate"

not so very long ago. I was playing in a picture with two men. One was cast as my brother. The other was cast as my lover. I did a very unfortunate thing. Quite by mistake, I fell in love with the man who was cast as my brother!

"When we did the love scenes—the other man and I—there was nothing there—nothing worth having. The scenes were cold, lifeless, frozen. When I had scenes with my 'brother,' I just went—aaaahhhhh—all over the place. The thrills, the tears, the terrors of love were all there. The director nearly had a spasm. He said, 'Loretta, for heaven's sake, this man is supposed to be your *brother!*'

"I tried my darndest. I tried not to look at him when we were on the set together. I tried to avoid meeting his eyes when we had a scene to do together, with the result that the 'takes' were unbearably coy. It was no use. Every time I had to meet his eyes, the whole state of affairs was caught by the camera, which doesn't lie even to save a lady's face. Every time I had lines to speak to him, my voice went soft and hot. I begged the director to change the casting, to cast my brother as my lover and vice versa—then we would have had *scenes!* It couldn't be done. And only after long and patient rehearsals and retakes, after schooling my mind and tongue to give stern admonitions to my heart and pulse were we finally able to get scenes where I did not appear to be about to swoon with unsisterly ecstasy every time I caught sight or sound of my supposed brother!

Will Know Love When She Sees It

"OF course, I know, by this time, that these 'loves' are nothing but infatuations that start when the camera begins grinding and end with the final 'take.' Usually, they do work that way, neatly timed. But sometimes there are over-laps. Sometimes I think that maybe—perhaps—this is real. Then another picture starts, with another leading man, and the emotional processes begin anew. And so I have learned not to take 'love' too seriously"—

Loretta grew more serious. She said: "I began, of course, with Grant." (Grant Withers—with whom she eloped at seventeen and divorced a year or so later.) "I believed with all my heart that I could not live without him, would never be able to live without him. I *was* in love with him—then. I shall never, I know, feel just that way about any man again. I am not one bit sorry that it happened. The experience matured me. I shall know the real love when it comes.

"You see, I know exactly what emotion is. I know, to a fraction, the possibility of duration, the possibility of an ending. I know that emotion—or passion—is not enough. Not enough for marriage. I have acquired standards, now. And the man I marry for always, will have to measure up to them."

I said, "How will you know this man? How will you be sure about him?"

"I shall know him, easily," she replied. "He will have to be older than I, ten years perhaps. He will have to be the sort of man on whom I can depend, on whom I can *lean*. He will have to be so much wiser and stronger and finer than I that there will be no possible question about it. I will have to be able to visualize him clearly as a father, as well as a husband and lover.

"And I have learned enough of emotion to run away if I find myself falling in love with a man who does not measure up to these standards I have set. Absence does not make the heart grow fonder—that is a fallacy. It works the other way around. I've found that out, too—at least fifty different times.

"Women do take love too seriously—or what passes for love in common coinage. They isolate love. They do not link it up with the march of time that is marriage. They do not connect it definitely enough with home-life, with motherhood. Most of all, they do not take *fatherhood* seriously enough. If they would stop dreaming and mooning over the face of their lover and try to frame the face of the father of their children, there would be a great many more sound and happy homes and fewer divorces and disillusionments.

"I have been in love fifty times—I ought to know!"

Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."

"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't **you** *follow her easy* **Lux** *method?*

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful *fit*."

***YOUR* STOCKINGS** can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck LUX **TRUST TO LUX**

How Movie Stars Are Paid So Much —and Why!

(*Continued from page 53*)

to-day, to see the pictures and personalities inside those theatres, that go back to Hollywood and make it possible for the producers and stars to go on making as good entertainment, or better, for your amusement this time next year.

You Make and Break the Stars

YOU think that, as American citizens, you have, with your votes, a controlling, dominating voice in the government of your city, state and nation. As a matter of fact, you haven't half the power at the ballot-boxes that you have at the box-offices.

Ballot-boxes can be corrupted. Votes can be bought and sold. Political candidates can be foisted upon you by means of promises they never intend to keep and platforms they repudiate the day after election.

But at the box-office, in the theatre, you pick your own favorites, you make your own stars, you nominate your own candidates and elect them. They stand or fall by your decision. The referendum and recall are constantly in force in the motion picture theatre, because you, as the theatregoers of the country, have the power at any time to impeach, convict and dismiss a star—and there is no appeal from your decision. You are the Court of Last Resort. You are the star-makers; you are the star-breakers.

If this sounds like mere figurative rhetoric, let me show you how easily it can be translated into dollars and cents.

The producer's only source of money with which to pay salaries to stars or make pictures is your pocketbook. He doesn't put his own money into pictures. Somewhere in the dim, prehistoric past of the motion picture business, there may have been producers who used their own money, because it was the only money they had to use—or could obtain. In those days, a thousand dollars made a "special," and the returns were one thousand per cent and more, in many instances.

You're Back of Every Producer

TO-DAY it's YOUR money that makes pictures and keeps the motion picture industry alive. The producer may borrow from banks, but unless *your* money at the box-office endorses what he has done with the money he borrowed, he'll have nothing to repay the loans with when they fall due. He may sell stock in his picture enterprise, but he will never be able to pay dividends on the stock, and finally he won't be able to give it away—unless *you* buy the entertainment he offers you for sale at the box-offices.

And what you buy most eagerly at the box-office are personalities, stars. Not stories. Not directors. Not big sets. Not crowds of people. Those things are merely the garnish around the roast. You want stars—fascinating, dazzling, provocative, compelling, irresistible personalities—whose dramatic experiences, joys, sorrows, heart-breaks and triumphs you are never tired of listening to and watching.

By years of experience the producer has found that out. He has discovered how much you will pay for the pleasure of spending an evening with those personalities you have elected to stardom. And though, in the single instance, it is only twenty-five cents, forty cents or fifty cents, it amounts to astounding millions in the aggregate.

Which brings us to the definition of a star—as the producer sees a star, when he has reached the point of calculating how much he can afford to pay a particular player to appear exclusively in his pictures.

A star—anyone of fifteen or twenty outstanding personalities of the screen—is a player whose personality is so magnetic that his or her presence in a picture will increase that picture's earnings fifty, one hundred, or even two hundred per cent.

Can Depend on Certain Earnings

IT goes without saying that every motion picture firm in Hollywood knows just how much every one of its pictures earns. And a comparative study of the earnings of a number of pictures teaches a producer a number of vital lessons.

One is that the majority of pictures earn an average gross business, and it is folly to hope that, in any given season, the average picture will earn any more. Many will fall below that average, but few will exceed it. Therefore it is something like suicide, commercially speaking, to invest more than a certain amount in them.

The second lesson he learns is that certain pictures, for certain reasons, exceed that average gross in any given season, in a startling and significant manner. Where the average earning for most pictures in any particular year is, let us say, $300,000, the exceptional picture will roll up a gross of $500,000, $750,000, $1,000,000 or more.

Naturally, the producer's first interest is to know what elements in those pictures brought about that abnormal and extremely gratifying return. And the answer, in an overwhelming majority of instances, is the star or stars who appeared in those pictures.

Every time that *you*, anywhere, in a thousand cities and towns of the United States, flock to see the latest picture starring Norma Shearer, or Joan Crawford, or Edward G. Robinson, or Harold Lloyd, or Eddie Cantor, or Ronald Colman, or Marlene Dietrich, or Janet Gaynor, or Will Rogers, or Barbara Stanwyck, or Constance Bennett, or Ann Harding—or any other of a dozen or fifteen stars I could name—you are helping to double or triple the earnings of that picture.

You'd Pay Them That, Too

IF *you* were a motion picture producer and had an opportunity to sign up a star who could increase the revenue of the pictures you made from $300,000 to $750,000 per picture, would *you* hesitate to pay that star $5,000 a week, $7,500 a week or even $10,000 a week to appear in your productions? I'll bet you Mr. Morgan's British income tax for 1932 that you wouldn't!

Staggering as the amount may seem, you would only be agreeing to pay that star a percentage of what he had already demonstrated he could induce the fans to spend at the box-office. That doesn't sound very much like frenzied finance, does it?

There is a certain element of hazard in it, to be sure, just as there is in any human act or transaction, even to crossing the street. But, if you were a producer, you would know and make use of protective devices.

In a great many instances, your contract with a star would be for one year—with an option giving you the first call on the star's services for a second and a third year. If the star's popularity maintained itself during the first year, or increased, you would, of course, exercise the option. If it didn't, you would forget it at option-time.

In some instances, the producer feels so sure of the star's continuing and increasing box-office power that he binds himself for a straight term of three years. That constitutes a greater element of risk, of course, and in some instances, producers have guessed wrong. The star has passed his or her ascendancy during the period of the contract and has begun to decline in popularity and box-office earning power.

How Stars Get Raises

A STAR contract that includes several options contains—in case you don't know it—a clause that calls for an increase in salary to the star, for the succeeding period, if the producer wants him or her as a member of his studio family for another term. Here, again, is another proof that the glittering, dazzling world of stars' salaries is conducted shrewdly.

Option-time arrives and, with it, the moment for a decision on the part of the producer. The record made by the star's pictures has been good during the year. He wants to keep that star with him. But while he feels the star is worth what he has been paying, he doesn't feel sure that the star can pull enough more of YOUR quarters and half-dollars into the theatres to warrant the increase in salary that the option calls for. At $3,500 a week, the star is an asset. At $5,000 a week, he is—not exactly a liability—but, let us say, not a good risk.

There have been plenty of cases of that kind in motion picture industry during the past three years. YOU have not been spending as much money at the box-offices, even to see your greatest favorites, as you did four or five years ago, for the very good reason that you have not had it to spend.

And, as many of those option contracts were based on an erroneous estimate of what business conditions were going to be, an adjustment has become imperative, to bring the contract, and the star's salary, into harmony with picture earnings as they are—not as everyone hoped they would be.

YOU Rewrite Their Contracts

AGAIN, it is YOUR voice, the voice of the people, that dictates, and from which there is no appeal. The situation proves the complete, one hundred per cent democracy of the motion picture business, in the final analysis. Contract after contract has been rewritten on that basis, so far as the salary clause was concerned, since the 1929 crash.

One extremely popular and debonair star—we won't mention names, because it would be as unfair and as odious as comparisons are supposed to be—was receiving $100,000 a picture when the end of his contract came. The studio asked for a substantial reduction upon renewing the contract, in view of conditions, over which neither the star nor the studio had any control. They argued and negotiated to no purpose.

Several weeks later, the star signed a contract with the same studio at a sixty per cent reduction. It was a wise and intelligent move and Hollywood agreed that he had strengthened himself by re-appraising his box-office valuation.

Other stars have come up to the brink of the same Rubicon—and more will do so as the months pass. Some have elected to stand upon the letter of their bond, as the Merchant of Venice did, and insisted upon their pound of flesh. They got it, and will get it, if they require it, until the conclusion of the contract.

But if, by that time, their box-office standing has not improved, they will find it much more difficult to get fifty per cent of what they have been paid, from that studio or any other, than if they had been willing to meet the producer half-way and abide by the inexorable arbitration of the box-office—which, again I remind you, is YOU.

In Milan: Dr. Pompeo Calvitto reports:

"Skin Faults corrected · Healthy Skins made lovelier"

Woodbury's wins

HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST IN ITALY

On all sides of the old *piazza* in Milan, hum and buzz a thousand industries of new Italy. Amid this intermingling of the old and the new, Dr. Pompeo Calvitto, leading Italian dermatologist, conducts the Thirty-day Half-face Beauty Test. "I accept this opportunity with enthusiasm," he declares, "hoping finally to find a soap that will not irritate the epidermis."

Typical Italian women from sixteen to thirty-five years of age are chosen for the test. Only ten have complexions that are perfectly normal. All others are beset with from one to three stubborn skin ailments —excessive oiliness, blackheads, sallowness, wrinkles.

Follows a month of careful testing under Dr. Calvitto's daily supervision with the assistance of nine nurses to prove whether the ordinary cleansers these women habitually use or Woodbury's Facial Soap is better for the care of the skin.

Eight out of Ten Skin Faults Improved

With Woodbury's the ten good complexions are, in the words of Dr. Calvitto, "improved, made fresher, more pink and velvet-like." More than eight out of ten of all skin faults are overcome or greatly improved. All excessively oily skins but one yield to Woodbury's gentle care. 89% of the faces afflicted with blackheads show these ugly blemishes no longer. A third of the cases of sallowness grow fresher, clearer. Even wrinkles—the hardest of all skin faults to overcome—are 91% smoothed away!

Dr. Calvitto's hopes of Woodbury's Facial Soap are not disappointed. "It never caused any irritation to the finest, most delicate epidermis," he reports. "The results of its use in all cases have been excellent. All skin defects of face and hands improved with the use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in very little time. It is a marvelous product . . . excellent ingredients . . . very careful packing."

What Woodbury's Facial Soap did for these Italian women, this basic beauty treatment in cake form can do for you! It is a complexion soap without rival in the world of cleansers and beauty aids!

Buy it at any drug or department store or mail the coupon for a free gift cake.

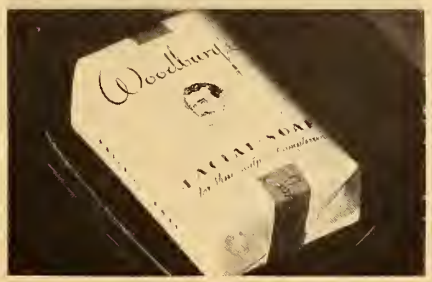
Photo D'Ora, Paris

Dr. Pompeo Calvitto, specialist in Dermatology at the Royal University of Milan, Health Director of the Dermatological Departments, "Sempione" and "Ruggiero Bonghi" of Milan.

THE CONTESSA GABRIELLE DI ROBILANT, lovely member of Roman society, one of the participants, says: "Every time I use Woodbury's Facial Soap I feel as if I had a new face. A delightful freshness of the skin, a marvelous feeling so seldom I have found with other soaps."

A Typical Example of the Milan Half-Face Test

Gianni Lanzi, age 21. Skin excessively oily, sallow, with blackheads. At end of test, Dr. Calvitto wrote on her chart, "Greatly improved." Blackheads disappeared, over-activity of oil glands checked, pores normal size, skin showed a healthy glow, after thirty days' use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming "Loveliness Kit," containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

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In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

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Guard your DRESSES
Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost You Both

New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

ODORONO REGULAR
for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT ODORONO
is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Immortals of the Screen

(*Continued from page 33*)

turbing effect on his feminine followers. Hysterical acclaim and idolatrous worship overwhelmed him wherever he went.

No one, before or since, has so completely conquered the imagination of a world. Gable, Cagney, Raft, Weissmuller have each in turn excited waves of mild mania. But the cycle of love-making and love-dramas that Valentino started has had no counterpart.

His two greatest hits, "Blood and Sand" and "The Sheik," when screened to-day, are amusingly antiquated. So it is not because of his characterizations, as such, that Valentino is destined to be classed as an Immortal. But, rather, because his compelling incarnation of a screen hero satisfied the repressed needs and incoherent, sub-conscious wants of a world of women.

Valentino remains a unique phenomenon in picture annals. He cannot be classed merely as an actor; he is a cult. His memory persists. A personality capable of so wholly enslaving a vast multitude during a fluid and critical era must be called Immortal.

Why Marie Is Unforgetable

MARIE DRESSLER embodies the mother spirit of the world. Beneath the costumes and make-up of her rôles, her wholesomeness, her sweetness, her great soul, shine like dazzling beacon lights. Her personality dwarfs her achievements; her saga-like story of struggle to supremacy in the twilight of her life is an inspiration.

She is synonymous with the placidly tender emotions in the human heart. Her ripened philosophies give her wisdom and understanding that reach out magically to her audiences. Even in her most robust scenes, there is a gentleness, a glowing and encompassing love, which transcends the action on the screen.

Marie Dressler to-day is the greatest box-office magnet in pictures. She writes cinema history with the fact that she is the only character actress to be starred consistently. Marie Dressler is a beloved national institution. As such, she belongs on Hollywood's Roll of Immortals.

Charles Chaplin is the greatest pantomimist of our age. His is the ability to dramatize emotion through movement. His mobile facial muscles, his stumbling feet, his nervous hands are far more expressive than words could ever be. He gives substance to pathos; he makes tears and laughter overlap in such rapid sequence that they become a commentary on life. We participate in his errors and in his joys because they are so akin to our own.

He puts an ageless quality into his characterizations that makes them ever-real. He belongs to no time or place or era. This silent, moody man has had the genius to create a universal character based on the inevitable misadventures that beset poor human beings. He makes weakness and failure amusingly plausible, without the aftermath of sting and regret. And because Chaplin so mingles reality and fantasy, he must be classed as an Immortal.

Garbo Unlike Any Other Woman

NEITHER legend nor manufactured mystery places Greta Garbo among the Illustrious Six. Rather, it is because Garbo is the personification of Desire—of a compelling, inexplicable, physical allure—glorified by a spiritual quality that makes her unapproachable and unattainable. She induces a nostalgia for beauty; a strange and terrible longing for unknown things. She inspires while she thwarts; she descends to a human level of feeling and instantly abandons it. She has a distinction shared by no other screen artist. Unquestionably, her personality as a woman has contributed to her vogue, but it isn't essentially based on it.

Garbo came to the screen at a time when beauty values were changing; when artists drew angular women, composed of planes and not curves, when a stirring, imaginative art replaced surface and recognizable charm. She was cast in the image of those heretofore mental inventions.

Garbo is the sort of woman for whom men gladly die; whom women serve in rapture. And she sways both sexes equally. She distills a heady elixir with her enigmatic smile and slow grace. She is ecstasy and passion; she fascinates and frightens; she draws and repels. Greta is unlike any other woman in the world to-day. Inscribe Greta Garbo's name among the Immortals.

In addition to these Six destined for immortality, there are a number of stars who have given vivid and memorable performances, and who, in relation to those specific rôles, entice the imagination and the admiration of the world. Yet their names may fade with the years.

Almost Among the Immortals

THERE are George Arliss, Lionel and John Barrymore. Great actors—artists, all three. And many will quarrel with our exclusion of these names from the list of Hollywood's Immortals. But these men belong to the theatre, primarily, and will figure in theatre annals. They do not depend on the screen for their fame—and will not live in memory as an integral part of this art.

Helen Hayes, too, is to date still more of the theatre than of the cinema. It is not outside the realm of possibility that with a few more rôles, with an additional bit of camera glamour, she will in time be counted as the Seventh Screen Immortal.

Lillian Gish, who reflected the genius of Griffith and who was the first—and, for many years, the only—tragedienne of films, abandoned the screen soon after it learned to talk. Her art has not been completely tried. But she is now coming back. She may prove her right to Immortality.

Harold Lloyd, just misses the mark. He has produced splendid, clean entertainment. Like Chaplin, he has created a famous comic character. But, unlike Chaplin, he has not swayed the human heart.

Weak and ineffective vehicles have robbed Ruth Chatterton of Immortality. A keen and sensitive molder of emotion, she has had no opportunity to follow up her "Madame X" or her "Sarah and Son." The same is true of Emil Jannings, one of the screen's really great artists—perhaps the screen's greatest master of tragic realism.

Both Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks have a vast and extraordinary following among the boys. They have influenced adolescent vocabularies and behavior as no other two stars have. But because their appeal is limited, they, too, must be excluded from the Roster of Immortals.

When motion picture history is written, the name of Al Jolson will always be mentioned—as the star of the first talkie. The name of Cecil B. De Mille will be mentioned for his tremendous Biblical spectacles. But neither has achieved the incomparable; neither wears the mantle of Immortality.

Jackie Cooper must wait on the advancing years to confirm his seemingly inspired talent. He has interpreted the child mind with telling effect. But whether it is an easy expression of himself or in truth an indication of the stuff of which Immortality is made, remains to be seen.

The screen to-day has its immortal symbols, and will continue to produce them in line with the other—the older—arts!

★ KAY FRANCIS WINS LOVE OF LYLE TALBOT IN WARNER BROS. "MARY STEVENS, M.D."

Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot meet again after many years and renew a childhood romance.

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Trying to forget, they find each other in the same hiding place and come to a true understanding.

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KAY FRANCIS

Star in Warner Bros. "MARY STEVENS, M.D"

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands

Her hands were softly young, white as lilies, on the day of her wedding. "How endearingly fragile and feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands . . .

. . . plunged into dishwater every day. They aged *years*—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere," she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who . . .

. . . told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite as a bride's!

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

THERE usually being nothing shy or covered-up about the Goldwyn Girls, we have great hopes for the forthcoming group, provided they meet the Chief's instructions to his scouts. Said instructions were direct. The girls to be searched out must be: "Too exquisite to be alive, too good to be true, too beautiful for the naked eye."

Mmmmmmm!

ON the other hand, we must report sadly that one of our favorite local characters has had dirt done by him. With tears in our eyes we speak of the manner in which Una Merkel crashed an alleged "breakaway" vase—supposed to smash like an eggshell when brought into contact with a solid surface—over the head of Warren Hymer.

But the vase didn't break. And Warren went to the hospital with seven stitches to be taken in his scalp—while Una is being asked why she doesn't pick on someone her own size.

ANOTHER well-known figure hereabouts with a flair for trouble is the character known as Fainting Fanny. This woman is a professional fit-thrower and fainter, who gets herself hired in a mob scene, and then takes a dive. All Fanny is said to need to demand damages from a studio is to get within the gates. And you may imagine with what dispatch the boys escort her out when they find her in!

RELATIVE to divers, the Marx Brothers rise to proclaim that their fighter, Canvasback (Ducky) Cohen, is really a brutal person, and nobody's pushover. Striking an attitude, Groucho explains: "It wasn't because of his natural ability to assume a back-to-the-canvas pose that we called him 'Canvasback,' because he isn't an English heavyweight. We named him 'Canvasback' in honor of our new picture, 'Duck Soup.'" And that settles that.

THE Canvasback must be somewhat bewildered to find himself under the guidance of the Marxmen. Indeed, one comic manager would be enough—but four! Yet we suppose that in their numbers lies the real cause and effect of why all the Marx boys became funny-men.

"I was one of a family of eight," Charlie Murray once said, "and with that amount of brothers and sisters, a sense of humor is not only a help—but a downright necessity!"

PAUL Kelly is going to get his chance to come back, after all. Since he was released from prison where he served a term with Dorothy Mackaye following the death of Ray Raymond, Kelly has been up for rôles at practically all the major studios. He was even under contract to Universal for several months but for one reason or another he has never appeared in talkies. Now Twentieth Century has placed him under long-term contract and will give him his chance to come back.

WE imagine a sense of humor is also necessary to Jackie Cooper's mother. Just the other day she found him cutting a loophole in his bedroom door. He got the idea from those in the projection booths in the studio! (This was before his recent appendectomy.)

IS Jack Oakie's mother all a-flutter these days? She is actually going to make her screen début, playing her real-life mother rôle with Jack in "Too Much Harmony." They are a great team, these Oakies. Much of the business you will see in the completed picture was *ad libbed* by them on the set.

JUDITH Allen, the unknown girl whom DeMille chose for his high-school lead in "This Day and Age," has been revealed to be the wife of Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler. The name of Judith Allen was concocted for her by DeMille when he did not like her screen name of Mari Colman. Now it turns out that her name is really Maria Eliot Sonnenberg, and that she has been married to the wrestler since March, 1931.

HAVING obtained Max Baer's signature on an M-G-M contract for "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," the studio has made overtures to Primo Carnera. They want him for another part in the

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Like bicycles, Vilma Banky has come back. Here she is in London, happy to be headed for Hollywood again, after making "The Rebel" abroad

story, but he is not any too sure he will accept. The script calls for him to be knocked out by Baer and there is such a thing as professional pride, even in the prize ring.

Meanwhile Ace Hudkins, known to fistic followers as the "Nebraska Wild Cat," has undergone an operation to straighten his nose in the hopes that a new schnozzle will heighten his chances of crashing the movies.

HERE and There. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who left Hollywood in a huff, has agreed to return after all for a rôle in the Walter Winchell story, "Broadway Through a Keyhole"—Russ Columbo, famous as a radio crooner, has been signed by Universal—Boris Karloff is preparing to don his terrific make-up again for a sequel to "Frankenstein," titled "The Return of Frankenstein"—Baby LeRoy, youngest contract player of them all, has recovered from a siege of the measles, and is now carrying the torch for Claudette Colbert in "The Torch Singer"—Alice White has decided to sign up with one studio, after all and has affixed her signature to a Universal long-term contract—Karen Morley has finally admitted that it *is* a baby she is going to have. She will retire from the screen until after the Blessed Event this fall—Tallulah Bankhead is back in town and may make a picture—The stork is on his way to the home of Walt Disney, who has previously been concerned mainly with mice. If it is a boy, Walt plans to call him Mickey.—Robert Montgomery has gone back to the farm and is going to have a month's vacation at his place in upstate New York.—Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have returned from their European trip.

A RUMOR of a budding romance between Miriam Hopkins and King Vidor led Ernst Lubitsch to exercise his well-known sense of humor. In the script Lubitsch handed Miriam for "Design for Living" there was a note scribbled on the first page. It read: "Dear King, If there's anything here you don't like, please let me know. Ernst."

WHO Cares Department: That's a burning romance between Glenda Farrell and Robert Riskin—George O'Brien and Margaret Churchill finally "went and done it." They were married quietly in the Ynez Mission with only the members of their immediate families in attendance.—Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are being seen everywhere together.—Ditto Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, Susan Fleming and Harpo Marx.—The Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow affair still blazes.—Bill O'Brien gave up his business in England to come to Hollywood to be with his wife, Elizabeth Allan.—David Manners and Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph Morgan, lunching together.—There was a narrow escape in the Brown Derby the other day when, during the lunch hour, Bobbe Arnst and Nick Stuart came in together. No sooner had they left than Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez entered as

(*Continued on page 80*)

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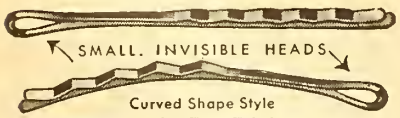

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313 Years Behind Make-Up

(*Continued from page 55*)

first went on the stage—and they are just the same.

"All I pray for is that I keep my health and strength until the final curtain comes down," she says. "That's the way I would like it to end—working."

Became Ten Years Younger

HENRIETTA CROSMAN had to battle family objections, also, when she set out for fame and fortune fifty years ago. She, also, is sixty-eight. When she determined to go on the stage, she planned to use her mother's name, Henrietta Foster, because she thought it prettier in sound. Then her father heard of her plan, though he did not know of her intended change of name.

"You shan't disgrace the name of Crosman by taking it on the stage!" he said.

With that, the fiery young Henrietta made up her mind. "Crosman is my name, and you can't stop me if I want to use it!" she retorted.

So Henrietta Crosman went up in lights instead of Henrietta Foster. She retired from the stage several years ago. She was independently wealthy. Her life had been a full one, for she had headed her own companies and staged her own ventures. She was perfectly content, she thought, to live in her beloved home in the country and let her garden take up most of her time. The depression brought her back acting, and gave her to the screen in "The Royal Family of Broadway." Recently she has made "Pilgrimage," and she will do another film shortly for Fox. She admits that she has missed the smell of greasepaint.

"I didn't know what was the matter with me," she confesses. "But it was not having my own work to do after all of these years. I used to become tired—oh, so terribly tired—after a day at the studio, but even then there was a feeling here, inside, of such peace, such content, because once more I had a good part that demanded real work from me. Even with the weariness, I felt that ten years had been lifted off my shoulders."

How Marie Keeps Young

MARIE DRESSLER, greatest sensation of the screen to-day, is sixty-four years old. She was Leila Koerber when she started on the stage forty-seven years ago. She changed her name because of her father's objection to being "disgraced" by having a daughter on the stage. How different would be his feeling if he could see the loving reverence with which "Queen" Marie is greeted all over the world to-day!

The last time I saw her she was climbing airily over the "Tugboat Annie" set.

"Retirement? I never think of such an awful thing!" she said. "My creed is: 'Take care of to-day. Yesterday is gone and there is no to-morrow.' Retiring is the farthest thing from my thoughts. To speculate on such things is nonsense. What is to happen *will* happen, and you can't look ahead—so why fret or worry about it?"

Evidently, even the thought of leaving the screen is something to "fret and worry" about to this grandest of the young stars over fifty. "You keep young just as long as there is an audience to work for," she says.

By that token, Marie Dressler has a fountain of youth springing eternally in the hearts of theatregoers.

Always Springtime For Louise

THERE were no family objections to overcome when Louise Dresser started her career. In fact when her father, a railroad conductor, was killed, it brought Louise face to face with reality. Gifted with a beautiful voice she went to Boston and experienced the usual difficulties. But at the age of seventeen she met Paul Dresser, composer of "On The Banks of the Wabash," and her climb to fame and success was established. She took his name at his request and soon blossomed forth as a musical comedy actress.

Louise Dresser is now fifty-one years old, and has been appearing on the stage since 1900. That year was her introduction to vaudeville. She didn't reach Broadway in a legitimate musical show until 1906—but for the following fourteen years she seldom left the theatrical thoroughfare—so marked was her success in one piece after another.

Louise Dresser has been in Hollywood for the past eleven years. It was in "The Goose Woman" that she contributed one of the screen's great performances. And she has been busy in one picture after another, lately being seen in "State Fair," and "Doctor Bull."

So Louise continues to work. "The only way I'd ever know I was older than I used to be," she says, "is that all these new movie boys and girls seem so pathetically young—and they talk another language."

She takes life as it reveals itself. Hers is a fountain of youth because she thinks young—and takes an interest in everything that surrounds her. Her gardens of flowers and vegetables are just as important to her as any screen rôle—and her neighbors and friends are home-folks like herself.

Rests by Changing Work

LAURA HOPE CREWS is dividing her time gaily between the stage and screen. While critical praise is pouring in for her work in "The Silver Cord," she is making plans for a stage appearance this winter on Broadway opposite Roland Young. She is fifty-three and made her first stage appearance when she was four years old. The word 'retirement' draws a laugh from her.

"I just take a busman's holiday, instead, when I need a rest," she says. "The best rest I know is doing a stage play, and then I come back ready for another screen part."

Beryl Mercer (her latest picture is "Berkeley Square,") is fifty-one years old, and has been on the stage since she played little *Willie* in "East Lynne" at the ripe age of four years. Her idea of a nice long rest is to appear in innumerable benefits for the unemployed—an enterprise that has been engaging most of her time between pictures for the last months. She is as spirited as the youngsters she likes to be with, and shares their enthusiasms.

Alison Skipworth (you'll see her in "The Song of Songs") is fifty-eight, and has been accustomed to adulation since she went on the stage at the age of twenty-one.

"My family didn't mind, I was the one who objected to the stage," she reveals. "I kicked against each new part like a puppy pulling back against a leash for the first few years. But I had been married for four years and the grocery bill hadn't been paid for two, so something had to be done. Then I discovered that work, instead of being a burden, was a tonic."

Isn't This Youth's Philosophy?

FROM that she evolved her philosophy: "Try not to care about yesterday, because to-day is intensely exciting and to-morrow is sure to be interesting."

"Everyone should learn to do some one thing so well that the world will pay for it," she thinks. "Then you should have a second string to your bow—some hobby that will keep you busy if your chief work fails you.

(*Continued on page 79*)

Dick Took the Count—But He's Up Again

(*Continued from page 56*)

turn immediately and get ready for "Footlight Parade," and the other from a hotel to lead a jazz band in their supper room in the evenings. I accepted both!

"About two days before the Detroit engagement was completed I began to run a temperature. The next to the last day I was singing 'I'm Young And Healthy' from the 'Gold Diggers' with knees that would barely support me and a temperature of 104! I gave them as many encores as I could get in before the spots began to be too frequent and too black before my eyes. I kept telling myself that it didn't matter if I did drive myself a little bit—I could catch up with a good four-day rest on the train coming back to Hollywood.

Taking the Count

"THE moment I boarded the train I told the porter to get the berth ready in my compartment. The next thing I remembered, vaguely, was of being hauled into an ambulance waiting at the train in Los Angeles!

"They tell me," and he grinned that likable boyish grin that has done as much as his crooning voice to put him over on the screen, "that I was pretty sick.

"All that 'hay' I had been piling up so proudly went toward hospital and doctors' bills!

"I guess I've learned my lesson, all right. You can burn the candle in more ways than dissipation, you know. You can dim it down with overwork just as easily.

"The reason I have told you all this in such detail is because it is all going to have an important effect on my screen career from now on. Instead of rushing out and grabbing everything that comes along because it will build up my name, I'm going to give more time and attention to the movies *exclusively*.

"For one thing I'd like to get away from so many of those 'crooner' rôles. After all, these musicals can't go on forever. They had an awful flare once before and they faded out and with them went all those ambitious singing and dancing girls and boys from Broadway! From here on in, I'd like to be worth something to a Warner picture without having to sing.

"There's a peach of a part in Joe E. Brown's new picture, and Joe's plugging me for it. The character is a wise-cracking, fresh gob, something entirely different from anything I have done before.

"Now that I have all this business about making hay out of my mind, I'm going after the job of trying to make a good trouper out of Powell, if it's possible.

"In place of making movies casually in the daytime, filling radio engagements in my spare time, and leading an orchestra at night, I'm going to concentrate on the movies. That orchestra stuff is definitely out. My spare time is going to be devoted to golf and tennis and some of this swell brand of sunshine."

"How are you going to take Mary Brian out dancing if you are planning to put in most of your time studying?" I thought I had him gagged about a romance Hollywood is so "sold on."

The only answer he made was: "I don't know how I stand there. . . . " Which didn't sound any too encouraging about future wedding bells in *that* direction.

And just in case you're interested, Dick's divorce from the non-professional girl in the East became final six months ago. From now on he will probably be . . . not only young and healthy . . . but heart-free as well! And he intends to go places in a great big way on the screen.

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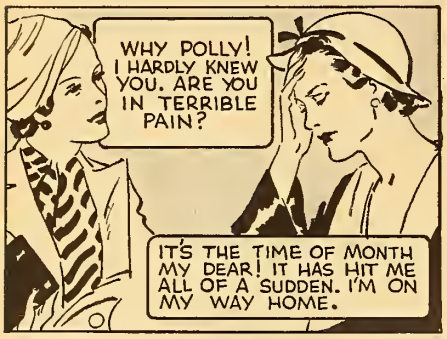

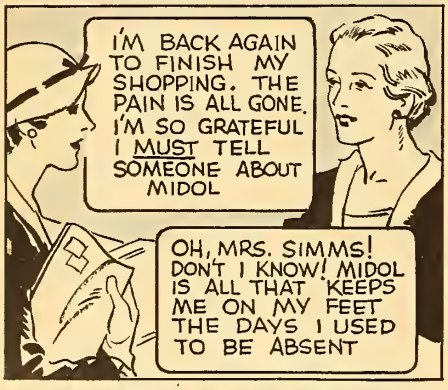

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Hollywood—The Last Frontier of the Cowboys

(*Continued from page 35*)

making them; Columbia usually has a western unit working, also Universal. But even so, there is not enough work to go around. Only a few can be kept busy.

In the good old days up to 1926 and 1927, soldier, cavalry, cossack, desert and western films kept the old fellows busy. A cowboy in those days would work for two, three and sometimes four months on one picture, averaging sixty dollars a week. Now they make either five dollars or seven-fifty a day—and that day comes on an average of, about, once a week. Some of the boys scrimp along for months without having a day's work. But those who do work always help the others. It's swim or sink together.

"Hi, Slim."

"Hi, Buck."

"How're things?"

"Oh, I'm as free from money as a frog is from hair."

"Come on 'n eat."

"Aw, I've et," lies Slim.

"Well, I ain't," says Buck, not to be outdone in the matter of lies, "come on 'n keep me company."

So Buck eats a doughnut (perhaps the fifth charitable "sinker" that day) and watches Slim "wolf" down a large T-bone steak and all the trimmin's.

"Well, say, thanks," says Slim. "That was larrupin' truck. I'm expectin' to work in a coupla days on a big job. You'll eat on me, then."

"Sure," says Buck. "Well, s'long,"

"S'long," says Slim, and goes to stand on the corner, waiting for the "big job."

Slim is fifty-nine. He was born on a ranch and lived fifty-seven of his years in a saddle. This here city life gets him all tangled up. He has no car. Most of the time he has no car-fare. The studios are at long distances from each other, and a cowboy saddles up a horse to go from the corral to the barn. He hates to walk. He hates to talk over the telephone to casting directors—cain't understand a durn word over the durned thing.

So he stands on the corner . . . the waterhole, the boys call it . . . the corner of Sunset and Gower. Most of the cowboys stand there, in order that the studios may know exactly where they are when the "big job" comes along. They never give up hope.

Slim, and the other old fellows like him, have a pretty tough time. They are shy, reserved, bewildered and resentful. They find it difficult to rustle up jobs; they develop a pessimistic attitude toward tips. Most of them avoid the telephone as if it had smallpox. I know one cowboy who won't get a transfer on the street-car. He prefers to pay another fare. "Don't understand what them fool slips of paper are fer," he confessed to me once, and although I explained them, he still refuses to use them.

Drug-Store Cowboys Get Jobs

BUT the young, drug-store cowboys get along right smart. They have cars, they race around after jobs, follow up each tip, get chummy with the casting directors, hop confidentially on the telephone all the time, and make pretty good living wages.

And this, by the way, is one of the hardest crosses that Slim has to bear . . . the drug-store cowboy, young, sleek, and a hustler, who learned to ride around the barns in Burbank and Culver City, and, by hob-nobbing with the real cowboys, learned how to handle gentle horses and "talk right."

"They cain't tell a cow from a steer," Slim yelled at me one day. "They're good hands in a picture, but they ain't never worked on no ranch. They wear freak outfits tryin' to look like honest-to-God cowpunchers, but they ain't nuthin' but kids all dressed up to play. You can tell a genuwine cowboy if he's naked!"

And, you, who go to picture shows, watch for Slim on the screen. If you see a cowboy riding a horse at a pretty fast clip, that's no sign he is Slim. A fast gallop is the easiest thing in the world to master. But if the cowboy does a bang-up fall, if he jumps a horse off a cliff into a river, if he drives a stage-coach into a spectacular wreck, you can be sure that it's Slim. For if a studio wants to get any kind of a wild, reckless, dangerous scene, Slim gets a chance to risk his life. "Suicide stuff," he calls it, and grins just before the director gives the signal.

An Old-Timer's Pluck

ONE of the Slims in Hollywood is Jack French, sixty-three years old, six feet tall, lean and leathery. He was born in Georgia, worked for forty years on ranches in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California, and was one of the best cow-hands the Old West ever saw. He came to Hollywood about ten years ago when the Miller and Lux ranch began to break up.

Jack is one of my best friends, and he is a hero. They don't make them any better.

One day, several years ago, he was out on location with a company from Cosmopolitan. He was sitting on his horse, as the animal drank from a small stream.

"If this here crick was gin, I'd fall right off my hoss," said Jack dreamily.

"All right, boys," yelled the director. "Ready for the chase!"

Jack wheeled his horse into line, and away they went, hell-bent for election. You probably saw that chase and were thrilled. But you didn't see Jack's horse fall, and you didn't see Jack pinned between the animal and a large, unrelenting boulder.

In the hospital he told me about it in a voluminous way.

"He stepped in a hole," he said. "Then the durned critter sat on my hip. It's broke. But I'm tougher'n a boot heel."

Jack was in the hospital in a plaster-cast for months, and when he came out he limped badly. He had "a hitch-up in his get-a-long," as he said, and was as "thin as the runnin' gears of a katydid."

But that didn't keep him from working. And here comes the hero stuff. About a week after his release from the hospital, when his hip was still in pretty bad shape, Jack was signed for a week's work at Lasky's, driving a chariot in "The Wanderer."

There were thousands of extras in long, flowing, biblical robes milling around. The four horses drawing Jack's chariot had their dander up. They got restless, then they got mad. So they ran away. Jack, bracing his good hip against the side of the chariot, (the front was open, of course) worked with all his strength on the reins. One of the horses got balled up with the traces. He kicked and plunged and someway got his hind legs into the chariot. Kicking furiously, the frantic animal, heavily shod, caught both of Jack's shins, time and time again, just below the knee. His legs were ribboned; both shin bones were splintered. But Jack held on. He was thinking about those extras, running wildly out of the way, tripped by their heavy garments, women screaming, children crying. He COULDN'T let those frantic horses and his heavy chariot mow down a dozen or so human beings. It was real courage and sacrifice.

Grimly he fought the horses and grimly he forgot his broken hip and his poor, shattered legs. Slowly he worked the animals

to a quivering standstill. Not a person out of those frightened thousands had been hurt. Not one of the extras, fleeing in a frenzy of fear, had been scratched.

But Jack was hurt. He stood in the chariot, biting his scraggly old moustache, and speaking soothingly, between gasps of pain, to the nervous horses, until Slim could reach him.

"All right, Jack?" asked Slim, jumping into the chariot and taking the reins.

"Aw," said Jack, "Just got my shins barked," and he quietly toppled over.

They're at the Water-Hole Rememberin'

I saw Jack today. He was standing on the corner at the water-hole, waiting. He hasn't worked for three months.

"I hear they're goin' to start a big picture out at First National," he said. But the gleam faded from his keen blue eyes. "But they're wantin' young fellers these days. They don't seem to know that I kin still ride. I bin thinkin' about gettin' me a place out on a ranch somewheres . . ."

But he won't. He'll stay right here in Hollywood. All his old range pals are here, Buck and Shorty and Pee-Wee and Curly and Matt and Blackjack and Windriver Bill—few of them have last names—and there are no more ranches. Where he used to ride tall and straight and free over the range, now he is dodging Rolls-Royces and Fords. Where he used to wrestle calves, now he is pounding the pavement looking for work . . . or a meal. His chuck wagon is any nickel hamburger joint. His bunk is a fire plug.

Hollywood, the Last Frontier! And the Old West shuffles along the boulevard waiting for a "big picture"; the Old West is in line for a job; the Old West breathes in the city's carbon monoxide gas and curses the cruelty of the asphalt pounding against his high-heeled boots . . . and remembers.

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313 Years Behind Make-Up

(*Continued from page 76*)

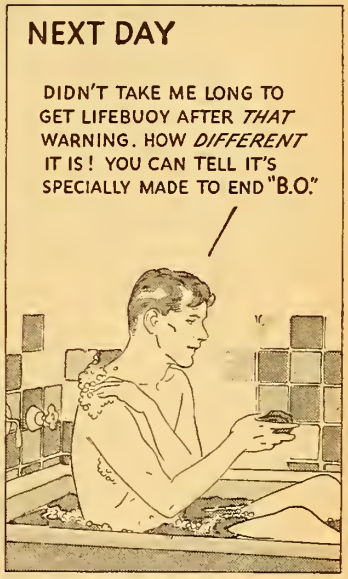
"Mine is poultry, and I shall go to my ranch and feed the chickens if the unhappy day ever comes when the stage or screen no longer want me. Feeding the chickens probably is a lot harder than the work I do here. You know, I think that Mr. Paramount, whoever he is, must be in love with me, because he gives me such an easy time of it here. But, anyway, I have something to turn to and keep myself busy when I start going around in a wheel-chair."

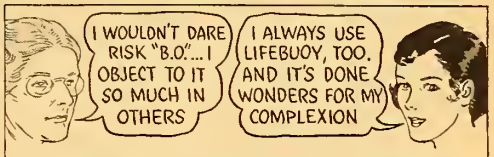
The secret of perpetual youth is to be found in the attitude of these seven bright stars who have watched three hundred and thirteen years go past behind make-up. Ponce de Leon need not have wasted his time and dissipated his energies roaming far countries in search of a magic fountain, for wrinkles do not mean age and gray hairs do not mean weary spirits when the secret of youth is in your heart.

Perhaps the best answer of all is to be found in a poem written by May Robson:

"*When your heart cries out in your dire distress*
For the peace that has winged away,
Do you think that your sorrow will grow the less
If watered by tears each day?
One solace God sends for that haunting pain.
Of this hearts'-ease would you partake?
Then work! Garner in the sheaves of your brain,
And your heart will forget to ache."

VOICES IN THE DARK

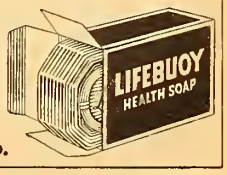




YOU *can't* condemn "B.O." in *others*—unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway. Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves you feeling fresh as a daisy—pores *purified*, freed from every trace of "B.O." (*body odor*).

Your complexion freshens

Lifebuoy deep-cleanses face pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Wash with it nightly—gain the healthy, radiantly lovely complexion. Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent promises you.



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Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house... makers of such famous products as *Unguentine* and *Amolin.*

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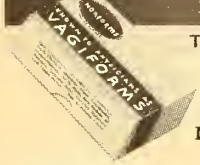
Norforms come 12 or 3 in a package. Ask your druggist. Or, if you wish to know more about Norforms, fill in and mail coupon below at once.

NORFORMS

THE NEW WAY



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The Norwich Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. 910, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me booklet, "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, easy Norform way to personal hygiene.

Name.....

Address.....

Exotic? Well, now that you've mentioned it, maybe that IS the word for Carole Lombard in her boudoir moments. And boudoir moments are what Carole will have, if "She Made Her Bed" lives up to its title

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 75*)

one party and Sue Carol with her steady escort, Ken Murray, came in another. A few used to be married to one another, you know.—Bobbe Arnst is also being seen places with Edgar Allan Woolf.—Zasu Pitts still steps out with J. E. Woodall, tennis champion.—It is rumored that Lewis Milestone, the director, will marry Mrs. Gleanzer, wife of the vice president of Cartier, the world's most-famous jewelry establishment. Mrs. Gleanzer is now in Paris, said to be obtaining a divorce.—Hollywood is looking for a Frances Dee-Joel McCrea elopement any day now.

WITH the passage of the State Gambling bill in California the number of greyhound racing tracks has increased. Dog races are held nightly at a half-dozen tracks near Hollywood and they are getting a big play by the picture crowd. It's a new Hollywood fad!

HOLLYWOOD now has a woman producer, Helen Mitchell, known in private life as Mrs. Oliver Morosco. She has begun production on the first of a series of six films for Universal release. Her initial effort will be made from her original story, "Waffles," featuring Sari Maritza who, believe it or not, is playing a Southern girl.

LUPE VELEZ is becoming every bit as jealous of Johnny Weissmuller as she ever was of Gary Cooper!

The other day a well-read "low down" column printed the rumor that Johnny was seeing a lot of an "old flame" without Lupe's knowledge.

The following Friday night the "former flame" sat right across the aisle from Lupe and Johnny at the Legion fights. Lupe, who usually yells and screams and bellows her favorite prize fighter on to victory was strangely quiet that evening. She was too busy keeping a watchful eye on Johnny and the lady under suspicion to pay much attention to the fighters.

ACCORDING to gossip "Hal Rosson went into a large chunk of his savings to present Jean Harlow with a diamond ring."

According to Jean, if Hal went into his savings for a ring, the gift was not to *her!*

CLARK GABLE returned from a "re-cuperative vacation" in the Northwest, only to enter the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for a tonsil operation! Though he plans to return to M-G-M for one, and possibly two pictures immediately, the truth of the matter is that Clark is far from being a perfectly well young man and really needs a real rest and a long vacation. If it can be arranged he hopes to leave for a six months tour of Europe with Mrs. Gable sometime this Fall.

KEN MURRAY has some nice and really old-fashioned ideas about "protecting a lady's name" that are kinda cute!

Though newspaper columnists have been ballyhooing the news that Ken is very much "that way" about Sue Carol, (and that she will probably marry him as soon as the law allows), he is still dead set on having a friend, or friends accompany them when they step out in public!

In this cynical and convention-smashing town it is unique to run across a gentleman who still has regard for what "people will say."

SPENCER TRACY paid a certain lady in the movies a very nice compliment the other day when he said:

"If I were a Hollywood bachelor and if Doris Kenyon weren't a brand new bride, I'd rather share a 'that way' rumor with her than any lady I've met in the movies!"

There, Doris! How's that for a pretty speech from a gent who admires you?

ADOLPHE MENJOU must have been very "cruel" indeed to Kathryn Carver Menjou (so she sets forth in her divorce complaint) to cause the lady to ask for *all* community property, amounting to $600,000!

Kathryn further charges that debonaire Adolphe humiliated her constantly in public, was the direct cause of two sets of nervous breakdowns, enjoyed the society of other women during their marriage, and, in short, made her very unhappy, indeed!

But $600,000! Wow!

WHEN George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill were married July 16th in the picturesque surroundings of Santa Ynez Mission, only a few close friends attended the ceremony. Marguerite's mother was her matron of honor, and the gentleman who "stood up" with George was none other than his popular father, "Dan" O'Brien, former chief of police of San Francisco.

SALLY EILERS got back home (from a long vacation in Europe) at five o'clock, P.M.

At five-thirty she was calling on estranged-hubby Hoot Gibson and presenting him

(*Continued on page 84*)

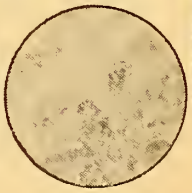
Right out of the bottle, that's the way Beer tastes best—and you don't get foam on your ears, says Johnny Hines. "Here's how!" gurgles Johnny, at the carnival that reopened that famous Pasadena oasis, the Busch Gardens

Hands catch GERMS

as they seep through handkerchiefs!

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE

Handkerchief magnified 64 times



Kleenex magnified 64 times

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

KLEENEX

catches and holds germs; they can't escape to contaminate and infect

KEEP hands free from germs? Impossible, when you use a handkerchief during colds.

Actual tests show that germs slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton as through a sieve, contaminating fingers. Thus everything you touch becomes a source of infection.

Keep that cold to yourself

As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast, keeps fingers dry, clean, non-infectious.

And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot enter the box to contaminate other sheets, or to take out more than required.

Pay no more than 25 cents

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Authorities say Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, in rolls, at 25c; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

JUNE BREWSTER, LOVELY R. K. O. SCREEN STAR

Make your Eyes

ENTICING

EASY • THRILLING • NEW

● Dark, heavy lashes curtain your eyes with glamour and mystery. You can have such lashes . . . if you follow the beauty secret of movie stars! Use Winx, the NEW type mascara that makes lashes look caressingly soft . . . and enchantingly long.

Winx is easy to apply—not too thick; pleasant to use—never smarts. Best of all, it *can't* smear, smudge or fleck off . . . as ordinary mascaras so often do. Even tears won't affect Winx.

Men—even those who dislike "made up" girls—are charmed by the *natural* beauty of Winx. It never looks coarse or "beady".

Use it and see for yourself . . . today. Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow.** It is smooth, not greasy, and comes in five subtle shades.

Winx

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CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

the next day the fellow showed up with his family of five—for a screen test!

AND as to screen tests reminds us that kindly Frank Borzage, determined to get a new face for the lead in his new one, "A Man's Castle," spent nine-tenths of his time for two months in testing unknown girls. He tested over one hundred, and such was the result that the part will be played by that total stranger—Loretta Young!

IF you think that Hollywood doesn't want new people, you're wrong. On the other hand, if you think there aren't many trying to be among those very, very few chosen, you're even wronger. During the past year the studios have interviewed 20,000 newcomers. Of these 19,200 were sent away without a chance; 800 were registered. By the time a day's work was offered, it was discovered that of these 200 had disappeared. The rest got a few days work a month—and no important discoveries were made at all from the "extra" ranks. Disheartening? Well—!

IN opposition to all those who try the local battle and fail, in rare instances there will be a Mae West, setting the whole celluloid world aflame. But—and listen to this—it is because the Maes of the world have something new and startling. And keep on having it. Now Mae, who originated the shimmy dance (although Gilda Gray and Bea Palmer made it famous) has a new one. It is a combination of the hula, shimmy, hoochie-coochie and the rhumba. And it's so hot that watching it we melted our collar right down to the neckband.

MAE is one of our favorite people—as you may have noticed—and for such reasons as her habit of giving credit where it is due. The phrase that won her so much attention, for instance. She says that she did not originate the crack she made to Cary Grant in "She Done Him Wrong." That she found it in a note from a high school junior in Oakland, California, who invited her to "come up and see me sometime."

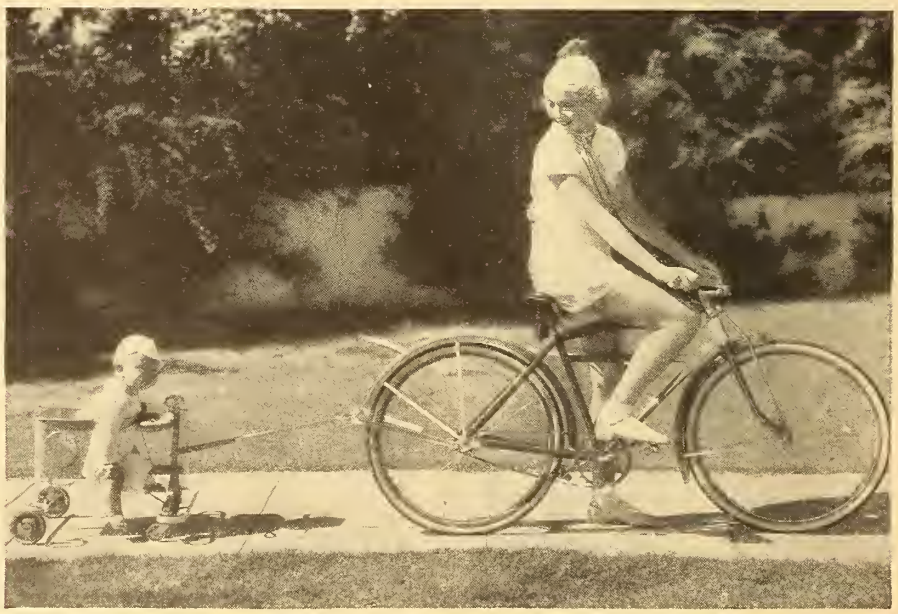
AND if you think that Mae is acci-dentally a charmer, that's also an error. She has made a study of the business, and a very good business it has proved to be. She has a tremendous library of biographies and books about the famous and infamous women of history—all the writings by and about Catherine the Great, of Russia, Queen Elizabeth, Nell Gwynne, Madame Du Barry, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Lucretia Borgia, Ann Boleyn, the Empress Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour, Poppaea, the Queen of Sheba, Salome, Scheherazade, Catherine of Navarre, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Marie of Roumania, and Mata Hari.

AND passing on a bit of advice from Mae, she says that her studies have led her to find that the famous dames mentioned have one thing in common. "All of them had lots of sex appeal, besides natural ability. They backed up this with keen intellects and a burning desire to achieve distinction and leadership."

NATURALLY, all girls cannot have these qualities. Then they can try to have others. Like, for instance, Dorothy Tree, the lovely newcomer of whom we have written before. Now Dorothy has invented a beach hat which has a tiny pocket in it for matches and a contrivance of two cross straps for cigarettes. Cute!

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH:

MAURICE CHEVALIER tries out his songs in the bathtub . . . Jean Harlow took the Colony Club for five grand the other night at dice . . . Mae West also coined the phrase "What a Man!" . . . Bing Crosby broadcasts with his hat on—he's sensitive about his receding hair . . . Katharine Hepburn takes off her shoes in restaurants . . . and as to restaurants, the famous Brown Derby still keeps those veddy, veddy, snooty waiters . . . Check, please!



If you can't hitch your wagon to a star, the next-best thing is to hitch your toddle-cart to a star's bicycle. Those are the sentiments of Jack Woody, Jr., whose mama, Helen Twelvetrees, takes him riding the modern way

Getting a Line on Aline

(*Continued from page 57*)

her famous), she was not afraid to pester the producer. That she could back up her persistent promises with the real thing cannot be doubted when she was given the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," where she scored a real personal success.

When I walked into her living-room, it occurred to me that to know this room is to know Aline—so let's look around. A grand piano, a long sofa and comfortable chairs at thoughtful angles, made it look very livable—especially with a cozy fireplace and bookshelves and huge French windows which opened on a balcony overlooking Central Park. On the piano was an array of China figures, small and beautifully fashioned of ivory, with tunics and mandarin coats of various hues, each with its history.

Her Private Life is Her Own

"I SHALL miss all this," Aline said simply and revealingly. Just as you or I would grow attached to our surroundings and hate to leave them. But it's not bad at all from an up-and-coming actress who doesn't care to become a star, but who will probably be over-ruled by her studio.

I wondered, too, if her thoughts encompassed a man, as well—a man who is an important part of Aline's existence, though intimate details of his life and activities—not even the King's horses and several Hispano-Suizas thrown in could drag from her unrevealing lips. The man is Clarence Stein, her husband, known to New York as a successful architect, and partly responsible for the changing horizon of the city. He is a man who has never become Mr. Aline MacMahon—and who, I will swear, never will! Aline is no Greta Garbo from a publicity angle. No one has ever handled her—she manages her own career and right well, too! But she will not divulge the intimacies of her private life, nor will she rhapsodize for publication about her "cottage" at Chappaqua, New York, where she hies for some precious few weeks of her own enjoyment. It is there that she putters around in her garden, but she is never photographed as the woman with the hoe. Aline is not the type to relish photos of domestic contentment.

But, assuredly, Aline has made as highly successful a business of wifehood as that other career which she has planned with neat precision and boundless energy. If the present divorce epidemic in Hollywood becomes pandemic—I'll still say Aline is immune!

We talked about her years in the theatre. When I asked her if she thought over the old Winter Garden days where her character sketches and her mimicry and pantomime received an auspicious start, she replied: "They were grand old days. Fun and work, mostly. Hardships? No, I'm afraid I didn't have any such romantic beginnings—they only come with success!"

"With success!"

"Of course," Aline answered with cool conviction. "It's all so simple at the beginning. You have one objective in mind. You are imbued with the belief that you are an actress. You must succeed. Everything is sacrificed to your ambition. That is simple, isn't it? When you've found some measure of success, things become involved. You become convinced that it is better to remain a featured player—well, for a long time, anyway. But you want a variety of rôles that stardom seldom offers. You want stardom, too, but assuredly, for the present, you feel variation is more important. You see, you find yourself in a quandary, immediately."

She paused and smiled that nice understanding smile that has won you in her rôles which have become increasingly important since her first screen triumph in "Once in a Lifetime." There have been so many since—

(*Continued on page 85*)

LOOK! FOR THE MARK OF QUALITY WHEN YOU BUY LAMPS

JUST as you look instinctively for the "Sterling" on silver and the "Karat" on gold, look for the famous G-E monogram on every lamp you purchase . . . for any purpose. • When you do, you make sure of two things: (1) That you are getting the maximum of light for the current consumed; (2) that you won't have the bother and expense of lamps that burn out prematurely or that blacken easily. • You can avoid lamps of doubtful quality by always asking for General Electric MAZDA lamps by name . . . General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Some Women Always Attract

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Miss BLONDE

. . . want to be Mrs.?

OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the new, inexpensive 25¢ size. At all good drug and department stores.

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Natural Eyesight System Makes Them Unnecessary

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Send for FREE information telling how Revolutionary Invention makes it easy to correct Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Failing Vision, Old Age Sight, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc, at home without glasses.

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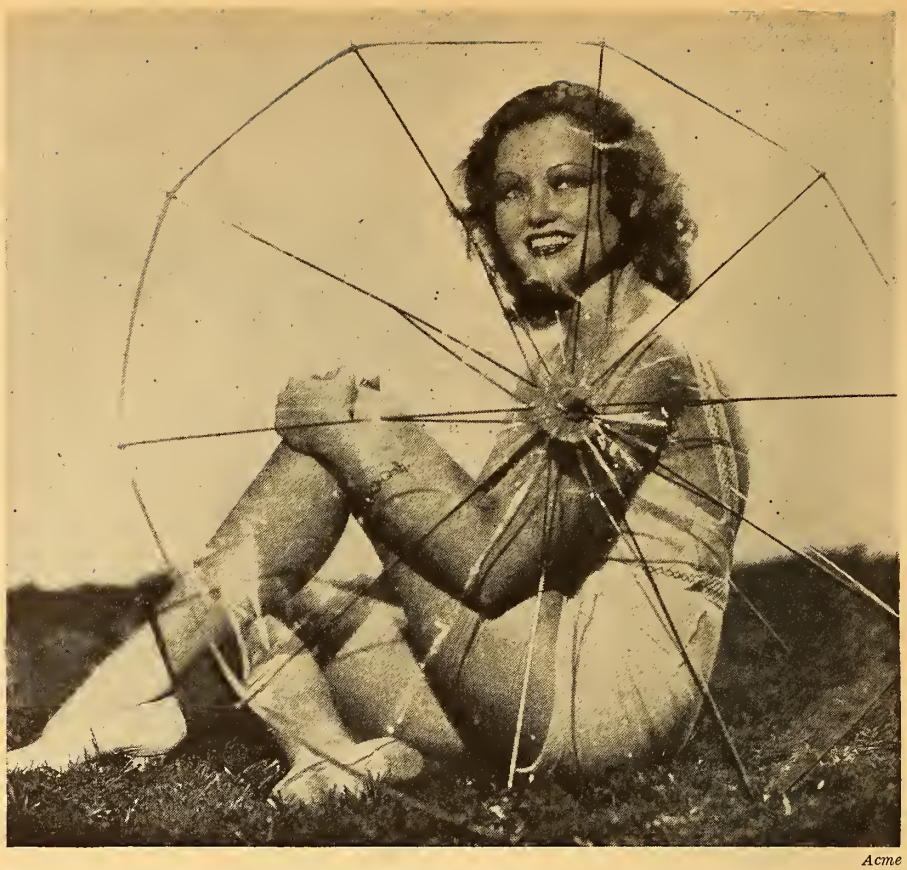
LADIES ONLY! FOR UNNATURAL DELAY or irregularity use harmless, B-X TABLETS. Quick, painless relief! No inconvenience! Used by physicians! Guaranteed! Double strength $2. Mailed 1st class, plain wrapper within 1 hr. of receipt of order; B-X LABORATORIES, 1515 E. 60th St., 10-W, Chicago.

3 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers.
A single drop lasts a week!
THREE ODORS: (1) Romanza (2) Lily of the Valley (3) Esprit de France
To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you free with my compliments a trial bottle of each. Send 30c silver or stamps to pay for postage and handling of all three. Only one set to each new customer.
PAUL RIEGER
162 First St. San Francisco, Calif.



Acme

No doubt you've seen umbrellas before this that you could look through. But Lona Andre's is intentionally transparent. Made of cellophane, it prevents sunburn and allows Lona to see (and be) all that's worth watching on the beach

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 81*)

with a little pup she brought back from New York named "Smashup."

A great many people who are very close to both Sally and Hoot insist that these two are far from being out of love with one another in spite of the fact they say they are going through with a divorce.

"They quarrel and bicker so much that perhaps they are wise in getting a divorce" said someone who should know, "but there is still a tremendous physical attraction existing between them."

THE sound technicians union of the studios *would* pick the day I had an appointment with Ruby Keeler to perform "strike" activities outside the Warner Brothers studio! The place was actually swarming with policemen. Personally, I didn't see a single "striker" but the policemen made things look exciting and dangerous, anyway.

I waited outside the studio an hour . . . because the law had decided that outsiders couldn't get *in* . . . and Ruby waited inside the same length of time because the insiders weren't permitted to come *out*.

After that we decided to call it a day and wait until the union affair had been settled.

THE strikers "mass meeting" was held the same day and practically the same hour that President Roosevelt went on the air to broadcast his plea for harmonious relations between employer and employee for his National Recovery Act.

Seeing a grand chance to splash the name of "Hollywood" all over the front pages of the country, various studio press agents did their darndest to swing the strikers back into line "as a result of the President's plea."

If it had worked it would have been a tremendously beneficial and helpful move . . . as well as a press agent's dream come true. But evidently the union men didn't want any more front page publicity than they were getting.

NEW contender for Hollywood title of "best dressed woman" . . . Myrna Loy! None other than the famous O. O. McIntyre sponsors her!

JANET GAYNOR gave a party recently and invited several bachelors. They all sent so many flowers that utensils from the kitchen had to be used when the vases ran out. One bunch of beautiful roses reposed in a salad mixing bowl . . . though no one realized it because of a clever massing of fern arranged by Janet, herself.

HOLLYWOOD has gone goofy over Alice Brady. She's the acting clan's newest rave among the acting clan!

GREAT big baskets and bouquets of lilies to express romance!

Halchester, the florist, says the former

"funeral flower" has surpassed red, red roses, orchids, gardenias and all the other romantic blossoms in the favor of smitten Hollywood gentlemen who leave "standing orders" for their lady loves.

ADRIENNE AMES, her New York husband-broker *and* Bruce Cabot were dining very friendly and tête-à-tête at the Miramar Hotel last Sunday night, which should go to prove that there is no rivalry between the gentleman who is married to Adrienne and the boy who "takes her places" in Hollywood.

Wonder why Adrienne looked so sad when Bruce asked Loretta Young for a dance?

SAW Pert Kelton (the girl who stole "Bed Of Roses" from Connie Bennett) in a smart Hollywood shop the other noontime trying on a stunning dinner dress. It was gray-and-white, girls, of some sort of

(*Continued on page 87*)

Getting a Line on Aline

(*Continued from page 83*)

"Five Star Final," "The Mouthpiece," "Week-End Marriage," "Heart of New York," "One-Way Passage," "Life Begins," "Forty-Second Street," "Silver Dollar," "Gold Diggers of 1933" and many more—how many characters she has played and how many people she has pleased!

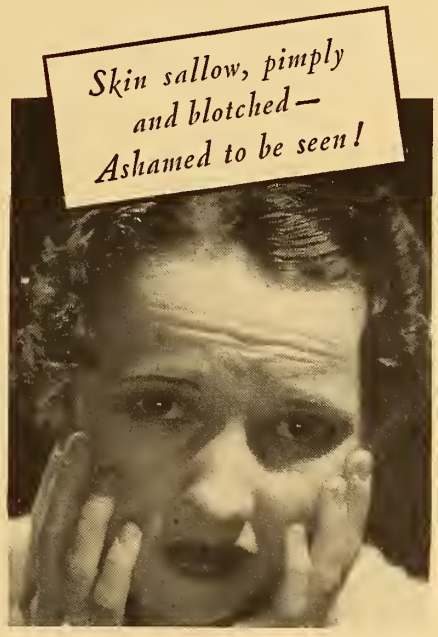
Sizing her up in Hollywood eyes, you feel she isn't typed. You know Garbo can't do a Gracie Allen and that Joan Crawford isn't any Mae West, but when you see Aline MacMahon in half a dozen rôles, you feel—indeed, you *know*—she could be anybody, anytime, anywhere, and she'd *be* that person. The reason probably is that Aline MacMahon is less often Aline MacMahon. She so truly lives her part. When she's a nurse you *know* she's a nurse—you almost feel ill—and when she's a countess you know that she was born Lady Gwendolyn Alyce Smith-Smythe. And it's the same whether she plays a misunderstood, unappreciated wife or a gay, hard-boiled comedienne. And that is what constitutes real acting art. No wonder her pictures are popular!

In so far as her private life is concerned, she reads a great deal but is particularly interested in autobiographies, letters—"the sources of things." She likes to pare away the surface and get down to the core. She enjoys Proust, Du Maurier and Butler. The moderns who are among her favorites are Max Beerbohm and Ernest Hemingway. She likes fancy dishes—but she does not cook. She loathes outdoor exercise, but she *is* quite a bridge athlete, jumping from no trump to three spades with agility and nimbleness. . . . Yet she would give up any bridge game to watch a wrestling match or a good game of tennis. She has no pets, no automobiles and no yachts. Her favorite picture people are Helen Hayes and Sylvia Sidney. And her mother is her excellent friend.

Stardom looms large for Aline MacMahon. Her name can't be kept out of lights much longer—for she knows what she wants to represent and where she is going.

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Results Amaze Thousands of Men and Women



WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch Beauty Return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

ON THE AIR *every Sunday afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Jan Garber's "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

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Whitens While You Sleep

Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work*. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drugstores and toilet goods counters.

Enlarge Your Chest-Line!

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES now all the Vogue

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment at home. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful.

Just Send Me Your Name

and address and I will mail you my trial Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges. This free offer is limited so, write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

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AGAIN ANOTHER PROPOSAL

and only last summer nobody paid any attention to her. Today she is the queen of the party, desired, admired, popular. She used to be pale, skinny, unattractive, but she was clever. -- Her constant thought was how to achieve a healthy, radiant look, a round, beautiful figure. She tried "Valitone Bonbons," Dr. A. Gallinger's prescription, and after only a short time her mirror convinced her that Valitone Bonbons had proven of invaluable help. By eating these tasty bonbons after meals, the body weight may be increased within a few weeks, from 5–15 pounds.

Unsightly bones of the cheeks and shoulders beautifully covered and the bust made round, full and firm, the body weight increased by many pounds of firm flesh, evenly distributed. The ill, tired feeling disappears and after a few weeks the former skinny look gives way to a beautiful, healthy appearance. At the same time, "Valitone Bonbons" restore nervous energy, tone and enrich the blood, and aid digestion. Send $1.00 for large box, or order C. O. D. from

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 12*)

1. Adrienne Ames is pictured on page 12 with her husband, Stephen Ames, wealthy broker (wearing dark shirt), and Bruce Cabot, the screen actor who is Adrienne's escort around Hollywood because her husband's business keeps him in New York. The gossips of the film capital expected fireworks between the two men when Ames arrived in Hollywood to visit his wife, but he understands that Adrienne must have an escort to social affairs and approves of Bruce, their mutual friend, doing the squiring.

2. When Kathryn Carver filed suit for divorce against her husband, Adolphe Menjou, she asked that the court award her all their community property, the value of which is estimated at $600,000. There have been a number of separations and reconciliations between this pair in the past, but this time they are going through with the divorce. Mrs. Menjou named Isabel Georgia the "other woman." It is possible that the suit will be settled out of court. The Menjous were married in Paris in 1928.

3. For some time, romance rumors have connected the names of Gary Cooper with that of Countess di Frasso, the former Dorothy Taylor, but Gary insists that they are just good friends. However, Judith Allen, the pretty little screen player who is divorcing her husband, Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler and former Dartmouth football player, is receiving her share of attention from the handsome Gary and if you can believe all you hear, the Countess and Judith take turns in playing hostess on Sundays out at Gary's ranch.

4. Mary Howard is really Mary Rogers, Will Rogers' blonde and eighteen-year-old daughter, who started on a film career under the name of Howard in order to make good on her own ability and not on the strength of having a famous father. She will have a part in Lilian Harvey's picture, "My Weakness" and it was while working on that picture that her real identity became known when a school girl chum recognized her and called her by her right name.

5. The lovable sixty-year-old character actress and comedienne, Louise Closser Hale, died of apoplexy on July 26th. Shortly before her death, she completed her rôle in the Helen Hayes picture, "Another Language," which critics say was her most finished screen performance. Miss Hale was known for her literary efforts as well as for her stage and screen work.

6. Gloria Stuart, attractive blonde screen star, and her husband, Blair Gordon, sculptor, claim that while they have agreed to a one-year trial separation, no one has come between them and that they are not thinking of divorce. The only reason they give for the separation trial is the fact that the demands of marriage and their different artistic careers conflicted and that they found it impossible to go on living together under those conditions.

7. The Neil Hamiltons devised a novel way to deny the rumors of their separation. They took advertising space in *The Hollywood Reporter* to announce their eleven years of happy marriage and to squash the divorce gossip which has been circulated about them. The ad also stated that they had every intention of remaining married for at least another period of eleven years.

8. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill were married in Los Angeles on July 16th. In the midst of so many separations and divorces which came to light around that time, it was good to hear that the film colony had a nice wedding to boast about. The two met about three years ago when they played in the same picture.

9. With his vest buttons ready to pop off from an expanded chest, John Gilbert is handing out cigars these days to celebrate the birth of a baby daughter, weighing 7 pounds 5 ounces. His wife is the former Virginia Bruce, motion picture actress.

10. Mrs. Evelyn Offield, Jack Oakie's mother, makes her screen début in "Too Much Harmony," in which she will assume the rôle she plays in real life, that of Jack's mother. Jack changed his name from Offield to Oakie for the screen, but Mrs. Offield would not change her name. However, she agreed to permit herself to be billed as Mrs. Evelyn Oakie Offield.

11. Clark Gable has had more than his share of doctors, nurses and hospitals these days. Shortly after he was discharged from the hospital where his tonsils were removed, he was again operated on for appendicitis. But cheer up, girls, he'll be ready to make a new picture for you soon.

12. For crooning out loud! What an insurance policy! Bing Crosby, radio and screen favorite, has had his voice insured for $100,000. According to the policy, the company will have to pay Bing that amount if anything happens to change a small growth in his throat which gives him that husky tone that has made him such a popular crooner.

13. Films in which Pola Negri appears must not be shown in Germany, according to the new edict of the Hitler regime which bans all Jewish players. There may be many more affected, but Pola's is the first definitely known case.

14. They say that Johnny Weissmuller, swim champ and screen actor, has been waiting for Bobbe Arnst's divorce to become final on August 15th, so that he could make Lupe Velez, the fiery Mexican, his wife. And they do say that Johnny has made Lupe forget all about her *loff* for her Garee (Cooper).

15. Dr. W. Lee Austin, of Texas, told the Texas Chiropody Society that the prettiest pair of feet in Hollywood, and possibly in the whole world, were owned by none other than Greta Garbo. That ought to put a stop to the wise cracks anent Garbo's "big" feet. Dr. Austin also said that the feet belonging to Kay Francis were the second most beautiful in the movie city.

16. After being married for two years, there has been a rift between Richard Dix, popular screen star, and his wife, the former Winifred Coe. Incompatibility is the reason given for the separation, Dix claiming that his wife did not care for motion pictures, which are his career, and he did not relish social life which she is part of and enjoys. They have a baby daughter, born January 25, 1933.

17. Although the rumors are denied by both of them, everyone seems to feel that there will be a wedding for Sally Eilers and James Dunn as soon as she divorces her husband, Hoot Gibson. Hoot has been doing some romancing himself with June Gale, the pretty blonde.

18. Benita Hume, formerly of the English stage and now a Hollywood screen leading

lady, announced her engagement to Jack Dunphee, wealthy sportsman, and said she planned to sail for London, England, soon to marry Dunphee. The reason she gave for the unexpected announcement was "to set rumors at rest." Miss Hume said she was forced to do it because romance rumors which were started about her and Maurice Chevalier after he escorted her to a preview had become annoying to her fiancé.

19. The reason that Carole Lombard went to Lake Tahoe, on the Nevada side, was to establish a residence there preparatory to seeking a divorce from her husband, William Powell, motion picture star. After two years, they are calling it quits and Carole gives incompatibility as the only reason for the break and not because of any one of the three men she has been rumored romantically interested in.

20. Last month's MOTION PICTURE had a story in it called "Whose 'Boy-Friend' Is Chevalier Now?" and in it Adrienne Ames, Marguerite Churchill, Marlene Dietrich, Benita Hume and Lilian Harvey were named as the girls who were taking up all of Chevalier's time, but Jacqueline Francelle, the French actress who looks a lot like his ex-wife, and who plays opposite Maurice Chevalier in the French version of "The Way to Love" is *the* "girl-friend" now.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 85*)

shiney-satin-like material. All the saleswomen were standing around openly admiring the gal and the dress . . . and why not? It was real "pert"!

ACCORDING to Harrison Carroll, Arthur (Warbler) Jarrett didn't know a thing about his engagement to Eleanor Holm until he read her announcement of the interesting fact in the newspapers.

This gives Art leading "surprise" honors of the month . . . along with Bill Powell who didn't know he was being divorced until he read it by the newspapers!

THEY say there was plenty of friction between Mae West and director Wesley Ruggles the first two days of shooting "I Am No Angel." Mae is so used to having a big hand in the direction of her stage plays that she just couldn't help offering "suggestions" to Mr. Ruggles who is not at all used to getting them!

For about forty-eight hours it looked like fireworks!

But all of a sudden Mae stopped offering "ideas," and just to be nice Mr. Ruggles started asking her for them, and now everything is just lovely!

THE youngest player ever to be put under long-term contract is Baby LeRoy, whose work in "A Bedtime Story"

(*Continued on page 89*)

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.

2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. LK-10*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)

☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

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Just think . . . a modern, new hotel, in the heart of New York—200 feet from Broadway on 45th Street. A room and bath for one, $2.50; for two, $3.50

It's the

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WILLIAM MADLUNG, MNG. DIR.

FORM REDUCED

Are you embarrassed by excess fat that hangs in shapeless, unsightly masses? Do you want to reduce your bust, lift the sag, and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Let me tell you how FREE.

Take Off Flabby, Sagging Fat

Don't let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure, make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim figure of youth. My wonderful "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, *remoulds the form.*

A Trim, Young Figure for YOU

Let me send you *free*, my trial container of "Prescription-36" and instructions. Just enclose 10c to cover forwarding charges.

Doris Kent, Dept.K-10
80 East 11th St.,
New York, N.Y.

FREE
Just send your name and address with 10c forwarding charge for my trial treatment for reducing the bust. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

DR. WALTER'S
famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure . **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE: 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures . . . **$4.50**

My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.

11 in. **$3.75** pair
14 in. **$6.75** "

$4.50

11 INS. $3.75 PR.
14 INS. $6.75 PR.

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.
Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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FOR WORRIED WOMEN ONLY

Safe, Harmless, quick relief for painful & unnatural delays. No inconvenience. Highly recommended for use in Functional Amenorrheas. **SEND $1** for 24 full strength tablets. Super Strength for Obstinate Cases. **'ZESTO' $2.** Rushed postpaid, plain, sealed.

ZENOME PRODUCTS CO.
236H West 55th St., NEW YORK

The Divorce Epidemic Strikes Hollywood

(*Continued from page 31*)

Spring Fever and Midsummer Madness

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., started the parade in April (though Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were really first off in the race), and in their wake sixteen prominent Hollywood couples had marched to place their quarrels before a judge. Marjorie Crawford divorced Bill Wellman, the director. H. B. Warner divorced Rita Stanwood. Marion Nixon divorced Edward Hillman. Janet Gaynor rung down the curtain on her marriage to Lydell Peck. Fay Webb and Rudy Vallee, after several reconciliations, finally admitted that their romance had crashed. Eleanor Boardman divorced King Vidor and made charges which stirred up a great sensation. Jack Holt was divorced after several years of domesticity. Claudia Morgan won a degree from Talbot Cummings; Lenore Ulric separated from Sidney Blackmer; Stan Laurel's wife told the judge that she didn't consider her wry-faced hubby very amusing and Oliver Hardy, not to be outdone by his team-mate, took legal action to regain his freedom.

The Spring divorce parade lasted until the first week of June and then came to a halt. Hollywood sighed with relief and hoped that the worst was over. But Hollywood forgot that in Movietown, as elsewhere, July always follows June!

Even some of the newspaper scribes, themselves, blamed the July debacle on the disillusioning effect of the Pickford-Fairbanks rift. Others advanced a more logical explanation, to wit:

The Pickford-Fairbanks story was printed exclusively in the Los Angeles Examiner—and every reporter who was "scooped" on Mary's announcement felt the fire of his editor's wrath. Smarting from the editorial tongue-lashings, they sallied out to do or die. They uncovered—and precipitated—a number of marriage disasters which otherwise would have been postponed. The Judith Allen case is a perfect example.

Furthermore, the newspapers, in their anxiety to retrieve that first "scoop," printed some very wild rumors—and some that were not so wild.

Ruth Chatterton, returning from Europe in rather poor health, was sent to Arrowhead Lake, a nearby mountain resort, to recuperate. Promptly, she and George Brent were reported to be separating, and one newspaper went so far as to state that she would divorce Brent and remarry Ralph Forbes. There's no truth to it—Ruth and George are very happy together.

Constance Bennett was furious when the newspapers suddenly "rumored" that she would divorce the Marquis de la Falaise. Being a fighter, she instantly declared war and obtained a retraction. Her father, Richard Bennett, was reported to be separated from Mrs. Bennett—who had, as a matter of fact, merely gone to a ranch in Northern California to recuperate from a recent illness. The Edmund Gouldings, married less than a year, were "separated" by the newspapers, and "reunited" the next day by their indignant objections to the report, which was absolutely unfounded.

And Still They Come

BUT no sooner were the rumors dissipated than some real facts of further marital break-ups were broadcast in the press. Take the case of Gloria Stuart and her artist husband, Blair Gordon Newell. They deny any divorce plans, but they have declared a twelve month moratorium to determine if afterward they will live together or go their separate ways.

Immediately after the Stuart-Newell moratorium was declared the Adolphe Menjous broke into print. Kathryn Carver sued her husband, Adolphe Menjou, for divorce. The suit was filed July 26—and it contained a lengthy complaint of charges—incompatibility being but one of them. It left Hollywood gasping for breath. The Menjous were married in Paris in May, 1928—and several separations and reconciliations followed before Mrs. Menjou decided to call it quits for keeps.

But it's not all quiet on the Western front by any means. Hollywood definitely expects six more divorces before the frost is on the pumpkins. Two of them are said to involve famous directors, and the other four, unless quiet reconciliations are effected, will headline the names of stars and featured players.

This year will go down in Cinemaland history as the year of the great divorce epidemic—that much is certain. Hollywood, frankly, is worried—and expectant! With three more months to go before 1934 arrives, one wonders if there will be a happy marriage left in the movie colony.

Still, there's a rainbow in the sky—and a blue-bird was seen hopping about the Eucalyptus trees, and singing from sheer joy. On the very day that Kathryn Carver Menjou filed suit for divorce against her husband, Neil Hamilton, and his wife, took space with a quarter-page advertisement in the Hollywood Reporter—announcing their eleven years of happy marriage, and denying all rumors of separation. They added, further, their intention of remaining married for, at least, eleven years more.

Meanwhile, Hollywood must have its little joke. Frank M. Bering, a golfing attorney, offered a free divorce as one of the prizes in a golf tournament held recently at the Lakeside Country Club. And every movie actor, who knows a mashie from a brassie, promptly filed his entry!

Graham

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hopkins (Doris Kenyon) are one couple not thinking of divorce. They're newlyweds, honeymooning at Del Monte!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 87*)

led to Paramount's awarding him a seven-year agreement. His contract was signed with a thumb-print of the baby, who has yet to celebrate his first birthday.

The week after this rite was concluded, Jackie Coogan celebrated his eighteenth birthday. How time does fly!

IT remained for Al Boasberg to solve the reason why Hollywood players wear dark glasses on the street. Boasberg says they are not hoping for disguise, but merely to protect themselves from independent shoe-string producers who would take their pictures, then advertise them in their films.

HEART news of the month: Sue Carol and Ken Murray, seen constantly together in one another's company, are rumored more than a little interested. —Constance Cummings, married in England to Benn W. Levy, British playwright, has come to Hollywood for her honeymoon. —Helene Costello has obtained a marriage license to re-wed her husband, Arturo del Barrio y Dunbar—Lili Damita is "thinking" about marrying Sidney Smith and announces her thought.

DID you catch that newsreel that showed a New York fashion style show of ladies' unmentionables? And did you

(*Continued on page 93*)

Maurice Chevalier is saying "'Ello, Beautiful" these days to a new girl—Jacqueline Francell, imported from Paris to play opposite him in the French version of "The Way To Love." She resembles the ex-Madame Chevalier

Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves —*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

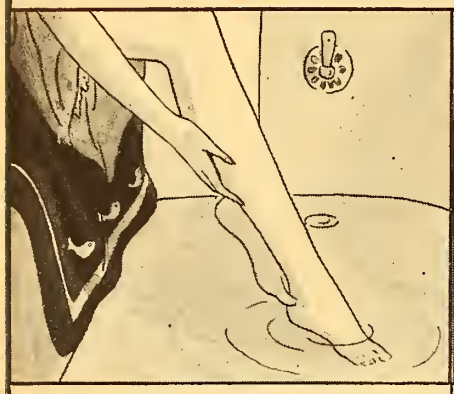
Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 1910, Atlanta, Ga.

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

SAFELY • SCIENTIFICALLY

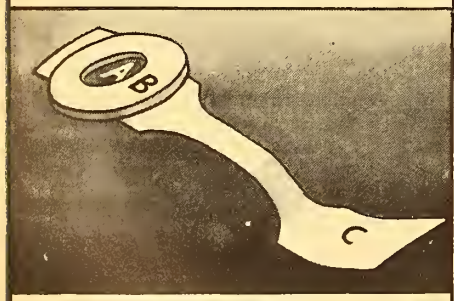


1. SOAK THE FOOT for 10 minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.

2. APPLY BLUE-JAY Corn Remover, centering pad directly over the corn. Done in a moment. Pad fits snugly, giving barefoot comfort in shoe.

3. PAIN STOPS AT ONCE —go about your business. The pad relieves the pressure from the corn, and the pain goes as soon as pad is put on.

4. AFTER THREE DAYS, remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out corn. Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.



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C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

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BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

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Charles Farrell is Back—and in a Fighting Mood!

(*Continued from page 60*)

company some months ago, nearly a quarter-of-a-million-dollar contract. The truth of the matter lies in Charlie's final realization of an ideal—an ideal, so far as his own studio was concerned, conceived too late for his own good.

He was fast losing caste, he felt, because he honestly believed that both the rôles he played and the pictures he appeared in were mediocre, uninteresting, not strong enough to preserve public faith in himself. Instead of living strictly in the present, as originally had been his wont, he made up his mind to build for the future, recapture that spirit that had skyrocketed him to fame and popularity. He would play the game.

To-day, he looks upon life with a healthy calm. He is more enthusiastic, more determined, more matured. He has studied and worked, driving himself relentlessly to master a profession he once regarded lightly. His thinking is more logical. He is standing on the threshold of a new career.

Studios See His Viewpoint

"WHEN I start again, I want to be sure I start right," he declares. "At first, I was afraid the studios might say, 'Who does this Farrell guy think he is, anyway?' But they haven't. In various conversations with producers, directors and actors, I've learned that they respect my stand."

Carl Laemmle, Jr., production head of Universal Pictures, regards Charlie Farrell as a tremendous box-office "name." I happen to know that he has instructed his writing and reading departments to be on a constant lookout for pictures Farrell might do. He wants him for several pictures, if parts can be found.

Other producers have indicated they would like Farrell to work for them, and he has just returned to the screen to appear in "Aggie Appleby," for R. K. O. His turning down of several offers during the past few months has led producers to realize that he will not appear in just any story. It must be exceptionally good.

The studios gradually are becoming aware of the fact that here is an unusual case—an actor who thinks enough of his public not to disappoint them. He is willing to make any personal sacrifice that he may keep faith. His breach with the company to which he had been under contract for seven years and from which he was drawing an annual salary approximating a king's ransom proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

When I first knew Farrell more than eight years ago, he had left Warner Brothers for the same reason that later led him to break with Fox. At that time, his move passed unnoticed, for he was practically unknown. His action, however, required plenty of courage, for he was risking all that he had striven for years to attain.

It was in those days that Charlie established that reputation for being a good fellow, a great scout, that he never has outlived. His friends were legion, regardless of position in studios, from gatemen to producers. His comradeship was welcomed wherever he went. Boyish, sincere, he refused to take either himself, his work or life seriously.

The Same To-Day as Yesterday

HE and George O'Brien would stand at Hollywood's busiest corner and envy Rudolph Valentino as that Latin favorite passed in his enormous foreign car. They dreamed of the day they would own an imported car—and rent it to the studios for thirty-five dollars a day, as did Valentino! Sometimes, when Charlie's own disreputable-

looking flivver broke down, they would push it several blocks to a garage.

With Richard Arlen, his bunking partner, he would mow lawns to buy food for their sustenance, when "extra" jobs were few and far between. He knew hunger, heartache, poverty—but was as generous as are his inclinations to-day. The years haven't changed Farrell. It simply isn't in the man to be anything but himself. He could no more strut majestically as a star, and enjoy it, than he could fail to hail a friend of his less affluent days. To expect Charlie Farrell actually to put on the accepted Hollywood "front," that quality assumed by many of the stars in retaining their "social standing," is little short of ridiculous to those who know him best.

"I used to drive a ramble-shack car that any self-respecting college student wouldn't have cared to be seen in," he comments. "To-day, I ride behind a liveried chauffeur in an expensive limousine. There is no denying that the old car gave me a great deal more pleasure, but my standing as a motion picture star won't allow me to drive anything short of the traditional sixteen-cylinder automobile."

Only after much persuasion on the part of the studio and close friends did he consent finally to rid himself of his prized possession, the car that had carried him through his "extra" days. This car, incidentally, recalls an amusing incident. Charlie was in the habit of disembarking by throwing his long legs over the side and sliding out, without troubling to open the door. During his early purchase of his limousine, so accustomed was he to leaving the other car in this manner that he repeated the procedure. Can't you imagine the inquiring and startled gaze of those pedestrians who witnessed him emerge from his huge closed car in this undignified fashion?

He Rates With Co-Workers

HE was warned that he must act like a star, and associate less with prop boys and men of the studio's working crew. This Charlie flatly refused to accede to, but in compromise spent more time with the higher-ups. He endeared himself forever with the studio "gang" by taking them into his confidence, and they appreciated the fact that he was really one of them "going into his act," as he, himself, phrased it.

From a studio's working crew you can gauge most accurately the qualities of a star or player. They see them in all their moods, and under all conditions. To them, actors are merely fellow-workmen, not the idols of public acclaim. Whenever a star meets with their approval one hundred per cent, you can depend upon it that there is something to that person.

Farrell rates as a top-notcher with every crew he has ever worked with. He is likable, friendly, understanding. They know they won't be held up because of any temperamental outbursts, or because he won't appear on time. They admire his democratic spirit, and his refusal to "touch up" his prematurely graying hair. They realize that his request not to have the scar on his chin retouched out of his photographs is based on an inborn desire to be "himself".

In upholding the traditions of stardom, you may easily understand how difficult it is for a man of Farrell's enthusiasm and temperament to act according to pre-conceived rules. That very nature that clasps the world to his bosom is the factor directly traceable to the trouble he has undergone.

In spirit, Charles Farrell to-day is the same Charles Farrell of yesterday. More assured, yes, and with a greater sense of responsibility and balance, a knowledge of the mistakes he has made and, rarer yet, the ability to acknowledge them. But in essence he is the same lad whose memorable *Chico* said, "I am a very remarkable fellow." Charlie is just that. I know.

Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich *round* bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

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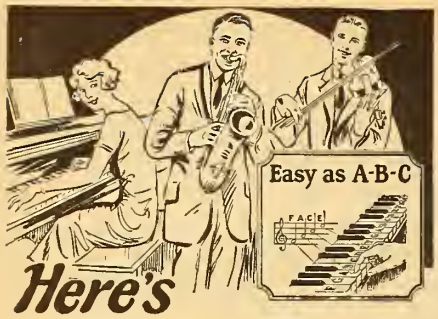
3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—NO! A BIG package costs only 15¢.



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Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 14*)

—no single human being is worth that much money, irrespective of talent, charm, beauty, personality!——"

They seem to forget conveniently, however, that it was just from such a star system that their comfortable incomes grew into stupendous fortunes.

If Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Valentino, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Janet Gaynor, the Barrymores, Garbo, Hepburn and the like had never existed it is doubtful if motion pictures would have developed to the remarkable degree they have.

Perhaps $5,000 *is* a little too much money to pay a person in the form of a weekly wage, but when you stop to consider how many times itself that $5,000 is earning for the man paying it, it appears to be in the nature of a worthy investment. *N'est-ce pas?*

Maurice Jacobs.

Revive the Old Films

DENVER, COL.—It is seldom that I fail to read the "Twenty Years Ago" column in our morning paper. Why? Because a few selected paragraphs give a vivid crosscut of the events of that period.

Would theatre-goers of today be entertained by the exhibition of scenes from motion pictures and newsreels of years ago? Yes! most emphatically, is my answer.

Only recently, I had the pleasure of seeing a newsreel picturing an event of thirteen years ago in which our President was the central figure.

Who wouldn't enjoy Thomas A. Edison's early newsreel "The Coronation of the Czar," later given the title "The Great Bradley Martin Ball," which was a smashing success in 1897?

A reel or two of that epochal production of almost twenty years ago, "The Birth of a Nation," would fascinate the children of today. It would not be feasible to show the entire picture on account of its length as the sound programs should not be curtailed.

No modern actor has equalled Bill Hart in depicting the early plainsmen. Our boys would thrill at his heroic exploits.

An occasional Theda Bara "vampire" scene would add the zest and spice of a little over a decade ago for the sophisticated.

The women of today are enthusiastic movie fans and feminine styles of the past would arrest their attention.

Box-office returns depend to a large extent upon attracting the young folks. I am convinced that they would approve the showing of selected scenes produced during the pioneering years of the film industry.

S. L. A.

The Wicked Movies

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The movies are in bad again. This time the film industry is guilty of gross misbehavior, bad influences and reprehensible conduct.

According to a resolution adopted at the recent Milwaukee meeting of a famous dry organization, the failure of Prohibition can, to a distressingly great extent, be laid at the door-step of the motion picture industry. Because the various movies produced during the past ten or fifteen years showed persons occasionally imbibing liquors, or otherwise having a good time with Unholy Firewaters, the flickersheets have wrought irreparable harm to the "cause," and hastened moral, ethical and spiritual decay in these good old States.

To be logical, now, we should investigate further into the pernicious activities and influences of the movies. To follow this accusation, and in keeping with their charge against the film industry, we can also blame the movies for wars, home breaking, gangsters and rackets, bad utility maintenance, crime, arson and natural disasters affecting buildings and people, and cheating husbands. Of course, we can't all agree as to whether anyone should be blamed for Wars . . . and natural disasters, but the score still offers good possibilities for blame-fixers.

Tsk, tsk, tsk. To think that the movies, in which I have so long been finding many simple joys and much inspiration should turn out to be so wicked! P-u-h-l-e-e-s-e, can't something be done about it?

Charles M. Hatcher.

Acme

As a rule, the Hollywood Brown Derby always has a gathering of movie fans waiting around the entrance in the hopes of getting a glimpse of their favorite stars

Jack Dempsey got tired of denying one romance rumor after another—and he and Hanna Williams, Broadway musical comedy star, eloped to Nevada, where Jack divorced Estelle Taylor two years ago. Estelle sent "best wishes"

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 89*)

see the garment they are calling "Mahatma Gandhi shorts?" Or do you live in one of those states where they censor newsreels?

THINGS of practically no importance: Bette Davis returned to Hollywood without her new husband, Harmon O. Nelson Jr. and talk immediately started.—Ginger Rogers, who certainly knows how to sell a song, has written one called "It Used to Be You," which is being published by Famous Music Company.—Groucho Marx picks the Ten Worst-Dressed Men, and names Jack Oakie, Mahatma Gandhi, One-Eyed Connelly, The Forgotten Man, Canvas-Back Cohen, An Uncle of Mine in Brooklyn, Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan, Huckleberry Finn, Marlene Dietrich, and J. P. Morgan when the investigators get through with him.—Joel McCrea has never smoked, but he collects cigarette-holders.—The gang got something of a burn-up from the comic when they started calling him, "Andy too-too Devine."—Charlie Bickford has a new nose to wear for the first time in "This Day and Age."—Greta Garbo attended a preview of Marlene Dietrich's "Song of Songs."—A local hotel has added eight new gigolos to their luncheon and tea dansants. That gives them a line of twenty-four.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Loses Her Fat

18 lbs. in 2 Weeks

Reduces Bust 4 Inches
Reduces Hips 3½ Inches
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Mrs. Frank Cole

Eat Big Meals—Fat Goes Quick—*Or No Cost*

"I am so grateful for what BonKora has done for me that I want to shout it from the housetops. I have already lost 18 pounds in 2 weeks. I reduced bust 4 inches; hips 3½ inches and wear dresses 4 inches smaller. I feel fine too; never tired any more. My friends ask me what I have done for myself. They tell me how well I look. I tell them I owe it all to BonKora."—Mrs. Frank Cole, 602 N. Jefferson Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

People everywhere tell how BonKora, the new Battle Creek Reducing Treatment, took off their fat. Many say that other methods had failed. But BonKora is different. It took off their fat quickly. It is guaranteed to take off YOUR fat too—or there's no cost. Read *test offer* below.

Safe too. No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact this treatment *builds health* while reducing fat the *quickest way*. Avoids wrinkles or folds as you get thin. Users also say they look *years younger* since they obtained slender figures and got new health this safe, pleasant way.

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Mrs. Grace Moran, 2349 Lake St., Kalamazoo, Mich. was very much overweight. She writes, "I lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks taking BonKora. I reduced from 210 pounds to only 140 pounds. Reduced my bust 10 inches. BonKora improved my health too."

Mrs. Carrie Gray, 2954 Guilford Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says, "BonKora was recommended to me by a doctor who said it was a safe remedy. I lost 27 pounds in 7 weeks. Now weigh only 125."

How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose?

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BonKora treatment takes off fat the new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple speed.

Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or if you are fat only in chin, shoulders, waist, hips or bust, the heaviest parts reduce first. You can stop when you have lost fat just where you want to lose it.

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Reduce faster or slower as you wish as explained in BonKora directions. Some prefer to lose a pound a day. Others prefer to lose more slowly.

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The Fat Girl Loses Out. She Looks Older.
The Wise Girl Loses Fat. Then She Looks Younger.

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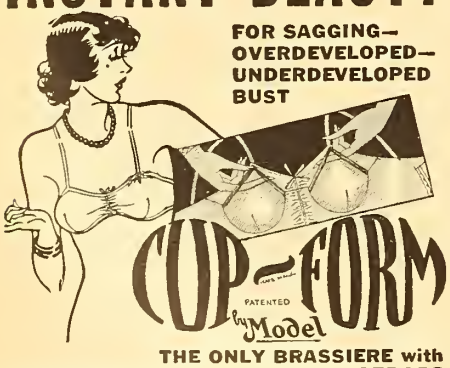

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Adjacent to the business section—
Yet away from the noise and grime.
Outstanding Accommodations—Low Rates

If I Were Single in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 40*)

afternoon affairs. But as a bachelor—I mean, speaking as a bachelor—I am not at all sure I would enjoy the 'fill in' rôle of the extra man.

"I should also attempt to dodge the interesting dancing rooms, as I would dodge the plague. They are too stereotyped for true romantic flavor—and I should rather like this Hollywood bachelor fellow of mine to be a romantic cuss. It would be more fun that way, as long as we are playing with the idea. I should like him to show a little more originality when he invited a lady to dine with him than just one of the usual accepted places.

"And I should be disappointed in him if he developed the habit of leaving a 'standing order' for flowers to be sent to his favored lady. Could anything be more unromantic than this? It is such a slip-shod way to conduct a romance; too lazy.

Would Seek Out the Bohemians

"BUT Hollywood has an undiscovered romantic background that could be delightful for a bachelor! I mean the gathering places of the real Bohemians of Hollywood—not the actors and actresses, but the artists, writers, sculptors, the unpublicized refugees of the artistic world who have drifted here from all corners of the earth.

"I have been lucky in meeting some of these interesting people. I have been invited to their homes and studios, which I consider the most interesting in Hollywood. There are little out-of-the-way cafés where these people gather, where everything under the sun is discussed—except Hollywood. Funny little orchestras play gay melodies in the background; lights are soft; the food is delicious; conversation stimulating.

"The entire atmosphere is novel and different. These true Hollywood Bohemians are neither rich, nor famous; in fact, many of them do 'extra' work about the studios when their own work does not produce enough for the jug of wine and the loaf of bread so necessary to the life they lead. Their homes are isolated in curving roads along Hollywood hills. They are as removed from what is generally accepted to be the real Hollywood, as is Hollywood, itself, from the Bohemian quarters of Paris. If I were a Hollywood bachelor, I should choose this background.

Skeptical About Real Romance

"AS for the proverbial 'romance' in the typical bachelor's life, I am afraid the difficulty in my mythical case would be in choosing some charming lady who would be as interested as I in things so radically removed from 'typical Hollywood.' I am afraid this romantic partner would not be so easy to find.

"I have a definite hunch she would *not* be one of the famous ladies who shared a close-up with me during the studio day. The temptation could be so strong, you know, if one were dining with a lovely co-worker to turn the evening into practical purpose by rehearsing the next day's dialogue!

"Besides, there could never be the true romance of exploring a charming woman's personality if she were a famous and publicized figure. A bachelor could merely read her latest publicity story and know practically everything about her, including her choice in breakfast foods and the way she applies her favorite make-up. And that would be most unromantic, I can assure you.

"Another thing," grinned Mr. Howard, with a gleam in his eye, "I should never give out publicity stories about what I was doing—if I were a Hollywood bachelor! In short, I would be quite a flop as the 'gay blade' among the stay-up-late places!"

If I Were Married in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 41*)

"In the first place, it is the married couples of this town, and not the bachelors who are at the mercy of their friends. If Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So give a party you and your little Missus are expected to return the favor. The first thing you know, you are in a regular routine of social activity. You see the same people at the same places everywhere you go. If you try to broaden out your little social group, then the original exclusive clique is scandalized.

"You begin to live just exactly as your other married friends live. If they have a swimming pool, then you must have one—just by way of showing that your studio contract is as good as theirs. If you get a tennis court, then they have to have one. The first thing you know, you are leading a standardized Hollywood married life.

"But if the Little Woman, the mythical Little Woman, and I were hundreds of miles away—up on our ranch—we would be free of these dangerous influences. No one would want to drive up that far to see us, and we wouldn't want to drive down that far to see them. There would be no living up to the Joneses, because we wouldn't know what the Joneses were up to.

Would Entertain Only Friends

"IF we did plan a social evening, it would be because we invited the people we wanted—not those to whom we owed a party. We would have to learn to depend more and more upon ourselves, and not Hollywood, for our diversion, for our mutual interests. This domestic isolation would bring us closer together. It would make our marriage stand for more to us every day.

"If I were married, I would never indulge in that common little Hollywood practice of chiseling—because I hope I would have had my fling along those lines before I got around to the Wedding March. I would make up my mind that I would have done all the things I wanted to do, and gone all the places I expected to, before I took the step.

"There would be no 'matrimonial vacations'—little excursions into stepping out with other partners just by way of 'brushing the cobwebs off our marriage,' as they call it. Don't let anybody kid you about that. Matrimonial vacations are up to no good! If I were married in Hollywood or any other place, it would have to be without any of the so-called modern ideas.

Would Want Wife at Home

"I SHOULD object like the very devil to my wife's getting in with a bridge and cocktail set. I should want her to be busier with something more important to do—preferably wiping the noses of all the little McCreas, or at least giving them a mother's, and not a governess's, attention.

"I should never want my home photographed. How can a place that has been plastered over every newspaper and magazine in the country ever seem like anything but a professional 'prop,' not a real haven of rest and privacy?

"Of course, all this sounds as though I would have to be married to a non-professional girl to make a 'go' of my ideal Hollywood marriage. That need not necessarily be the case, but if the lady did turn out to be an actress, she would have at least a few of the same ideas I enjoy about matrimony.

"I say this: If you aren't going to play marriage for all it is worth, if you aren't going to keep all the rules, even though they pinch at times—why marry?

"As a local married man," insisted Joel, "I'm afraid I would be an awfully old-fashioned dud. And that's the best reason why I'm not going to try it for awhile!"

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"I Would Rather Drive a Taxi Than Be a Star"—says George Raft

(*Continued from page 49*)

Hollywood. He distributes his shirts and suits, his socks and ties, with an amazing lavishness—to anyone who looks as if he might need them or want them.)

Mistaken for a Millionaire

"AS a matter of fact," Raft declares, "I don't make very much. I've got less right now than when I came to Hollywood. But if people think you're making money, you're constantly 'touched' for something. A director, making ten times as much as I do, can go into a hotel, tip the bell-hop a quarter and he's a great guy. But I have to give much more than that because the papers say I'm a Hollywood star and the mint has been planted right at my back door.

"I've received an unbelievable number of letters asking me to send Johnny to summer camp; and somebody called Etta wants a new hat; and a lady in the Middle-West wants a hundred dollars because she's in love with a man who doesn't like fat women and the reducing course will take exactly that much money.

"I didn't know what trouble was before I came here. I've had seven lawsuits in the last six months. All sorts of them—most of them groundless. A girl I've never even met is suing me on some trumped-up charges because I look like easy money. An agent who wants to hang on, now that it looks as if I might stay on the screen, sends a kid to ask me for my autograph and I start writing my name, and the kid hands me a court summons. Things like that sort of make you feel that the whole show isn't worth it.

"I've had so much grief, so many things have happened to upset me, that I'd just as soon walk out now and never make another picture. I can always make a living at something. My tastes are simple—and no matter how much money I'll make, I won't want any more.

The Two Big Rewards

"OUTSIDE of a lot of publicity, I haven't gained a thing by being in Hollywood. Of course, it does give me satisfaction that I've achieved something that others admire. That helps a man over the tough spots."

Superb interpreter of unconventional rôles, George Raft presents the paradox of conventionality. He believes that you get out of life exactly what you put into it—that happiness depends on yourself—that contentment can't be bought. His varied career counterpoints his philosophies. Boxer and cabaret dancer and vaudevillian—in each he had the joy of accomplishment.

"I've always had enough to eat. I've always had decent clothes to wear. I've always got up in the morning with a feeling of thankfulness for my two good hands, and my legs and eyes. Pictures haven't changed my conviction that those are the things for which to be grateful.

"But don't misunderstand me. I realize that I've had a grand break—that I can consider myself lucky. But to date I'm looking for the luck in my film success. For certainly I've lost my peace of mind, which up to now I've always had. Some people might consider that a small sacrifice for being known wherever pictures are shown. I don't."

But things are looking up for George—both artistically and financially. He has signed a new contract with Paramount, and it is well to assume that the remuneration is in keeping with his fame. In addition to that, he has been loaned to the newly-formed Zanuck-Schenck company, Twentieth Century Pictures, and will interpret a rôle tailored to his measure—in a story of the life of Maurice, the dancer.

George Raft has met innuendos and sly gossip about his former life with characteristic staunchness. He hasn't even bothered to deny the baseless suggestions that the New York Tenderloin—the district where he was born—has more than a passing interest in his career.

The movie colony has insisted on making gunmen out of the loyal friends who accompany Raft wherever he goes. But heartaches and discontent and a soul-weariness are built of idle rumors. Certainly, they have played their part in lessening the contentment that is Raft's only requirement of life. Few newcomers have had the perspective to withstand the mad dazzle of Hollywood. His understanding of his own wants and needs have been Raft's safeguard against it.

Will Fight for Beliefs

NOT given to vocal and intent self-analysis, Raft's sense of what is right is intuitive. And he will make sacrifices to keep his code inviolate. His refusal to play a recent rôle jeopardized his career. But he refused to compromise—and the basis for that refusal is his inflexible belief that a man's material requirements are few.

He has never confused his abilities and his own personality. When it became known that the Prince of Wales and George Raft had spent many hours together—when he might have made capital out of that intimacy—he discounted it with the remark, "The Prince liked my dancing." When titled ladies and society leaders clamored for his presence at exclusive parties, he still didn't lose sight of the fact that it was homage given an artistic achievement. And unquestionably Raft's dancing ability merits that category.

It takes an understanding of human nature to give the proper value to the acts of others. George does that. His friends to-day are the friends of yesterday. His deep loyalties have not been maladjusted by the vehement recognition accorded his début in pictures. He has taken Hollywood glamour with two grains of salt.

One characteristic of George Raft is outstanding. Whether before the camera or away from it, his deep sincerity is impressive. And so other stars may chatter about "getting away from it all." They may declare that the lack of privacy inherent in a picture career is distasteful to them. But they go on, year after year, "suffering" through the tribulations of huge pay-checks, and international acclaim and clamorous autograph-seekers. Their expressed woes have a counterfeit sound.

But George Raft means it when he declares: "It doesn't take much to make me happy. And I can get those things driving a taxi-cab."

At the moment, it doesn't look as if the public will permit him that luxury.

Did You Know That--

From the looks of things, John Gilbert would rather be a director than a star—for he and Kenneth MacKenna are co-directing "Walls of Gold" at Fox?

Salaries of studio workers have risen, as a result of producers signing the NIRA code and getting under the "We Do Our Part" banner?

In Al Jolson's picture, "Wonder Bar" you may also see Kay Francis, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Adolphe Menjou, Guy Kibbee and Glenda Farrell, among others?

Clothes Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

dress is cool . . . and the cape is warm . . . what could be a sweeter combination for September?

After all, September in California can be a very hot month and Janet just isn't going to be rushed into wearing dark Fall ensembles this early! She told us she doesn't wear any pretty clothes at all in "Paddy the Next Best Thing" . . . but she was quite thrilled about some of the new things from her personal wardrobe.

Rita Kaufman made Janet that adorable tea gown you see her wearing in that pretty picture taken in her own garden. Bearing in mind that the Gaynor's hair is red, what could be a more effective color scheme than this buttercup-yellow organdie with sash and bow of russet brown? If she wants to, Janet can wear a large picture hat of the same color and material with this dress . . . or it serves excellently as a dinner and dance frock.

The other picture shows Janet in her "garden pajamas." They are of flowered silk . . . and quite, quite backless! The floppy garden hat is white corded linen and very nice, I'm surè!

What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 15*)

Scott, Randolph—playing in *To The Last Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—back from abroad and scheduled to make *La Tendresse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—latest release *Jennie Gerhardt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—scheduled for *Ever in My Heart*—Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sullavan, Margaret—her first screen appearance will be in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Golden Harvest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Bombshell*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *A Man's Castle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Goin' To Town*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Vinson, Helen—playing in *The Kennel Murder Case*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

West, Mae—playing in *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wieck, Dorothy—scheduled for *Cradle Song*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

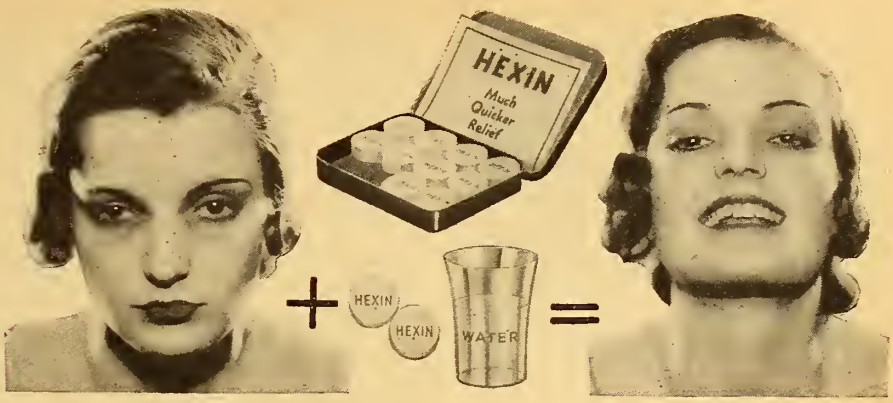
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—scheduled to make *The Paradine Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *A Man's Castle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.



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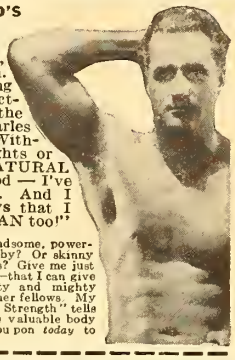

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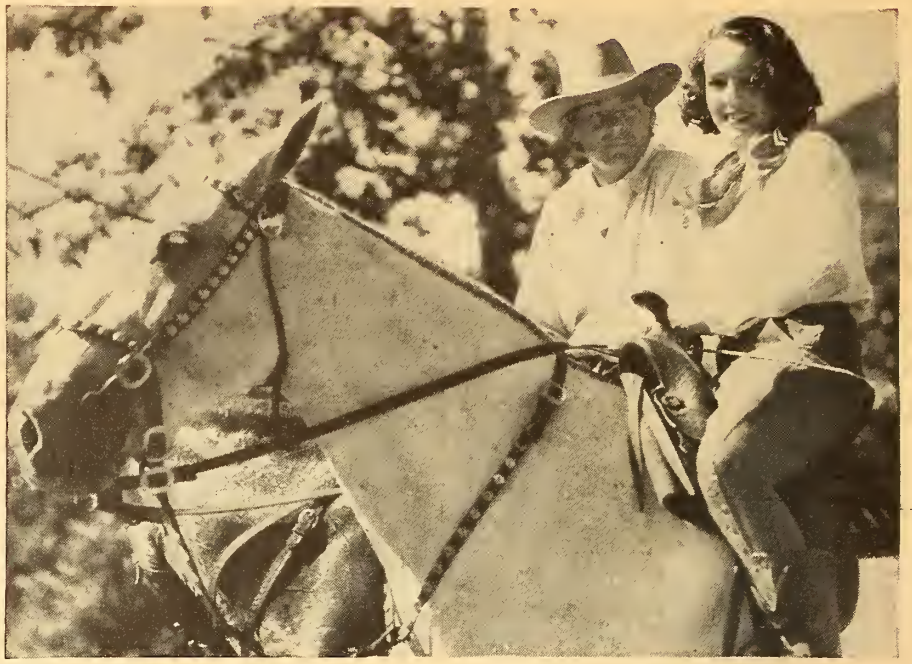

Giddyap, Napoleon, it looks like wedding bells! Johnny Weissmuller's divorce is now final, and what's to prevent him from taking a bridal path—as well as a bridle path with Lupe Velez?

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 93*)

RUTH CHATTERTON will again have George Brent as her leading man in "Female," the Donald Henderson Clarke story, which was thought too hot in its original form for Barbara Stanwyck. In rewriting and toning down the script, it was discovered that they had a better vehicle for Ruth than they had for Barbara.

CENSORSHIP has gone to strange extremes. But the height of something or other was reached in an Oriental country, when Cecil B. DeMille's "Sign of the Cross" suffered cuts of several hundred feet *before* the censors were allowed to see it. The government, it seemed, objected to some slighting references to the emperor. The fact that it was Nero, Emperor of ancient Rome, and not a modern Oriental emperor, made no difference. It was a slight to Imperial Majesty, and that was that!

HELEN HAYES got the most unusual present through the mail recently. A fan of hers, obviously a dentist, sent her a plaque of herself made entirely of porcelain fillings for teeth.

BUSTER CRABBE, now playing "Tarzan the Fearless" in competition to Johnny Weissmuller, has found an antidote for scratches. Attired in practically nothing at all for his rôle, Buster was pretty badly scratched up by branches and nettles as he swung from tree to tree as the ape man. After trying practically every remedy for his injuries, Buster finally hit upon gasoline. Strange enough, ordinary automobile gas removes the sting and burn, as well as sterilizes the wound. Crabbe used something in the neighborhood of twenty gallons so far in the picture. It is something to remember when you go out in the country for your vacation.

A MOST interesting chart has been issued by the United States Department of Commerce that analyzes the relative ages of motion picture audiences. According to this chart the average daily attendance at motion picture theatres throughout the country is 4,790,000, of which nearly 43 per cent are between the ages of 25 and 44 years. The next largest group, some 30 per cent, fall between the ages of 15 to 24 years. Less than 10 per cent are under the 15-years-of-age limit. What was that they used to say about movies being made for child minds?

FRANCES DEE has learned that it pays to be a free-lance player. When she was under contract to Paramount, her salary was $350 a week, and she was loaned to RKO Studio at that sum. Since she has been on her own, Frances has negotiated a contract for three pictures with RKO, and under the terms of the agreement she will start with $1,500 and build to $2,000 a week. There's quite a difference.

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ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE

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BUDWEISER is naturally the choice of those who live life at its best. Today, as in the past, it firmly holds its traditional reputation for being beer at its best. In each sip of BUDWEISER you'll detect the matchless flavor and elusive personality which set it brilliantly apart from less distinguished beers. Full strength and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

She Buys Grand Clothes . . .
But her Teeth are Cloudy . . . her Gums Soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

Of course, this woman wears the smartest, most flattering clothes she can buy. But she should never forget that sparkling white teeth are far more important to her attractiveness and good-looks!

Today—just before you put on that pretty new fall frock—take a mirror close to the window, and look at *your* teeth and gums. Do your teeth *look* clean? Are your gums firm and healthy?

For, if your gums are soft and tender, if they often leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush—your teeth will probably look gray and dingy. Moreover, "pink tooth brush" may lead to a serious gum disorder: gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. The best teeth you have may be endangered.

Your gums must be kept firm

Because today's soft, creamy foods do not exercise your gums sufficiently, you need to use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage to keep them healthy.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana, and clean your teeth the regulation way, brushing well. Then, with a little extra Ipana on your brush or finger tip, *massage your gums*.

Do this today—tomorrow—*every* day—every time you clean your teeth. Ipana has ziratol in it, and this ziratol, with the massage, stimulates circulation through the gums. As your gums become healthier and harder, your teeth brighten. And you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

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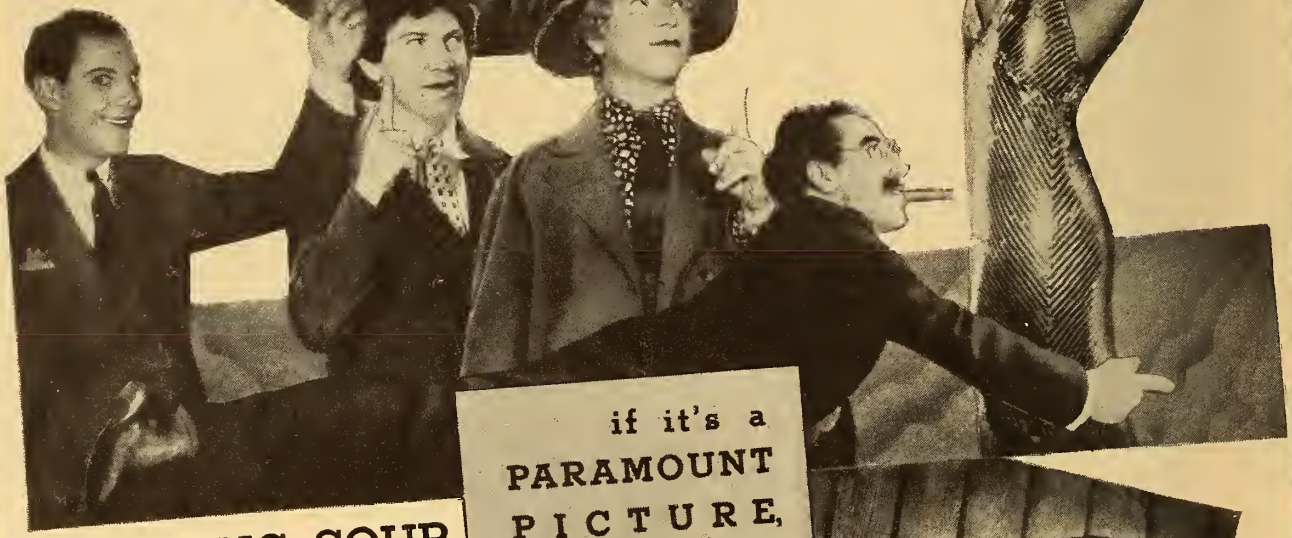
The "Ipana Troubadours" are back! Every Wednesday Evening—9:00 p.m., E. S.T. WEAF and Associated N.B.C. Stations

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST

"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better . . . so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time."



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

. . ond that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.

ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre

OCT 18 1933 ©C18 204145

Motion Picture

NOVEMBER 1933

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 4

Little Girl, What Now?

That's a fair question to ask Madge Evans—the only one of all the legion of child stars who has grown up to become famous all over again. What more is there for her to win? Only talkie stardom—and that can't be far away, with Madge never idle, never resting between pictures.

In quick succession, you will be seeing her in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Bride of the Bayou" and "Beauty for Sale"—and she'll be indispensable to all three!

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Cover Design of Madge Evans Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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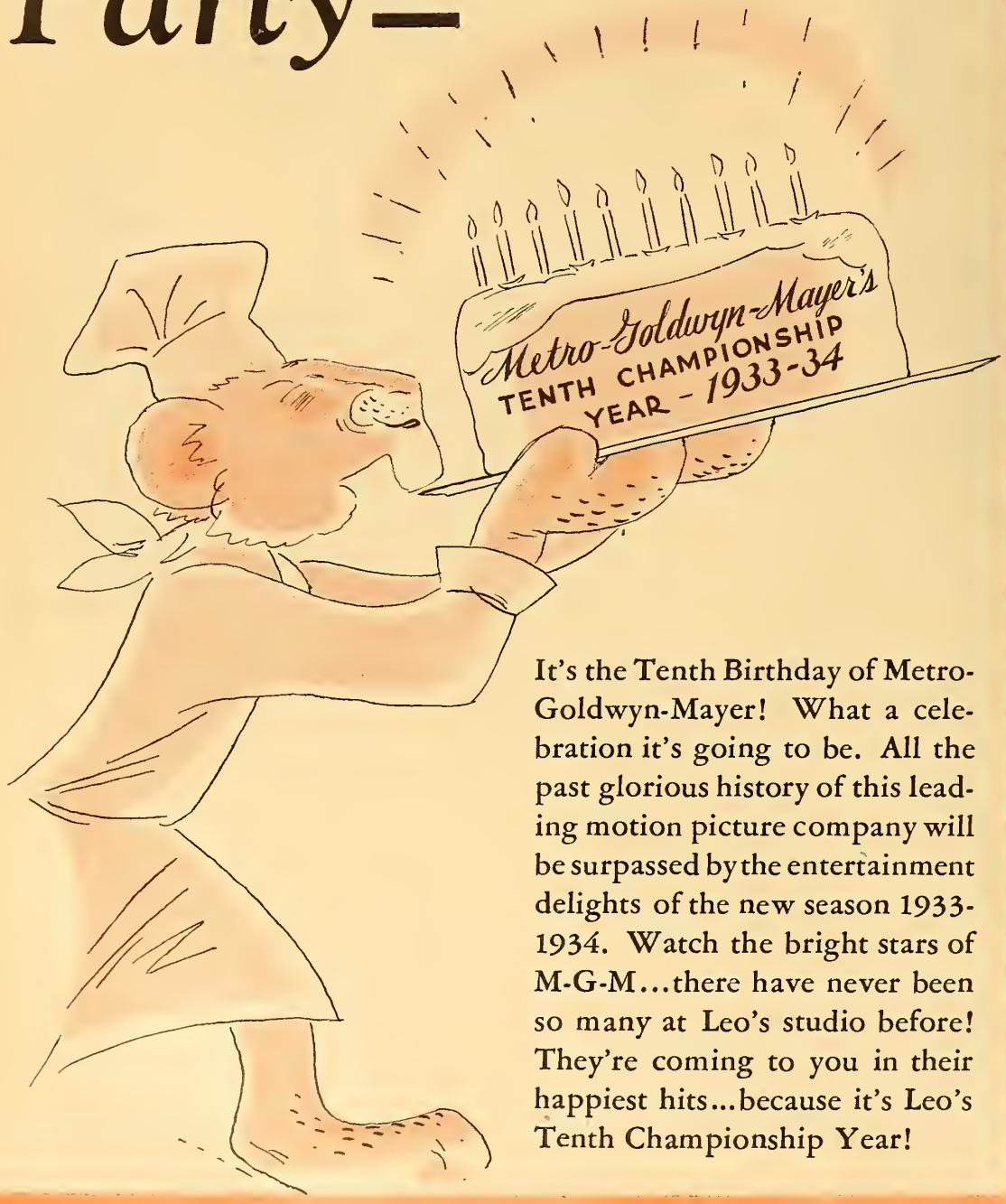
YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!

ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
JEANETTE MacDONALD
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hershalt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Lay
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McCannell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Marley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Watch for

GRETA GARBO'S triumphant return in "Queen Christina" reunited with JOHN GILBERT.

★ ★ ★

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD **CLARK GABLE** in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone

★ ★ ★

BROADWAY to HOLLYWOOD (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmie Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, and many others).

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor

Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

TIED FOR LIFE Like Charlie Chaplin, Harry Langdon has long been famous for his baggy clothes. Charlie has never tried to get out of his—but Harry takes the jump and is just as comical as ever. He dresses up in a topper and a morning coat and takes unto himself a bride—in the nervous manner that only a Langdon could assume. But before the happy day, he makes the mistake of wiring the news to his old rival (Vernon Dent), who sets out to get even. He bribes a Pullman porter to loan him his uniform, dons blackface, and tries to make Harry's honeymoon a nightmare. The funny business aboard the Pullman is old, but still funny. (Educational)

THE BARGAIN OF THE CENTURY The screen's funniest female comedy team is breaking up. From now on, Zasu Pitts will make her comedies with Pert Kelton, while Thelma Todd will have Patsy Kelly for a foil. But in this little number Zasu and Thelma are still together—and it's one of their funniest. Charlie Chase, a good comic, himself, directed it. On their way to a big bargain sale, the girls are hauled in by a husky cop; but they vamp him into escorting them to the sale. He loses his job, and they hire him as their housemaid. He turns the place into a madhouse with his insane gadjets. (M-G-M)

THE BIG SQUEAL There's no surer way of making a comedy funny than to have it revolve around a case of mistaken identity. Everybody has had THAT experience. But not everybody could be as funny, going through it, as Andy Clyde, who's shy and fuzzy-whiskered. A millionaire hog-raiser on a visit to Chicago, he meets an old pal (Billy Bevan), who invites him home to meet his wife. The wife persuades a neighbor (Dorothy Christy) to double for her and entertain the "hog-caller." The two were once sweethearts, it turns out, and the old flame is rekindled; Andy insists upon fighting a duel with Bevan. The comical Clyde clicks consistently. (Educational)

OLD KING COLE Walt Disney is due for another award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He got one last year for what he had done for the movies in creating Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies. And now comes along a Silly Symphony that is the prize of them all—with as much appeal to adults as to youngsters. Out of a big volume of nursery rhymes pop most of the Mother Goose characters from Old King Cole on down, who act out their rhymed histories in ingenious cartoon fashion, against a musical background. It's amusing; more than that, it has a nonsensical charm—something rare in cartoons. Don't miss it. (U. A.)

GLEASON'S NEW DEAL Housewives are complaining that they don't have any forty-hour week or NRA code. And husbands whose wives cook the same things too often haven't had a New Deal, either. But James Gleason decides to do something about it. When his wife serves beans again for dinner, he rises in diplomatic wrath and offers to turn housekeeper for a day and show her how some "system" would work in the household. His mother-in-law greets his offer with a nasty-nice sneer, but next morning he sets out to show 'em. As you expect, his masculine clumsiness is his undoing—and a very funny undoing it is. (Universal)

NOTHING BUT THE TOOTH Just because you happen to be one of the funniest fellows on Broadway, is that any reason why Hollywood can't take you seriously? Thus, many a time and oft, Jack Haley must have wondered—as he went on making two-reel comedies in the East. But Hollywood has finally become Haley-conscious—and he'll be in feature pictures now. After seeing a comedy like this, anyone would be Haley-conscious. As a toothy toothpaste salesman, he sees himself as a future movie hero—until he has some molars knocked out. He gets some more, tries a movie test, and passes—as a comedian. (Vitaphone)

THE FARMERS' FATAL FOLLY This is the best Moran and Mack comedy since their return to the screen. Instead of working around a regulation comedy theme, they have gone out and found themselves a timely topic to have some fun with. They buy a farm and go back to the land—where life is never dull, all rumors to the contrary. The rabbits get to their crops before they can; their tractor has an urge to be a submarine; their cow goes on a diet of hops and produces "white mule," instead of milk; and their hens eat explosives and lay TNT eggs. And they're trying to pay off a mortgage! (Educational)

SAY IT ISN'T SO This seems to be Let's Make a Comedy about Breaking into the Movies Month. Anyway, here's a second one on the theme—and a good, silly one it is, too. You start out by thinking that there ought to be a law against such silliness, but you end up by wondering why more comedies don't indulge in such giddy goofiness. Richy Craig, Jr., has movie ambitions and applies at a studio for work. But his father has plotted with a studio executive to convince him that he'd have to be crazy to succeed in such a business. So, everywhere he goes in the studio, the workers are as dizzy as the life seems to be. It's nimble nonsense. (Columbia)

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation.

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drugstore. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

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actually

NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF AND ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

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MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—his first picture recently released *The Song of Songs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Golden Harvest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The World Changes*—Warner Brothers Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Atwill, Lionel—recently completed *Solitaire Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—recently finished *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Break of Hearts*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Late Christopher Bean*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—scheduled for *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—now playing in *The Woman Spy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently finished *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—latest release *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Havana Widows*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—now making her second come-back picture *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brook, Clive—now playing in *Behold, We Live*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Son of the Gobs*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *Son of the Gobs*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—playing in *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—just finished *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—scheduled to make *The Finger Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—now making *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Female*—Warner Brothers Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *Three-Cornered Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—just finished his rôle in *The Bowery*—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—recently completed *Torch Singer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Above the Clouds*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—now playing in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davies, Marion—now making *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—preparing to start *Escape to Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *The Late Christopher Bean*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—scheduled for *Jimmy and Sally*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Behold, We Live*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing in *The Way to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Walls of Gold*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Forever Faithful*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—resting abroad. Latest release *The Morning Glory*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—Holidaying abroad and planning a co-starring picture with Doug, Jr.—United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—recently completed *Aggie Appleby*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—playing in *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—playing in the Clara Bow picture *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William—recently completed *Aggie Appleby*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—preparing to make *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing Garbo's leading man in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—will soon start on *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Bombshell*, with Lee Tracy—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lillian—recently completed her second picture *My Weakness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—resting between pictures. Will soon start working on *The Old Maid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—resting after completing *Little Women* and scheduled for *Break of Hearts*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Man of Steel*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

LETTERS TO YOUR FAVORITES MAY BE SENT TO THE STUDIO ADDRESSES GIVEN HERE

Howard, Leslie—now in England, making *The Lady Is Willing*, for Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Saturday's Millions*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—scheduled for *Wunderbar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Keeler, Ruby—will soon start on *Sweethearts Forever*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Keith, Ian—playing in the Garbo picture *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—recently completed work on *The Bowery*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—on vacation since finishing *I Loved You Wednesday*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—makes his screen debut in *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—Scheduled for *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Prize Fighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—back from Europe and now working on *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen—playing in *The Late Christopher Bean*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—playing in *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Culver City, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Bombshell*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Muni, Paul—back on the screen in *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed work in *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—now making *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Trouble Shooter*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Pearl, Jack—the famous Baron Munchausen of the Air working on his first picture *Meet the Baron*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Powell, William—recently completed *The Kennel Murder Case* and now scheduled for *The Gentleman from San Francisco*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—just completed work on *The Bowery*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—playing opposite Constance Bennett in *The Woman Spy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—recently completed *To the Last Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—scheduled for *Broadway and Back*—Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sullivan, Margaret—her first screen appearance will be in *Only Yesterday* which has just been finished—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *Too Much Harmony*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—playing in the Joan Crawford picture, *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Bombshell*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Trouble Shooter*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *My Woman*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Hollywood Party*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

West, Mae—playing in *I'm No Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—playing in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Born To Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Medicine? I can't believe it!

THIS IS 1933—but there are a lot of people still living in the middle ages when it comes to ideas about medicine.

Back in those dark centuries of witches' potions, love philters and what not, the more bitter and nasty a remedy tasted, the more effective it was supposed to be.

Do you still believe that, to be effective, a laxative must be hard to take—and harsh in action? Millions will tell you that you're wrong!

Bitter, violent purgatives are so unnecessary nowadays! Messy "leaking" oils are a needless bother, too!

Taking a laxative can be just as pleasant as eating a delicious bit of chocolate. That's the Ex-Lax way. Why, you don't taste the faintest hint of medication!

Yet Ex-Lax is as effective as the most bitter purgative you ever took. Ex-Lax is so gentle—it never causes stomach pains. It works *over-night*, without *over-action*. It's everything a perfect laxative ought to be!

Like all great successes, Ex-Lax is widely imitated. So insist on *genuine* Ex-Lax. At all druggists, 10c and 25c.

Or if you would like a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. MP 113, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. Why was John Gilbert given the rôle in "Queen Christina" opposite Greta Garbo, with whom he is pictured on this page?

2. What well-known screen player once said that the man she married would have to be a combination of four famous movie stars, and to whom did she recently announce her engagement?

3. Do you know the character actor who turned down a movie job, which would net him a four-figure salary, to appear on the stage for the small sum of one hundred dollars per week?

4. What colored movie player, missing from the screen for several years, is soon to make his comeback?

5. Who replaced Sylvia Sidney in the leading rôle opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Way to Love," when Sylvia did a walk-out?

6. Do you know the screen player who has filed suit for divorce against her director-husband?

7. Can you name the ten movie girls who were named the most strikingly dressed stars on the screen by a famous studio designer?

8. Whose broken engagement terminates a romance of several years between two screen personalities—a movie player and a director?

9. Which screen star recently appeared in court to make his screen name also his legal one?

10. Who is the red-haired screen star now making her début on the stage as a dramatic actress?

11. Which screen couple (after twelve years of marriage) announced that they were going to try a marriage holiday?

12. Do you know the motion picture star who presented her director-husband with a son recently?

13. Why has Joan Bennett temporarily retired from the screen since completing her rôle in "Little Women"?

14. The leading female rôle of what picture seems to have been hoodooed?

15. The love letters of which screen beauty were read in court when an alienation-of-affections suit against her went to trial?

16. Can you name the two comedians who seem to do things in pairs, having separated from and become reconciled to their respective wives at the same time?

17. Which motion picture character actress and comedienne was offered a radio proposition for which she could name her own price?

18. What has made folks think that Joel McCrea may soon wed his best girl, and who is she?

19. Do you know what threats were made against a member of the Lupe Velez household?

20. Which screen player announced that she and her husband had reached the parting of the ways after eight years of wedded life?

(*Answers to these questions on page 72*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

CLIMAXING WARNER BROS.' GLITTERING PARADE OF MUSICALS!

Glorious "42nd Street"—magnificent "Gold Diggers"—actually surpassed by the master makers of musical films! . . . In this new show packed with surprising novelties! . . . Jimmy Cagney singing and dancing for the first time on the screen! Stupendous dance spectacles with hundreds of glorified beauties, staged UNDER WATER! New laughs and song-hits from Gold Diggers' famous stars . . . *All directed and staged by the internationally famous creators of "42nd Street", Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley.* CAN YOU EVEN *THINK* OF MISSING IT?

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"

JAMES CAGNEY • RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL • JOAN BLONDELL

GUY KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK McHUGH • HUGH HERBERT

. . . in the gleaming beauty

of the complete ensemble . . .

Miss Olivia Bird, *popular New York debutante, in a Whiting & Davis mesh ensemble worn at an exclusive Gotham society function.*

Society sanctions the smart mode of *Metal Mesh*

IN THIS light, flexible, softly draping lustrous fabric, high Fashion has discovered a source of almost magical costume effects. To new gowns and frocks Metal Mesh adds highlights of surprising smartness, style touches impossible with fabric alone. And, as miraculously, the Metal Mesh ensemble restores to older costumes the allure of Fashion's newest. ¶ To the woman of imagination, the ensemble of Metal Mesh is but the beginning. She sees in it the source of a veritable galaxy of individual costume effects . . . varying combinations in which jacket, belt, mesh bag, hat or shoes of Metal Mesh dominate daringly, and at which Fashion nods approvingly. ¶ Complete new ensembles of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh are now displayed by leading retailers. You will find much of interest in these unusual costume mesh bags and accessories.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Write 'Em and Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$20.00 Letter
Barrymore Always Satisfies

WATERVILLE, CONN.—Once and only once in a century, in every different field, there happens along a genius—a Bernhardt, a Caruso, a Duse, a Beethoven, a Kreisler—and the screen has a member who is fast becoming a genius, one who rightfully belongs in this group—the greatest member of the Royal Family of the theatre, *Lionel Barrymore.*

His motion picture work will always be remembered and it now only remains for the producing companies to give him the one story which will top them all and mark him as the greatest screen actor of all time. Every movie actor and actress have, at one time or another, been disappointing in their rôles, but Lionel Barrymore, Never!! Lionel always satisfies!

"One Man's Journey" is the latest Barrymore picture I have seen and the story itself isn't worth a pretzel, but Lionel's portrayal, regardless of the story, was, as is usual with all his work, a masterpiece.

Does this disprove Shakespeare's adage: "The play is the thing"? In this case it would seem that on the screen "Lionel Barrymore is the thing." *R. I. Naldi.*

$10.00 Letter
How Movies Help

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I wonder if the Movie Moguls realize just how much their movies do for us girls who always strive to say the smartest thing—wear the smartest clothes—have the smartest apartment? They're really a blessing, and I speak from experience.

I'm a private secretary to a very fastidious man, who notices the most minute details of a girl's appearance. He requires an attractive girl—with poise and personality. And what better medium of learning than the movies? I watch the way my favorites dress—and their manners, and in this way, have managed to meet all these requirements. This may sound conceited, but I don't intend it that way. I'm just being frank, and expressing, in small measure, my appreciation for what the movies have done for me, and hope that other girls may read this letter (if printed) and profit by it.

I also get a good many hints from the smart, attractive apartments seen in movies, and though my apartment is small and inexpensive, thanks to the movies, it is attractive. *O. G.*

$5.00 Letter
Its Unreality Is What Gets Us

NEW YORK, N. Y.—From the lips of millions, from the pens of millions, in the theatre, in the home, in the motion picture magazine come breathless words, "Oh, isn't it real?"

Real! The movies aren't real! Far from it!

I have been studying the films for years and one definite conclusion I have drawn from the screen is that, far from being real and true to life, films are actually an escape from reality.

How the hearts of millions of frustrated, cooped-in men long to put themselves in the places of the Gables, Barrymores and Fairbankses! How the hearts of millions of poor little stenographers, home girls and school girls beat frantically to the pace set by the Crawfords, Harlows and Shearers! These millions live a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence in the rows of seats in the dark theatres. They enter with eyes dull and listless. The screen soon takes them soaring into frenzied heights, hearts palpitate, eyes gleam and lips quiver as each man becomes for a few hours a Gable and each woman floats o'er the seats to the screen, merging and losing herself in the identity of a Shearer. Oh, heavenly bliss!

Real? NO! It is the unreal that beckons us and leaves us quivering with delight! *Arthur Berko.*

An Orchid for Kibbee

CHICAGO, ILL.—Let me drop in on your discussions with an orchid (a la Winchell) for a gentleman of the screen who appears in many pictures. But never, so it seems, in a starring rôle. My favorite is that grand character—Guy Kibbee.

He portrays his bits with a natural smoothness that is often lacking among the stars of higher rating (or I should say, better press notices). He makes his characterizations so alive and human that their simple freshness alone reveals his talent.

We read reams of blurbs about a lot of so-called stars who have smirked and capered before John Public for years. Well, not so much is written about Guy, but Mr. Kibbee doesn't need all this ballyhoo.

May that smiling old man sow his wild oats (on the screen) for many more years to come.

W. J. Mathews.

REDUCE WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR IT WON'T COST YOU ONE PENNY!

"TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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The MOVIE CIRCUS

With a "one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-step" Bobby Connolly, than whom there's no whomer when it comes to directing dance numbers, puts the "Take a Chance" girls through the paces. He's taking a chance, with thirteen in his line-up!

THE month finds Hollywood basking in the greatest heat wave since the coming of Mae West. Much of this torridity may be due to the scurryings about of Lupe Velez, who once more is much in evidence. Lupe just had a birthday, and several of her friends called to learn if she was going to throw a party.

"I should say not!" screamed the Mexican Jumping Bean. "I won't give any birthday parties until I am old woman and have to watch other people make whoopee!"

LUPE is keeping her chauffeur busy even less than forty NRA hours these days—having a new little car that she drives, herself. The first day she proudly drove it to the studio she whacked a fender against a wall. At once there was a great yelping and wailing. "Ooh! My babee! She ees hurt! Weel somebody please take him to the car hospital?"

WHEREVER there is Lupe, there are bound to be laughs and excitement, and much the same is true of the aforementioned West. The other day we visited the buxom Mae, who admitted that the character she now is transcribing to celluloid climbs the ladder of success "wrong by wrong. She's the kind of a girl who can lose her reputation and never miss it," La West added. "In other words when she's good, she's very, very good—but when she's bad, she's better!"

MAE recently received a letter from a town in Massachusetts addressed "The Queen of Sex, Hollywood, California." Which just goes to show that we live in a day of alert postal authorities. The sender of the missive apparently was another of the many, many thousands of people who have been creating nicknames for the blonde star. Among the suggestions which have poured into the studio are such luscious handles as "America's Hazit," "The Sheba of Passion," "The Come-Hither Girl," "That Pulsating Gal," "The Diamond Daisy," "Secretary of Love," "Sport," "Cinema's Helen of Troy," "The Beloved Tantalizer," "Golden Goddess of Filmdom," "Empress of Charm," "High Priestess of It," "The Queen of Dazzle," "The Wow of the West," "The Animated Siren," "Hercules(?) of Loveliness," "Dream of Hearts," "Big Slam Mae," "The Sinuous Siren," "The—" but there goes that typewriter, melting again!

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By
FRANK MORLEY

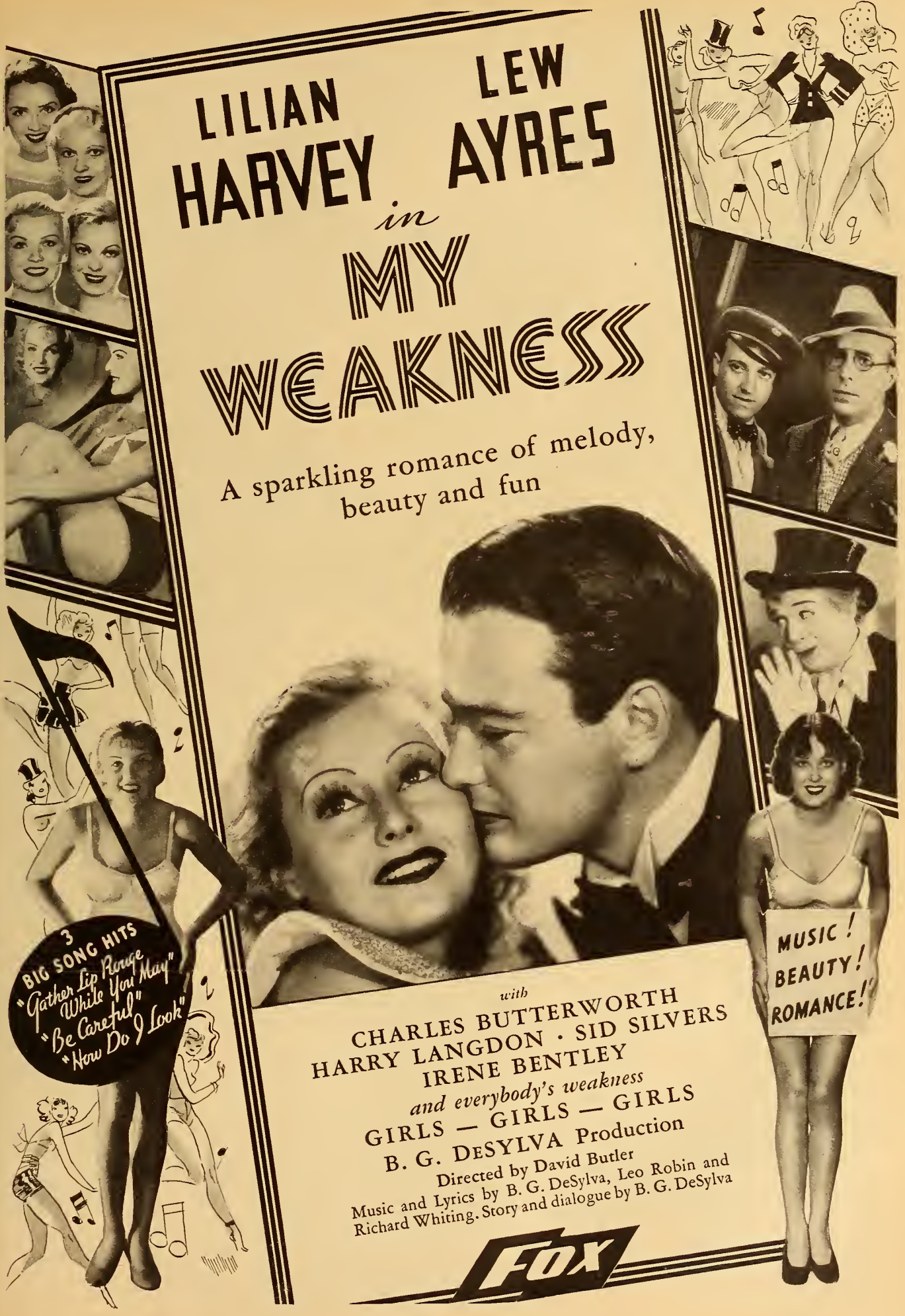
MAE, it would seem, has that thing called appeal, and maybe you'd like to know that she retains it by sleeping nine or ten hours a night, exercising, getting fresh air and sunshine as often as possible, drinking a quart of milk a day, eating creamed foods and potatoes and plenty of butter.

ON the other hand Irene Hiller, the Hungarian actress who migrated here for "The Man Who Dared," has somewhat more strenuous methods for the retention of her splendid figure. Irene, a husky lass, is athletic. "I row," she says, "to make my legs and arms firm. I ride also to develop my legs, particularly the inside of the thighs. I swim for grace, and to develop my chest." And our advice is not to get gay with her, either!

SEEING as how this month we are a veritable mine of information, we'll also confide to you that after close and impassioned observation we, at last, have discovered that the model chorus girl of Hollywood has these specifications: five feet, three inches tall; weighs 114 pounds; has blue eyes; a 24-inch waist; wears a four-and-a-half shoe—and is blonde.

And her preference in men lists the following qualities in the order of their popularity:

(*Continued on page 81*)


LILIAN HARVEY
LEW AYRES
in
MY WEAKNESS
A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun
3 BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"
MUSIC! BEAUTY! ROMANCE!
with
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS
B. G. DESYLVA Production
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva
FOX

Indoor Workers:

Fight colds and stay on the job · · · gargle with Listerine twice a day

Most of the absences among indoor workers are traceable to the common cold. Because of their sedentary habits, stenographers, teachers, clerks, accountants, etc., are the most frequent victims of serious cold attacks. Such attacks undermine health and often lead to serious illnesses. They are expensive. And because they enforce frequent absence from work, colds often cause the victim the loss of a job.

Stay on the Job

Jobs are still scarce, so we say to you: If you have one, hold onto it. Keep well; fight colds as never before. Use Listerine morning and night as a precautionary measure.

Our many experiments, conducted under medical supervision, indicate that full strength Listerine possesses marked value in guarding against common colds and their sequel, sore throat.

Fewer Colds for Garglers

These experiments reveal that men, women, and children who gargled with Listerine twice a day caught only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it.

When Listerine users *did* contract colds, their colds were very mild and of short duration as compared with those of non-users.

With such results before you, isn't the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine worth trying? Think how much better you would feel if you had no colds this winter—how much money you would save.

Why Listerine is Better

In oral hygiene it is highly important to choose a mouth wash that is fatal to germs yet harmless to the delicate tissues of the mouth and throat.

These vital requirements are fully met by Listerine. For more than half a century it has been the choice of noted doctors and health authorities.

Listerine enjoys the distinction of being absolutely safe no matter how frequently it is used. It is therefore preferred to harsh, inferior mouth washes whose sole appeal is the bargain appeal.

Reduces Mouth Germs 99%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks bacteria associated with colds. The number of germs on mouth surfaces is reduced as much as 99% within 15 seconds after the use of full strength Listerine. At the end of four hours, a reduction of as high as 64% may be still apparent.

For your own protection and that of your children, use Listerine when an oral antiseptic is needed. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of the medical profession and the public. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Germs cause tooth decay—after tooth brushing, use an antiseptic

Science now contends that the primary cause of tooth decay is a germ known as the lacto-bacillus acidophilus. Obviously, in addition to the tooth brush and paste necessary to remove debris, a safe antiseptic should be used following tooth cleaning. After your regular tooth brushing, use Listerine.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine

SALLY O'NEIL

Sally is back in the movie alley—daring the jinxes to shake any more shillalahs at her. Shure, and you've heard of the pluck of the Irish? If you have it, you can't help having the luck of the Irish, too, sooner or later! Hasn't she just found a showgirl rôle in "Ladies Must Love" that fit her as snugly as a showgirl's costume? And isn't she all set to go places with Jack Oakie and Jack Haley in "Sitting Pretty"? Sitting pretty? She certainly is!

Hurrell

STUART ERWIN AND JUNE COLLYER

When June Collyer married Stuart Erwin, she gave up her own career. His, she said, would be big enough for two. And, more and more, it looks as if Stuart, Jr.'s mama was just as prophetic as she was wifely. From a comic who specialized in slow-witted blundering, he has developed into one of the screen's finest young character actors—specializing in playing the hero's quiet, wistful, unsuccessful rival. But he will be a hero in his own right, and will go comical again just to keep in practice, in "Joe Palooka".

Ellis

EDWARD G. ROBINSON AND KAY FRANCIS

There's a rumor that the "G." in his name stands for "Grandiloquent." He can play hard-hearted heroes or heroic villains; he can play either comedy or tragedy. And Kay is an actress who can be either gay or tragic, the heroine or The Other Woman. In "I Loved a Woman," these two versatile stars get together for the first time—to tell a story of a man's tragic ambition, inspired by a great love

Fryer

In "My Weakness," Lilian Harvey sings and dances — but when she comes face to face with Lew Ayres, she doesn't give him a song-and-dance. (Would you?) And he's weak in the knees, himself, so close to Europe's pet heart-thumper. (Wouldn't you be, too?) Or are chorus beauties like Beatrice Roberts and Aloha Porter (below) YOUR particular weakness?

AND WHICH IS *YOUR* WEAKNESS?

To be in a "Footlight Parade," you HAVE to be light-footed. And just look at who's right there, along with Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler, of "Gold-Diggers" fame! None other than your old pal, James Cagney, showing you how he once danced on Broadway. But they'll have to step fast to keep ahead of gals like Pat Farr and Azalie Cecil (below)!

Photos by Longworth

FOOTLIGHTED AND LIGHT-FOOTED

THE YOUNG GIRL GROWS OLDER

Some girls enter finishing schools. Loretto Young entered the movies, instead. And look at her to-day! Where could you find a more "finished" twenty-one-year-old—more poised, better dressed, more adaptable to any situation? (And less high-hat!) And where could you find a better answer to the censors' cry that the movies don't teach the younger generation the right things? Moreover, Loretto is the kind of girl who doesn't stop studying when she gets to the top of her class. She's constantly improving herself. Which explains why she is the most mature youngster on the screen, and the most in demand. She's now in "A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy

Hurrell

When Sari — she pronounces it "Sharee" — first arrived on the scene, they called her "a baby Dietrich." She looked THAT much like Marlene, and was THAT young. But now the starlet who made up her screen name from two Viennese operettas is more mature and much more her mischievous, bewitching self—a little girl with a big sense of humor. She will give Ann Harding plenty of competition in "Beautiful"

SARI MARITZA

Portraits by Bachrach

JUNE KNIGHT AND BUDDY ROGERS

Energy de luxe—that's what June has. How she can dance, how she can say it with music, and how she can give take-offs of Garbo and Lupe Velez! The little girl is a "find." In the musical comedy, "Take a Chance," she made Broadway look alive—and now she's stepping out in the screen version, with Buddy as her peppy Romeo

BLACK *with* WHITE *variations . . so practical thanks to* IVORY FLAKES

★ (*Center*) This introduces Miss Dexter, in her new black silk two-piece frock. Note the "Ivory-washable" touches of white corded silk that give the costume its fresh-tubbed look.

★ (*Left*) Presto! This is Miss Sarah Dexter, ready for her luncheon vitamins. The same black skirt is worn with a lacy sweater of white Shetland wool. Sarah has washed it several times already in lukewarm Ivory suds. Less-pure soap need not apply!

★ (*Right*) Chango! Now she's Sally, ready to gladden a suitor's eyes. Over the same black skirt she's wearing a lady-like blouse of white silk Bedford cord. Sally reports that "it washes beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

Fashions by B. Altman & Co., New York

When you're planning your Fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their upkeep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They'll perk up with interest when you ask, "Will this wash with Ivory?" For they'll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won't be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won't satisfy you.

These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren't washed with Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren't flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They're made for girls who can't wait a single minute for suds. They curl and melt up into rich suds instantly in lukewarm water. Do "baby" your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don't trust to luck, depend upon Ivory's purity. It won't even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes . . . it actually costs less! And there's 2½ ounces more of pure soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!

CURLY . . . QUICK-DISSOLVING . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Ten Questions That *Baffled* Hollywood

Have Clark Gable and Jean Harlow turned enemies? That's just one question that has puzzled Hollywood. There are nine others that have also had everybody—including you—guessing. But here are the ANSWERS to all ten of them!

THE talk of Hollywood is the talk of the world. Because of the intimacy of screen appearances, as well as the stars' publicity, you know the stars almost as well as you do your next-door neighbor. You are interested in their activities, their problems. When you hear perplexing things about them, you want to know the truth behind the stories.

Questions that are baffling Hollywood, therefore, are questions that millions of people may wish answered. Beginning with this issue, MOTION PICTURE will endeavor to offer solutions to ten monthly questions that are on the tongues of Hollywood.

Perhaps you will find among this month's "ten questions that baffled Hollywood" a few that have also set you and your friends to wondering. Read James M. Fidler's answers—and you will have information obtained from the most reliable sources:

Is Constance Bennett—holding bag (left), in "Without Glory"—as unpopular with co-workers as the gossips ask you to believe? When Marlene Dietrich (below) took to trousers, was it just a publicity stunt? Fidler tells you!

English

Again, MOTION PICTURE starts something. This is the first of a monthly series of answers to questions that baffle Hollywood—and must, therefore, baffle you. In these answers, we shall end stories about stars that gossip has begun. We shall tell you just how much truth—if any—lies behind persistent Hollywood rumors. We shall serve you as "fact detectives" and make our reports frank and to the point. Every answer will be a news item. Read the answers to these questions that everyone has been asking—and you will be absolutely up-to-date on the Hollywood topics of the day. You will have some real information. Next month there will be other baffling questions that will demand answers—and MOTION PICTURE will give them to you.—*Editor.*

1. What is the truth of the story that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are enemies?

Reports were published that Miss Harlow declared a dislike for Gable, and that she openly stated she would never appear in another picture with him. Other printed items vouched that Clark replied: "My pet name for Miss Harlow cannot be printed."

On the day these mis-facts appeared in print, Miss Harlow hurried to her studio publicity director to deny them. She arrived just at the moment when Gable telephoned from his sick-bed to voice an equally vehement denial.

The truth is that Clark remarked that he preferred not to work with "a certain star." Because he had just finished "Hold Your Man" with Jean, gossipers drew their own conclusions that Miss Harlow was the "certain star."

Soon after the picture was finished, Gable was confined to his bed. Jean and friends transported a motion picture projection machine to his home and ran "Hold Your Man" for his entertainment.

Says Miss Harlow: "Clark is a grand fellow, and we are the best of friends."

Says Clark Gable: "Jean is

By JAMES M. FIDLER

a regular. I'd like to work in every picture she makes."

2. Was Marlene Dietrich's "pants fad" a publicity stunt?

Yes. True, Miss Dietrich has worn trousers or slacks for years, but so have scores of prominent women. Her studio mailed out reams of publicity exploiting Marlene's fondness for masculine attire.

Miss Dietrich, herself, rebelled against the publicity, and when she was in Paris recently she purchased an astounding new wardrobe of ***women's garments only.***

3. Will Ruth Chatterton fulfill her threat to "retire from motion pictures" after her forthcoming and final picture under her present contract?

Miss Chatterton will not retire, as she said several months ago she might. The principal reason is that retirement, to Ruth, would mean taking up residence in the sunny South of France. George Brent, her husband, is unwilling to give up his career and live on her money. Therefore, in order to remain near Brent, Ruth will remain in Hollywood.

In all likelihood, she will continue to appear on the screen, but she declares that she will not sign a contract. Instead, she will remain independent, and thus retain the privilege of choosing her stories.

4. Is Constance Bennett as unpopular among her fellow-workers as rumor insists?

She positively is not. This report, like most gossip, has been vilely elaborated. Miss Bennett's household servants have been in her employ for years. The same studio staff has surrounded her since 1929.

It is a fact that the majority of Miss Bennett's advertised studio quarrels have been with officious directors or sub-executives who have attempted to ride rough-shod over her wishes.

5. What is the truth behind the Joan Crawford-William Gargan "feud"?

The truth is that they quarreled during the production of "Rain." After that argument, Gargan gave out interviews to the press in which he was quoted as labeling Joan "high-hat" and describing her as "a bum actress." Joan said nothing in retaliation.

Despite this previous disagreement, Joan agreed to tests of Gargan for her new picture, "Dancing Lady." Whereupon Gargan was reported to have said publicly, "I am so much in demand at all the studios that even M-G-M and Joan Crawford want me."

When the studio heard about his purported remark, executives politely informed Gargan's employers that the services of the actor were not desired. Joan had nothing to do with it, despite reports to the contrary. And it takes two to make a feud.

How does James Cagney feel about the movie debut of his brother, Bill (standing beside him, top left)? Is it true that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable (top right) "slammed" each other after "Hold Your Man"? Is there a feud between Joan Crawford and William Gargan, who played opposite her in "Rain" (above)?

6. What is behind the report that Loretta Young's brother has been living with another family—and has been adopted by them?

The truth of the situation is that Loretta *has* a young brother named Jackie.

Miss Young explains: "A wild rumor started that while I was poor, a well-to-do neighbor adopted Jackie—and that now that I have money, I will go to court to get him back.

"The real truth is that these neighbors are fond of Jackie, and have bestowed many favors on him. They have often taken him away on vacation trips. ***But he has always lived at home,*** and there is a special room for him in the new house I have just built.

"Jackie has always lived with our family, and except for the time he is away at school, he will continue to do so.

"On the day that the rumor was printed, the involved nieghbor and my mother were in our kitchen baking a cake. Jackie was nearby, licking the platter."

7. What are the dangers of current kidnaping threats in Hollywood?

Such dangers are far more remote in Hollywood than elsewhere. To begin with, most of the stars who are parents employ guards. The combined armed force thus created forms a small army—a menace to prospective kidnapers.

Further lessening the danger, the government has had Secret Service men stationed in Hollywood for months, because governmental officials have been seeking to capture kidnapers and they believe Hollywood may eventually attract these felonists.

8. Do James Cagney and Bing Crosby resent the competitive

(Continued on page 85)

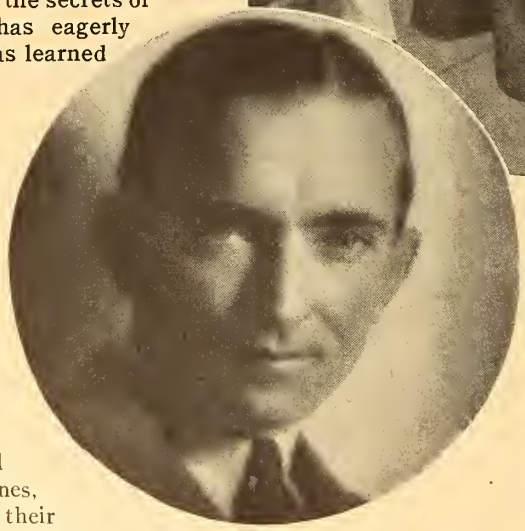
What Has Happened to HEPBURN?

Here Is the Answer!

Have you noticed the difference in Katharine since her first picture? How could you miss it? She has added to That Certain Something she originally had—she has become even more glamourous, even a surer actress! She has learned "the tricks of the trade"—from Bert Glennon, who knows them all. And he tells you here just how she has subtly changed!

By NANCY POPE

Something has happened to Katharine Hepburn. There is no doubt about that. Right from the very beginning, you knew that here was a girl with a startling, glamourous personality, totally unlike anyone ever before seen on the screen. But since her first picture she has subtly changed; she has revealed unexpected new sides to that personality, new glamour, new poise, new sureness of self-expression. Her walk is more graceful, her eyes are even more expressive, her clothes are more individual, her very gestures convey more emotion. What has brought about all of these sudden, intriguing developments? This exclusive story tells you. It tells you the secrets of screen acting that she has eagerly learned, and where she has learned them!—Editor.



In flying togs (above), Katharine made a dashing, boyish figure. Bert Glennon (left) showed her other ways to put over her personality

KATHARINE HEPBURN admirers, who found that they had to fight skeptics after her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," went to see "Christopher Strong" and came swelling out of the theatre, chests out, saying, "I told you so." And the dubious ones, who had gone in shaking their heads, came out nodding them and saying, "I guess the girl's got something after all."

In that one picture, she added thousands of followers to her list. As a result of "Morning Glory," which the critics have received with open arms, the number of admirers has grown. As *Jo* in "Little Women," her next picture, she will undoubtedly add still more. After "Little Women," "The Age of Innocence." Is there any more debate over Katharine Hepburn's popularity? The answer is "No!" And it was "Christopher Strong" that started the ball rolling.

How come? Why should just one picture make such a difference in the popularity of a young screen actress? To moviegoers, who had only a slight acquaintance with her, her appearance was not much changed. They could not detect much difference in her manner of acting. Yet they knew the difference was there. They came out of the theatre pleased. Just what had happened to Katharine Hepburn between pictures?

To begin with, Katharine is a very wise young person.

In the dramatic scenes with Colin Strong," lights and clever make-up on and the hollows under them helped

When she saw "A Bill of Divorcement," she was far from satisfied with the performance she gave. She had had plenty of previous stage experience, but she realized at once that there was much about acting before the camera that stage experience could never teach her. Admitting that was her first forward step. What she felt she wanted more than anything else was an introduction to the camera.

Merian Cooper, the producer of

Bachrach

No detail is too small for the camera to catch. Thus, Katharine's nails are short, since her fingers are long. Left, the silver cloth costume that brought out her exotic allure. Top, her newest portrait

Clive in "Christopher Katharine's cheek-bones her to show suffering

"Christopher Strong," promised it to her. He sent for Bert Glennon. He knew two things about Bert. He knew that Bert was on intimate terms with the motion picture camera; there were years of experience behind him, and he had such pictures as "Gabriel Over the White House" to prove it. And Cooper knew that Bert

(*Continued on page 64*)

I'll Be *Suing* You!

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

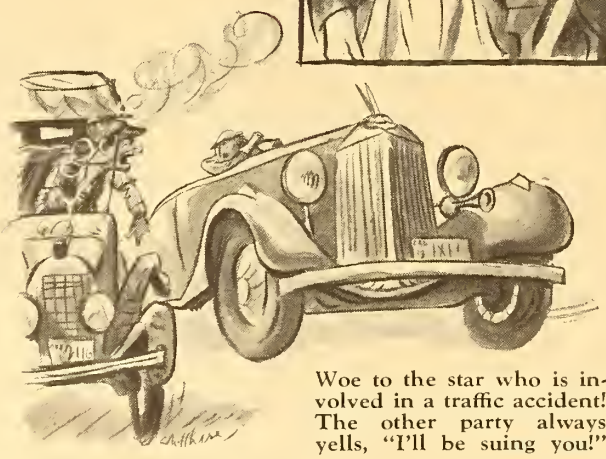
The headline-hunters always tell you, every time a star goes to court. But the headlines don't always tell you the whole story. The impression has got around that stars must be easy marks for lawsuits. That is NOT true any longer. There is a new breed of star in Hollywood—a fighting breed. And slowly, but surely, they're teaching the shysters and the blackmailers that it doesn't pay to hale them into court on false or trumped-up charges. This story tells you how, in this New Deal year of 1933, they will answer ANYONE who says, "I'll be suing you!"—*Editor.*

MORE than one screen star will glance at the title of this story and shudder, for "I'll Be Suing You" may be just a pun to the rest of the world, but to Hollywood it may be both a possible prophecy of future events and a painful reminder of past appearances before His Honor, the Judge!

It's very true that Johnny Star, through long experience, has become a dangerous fighter in any court; it's true that nine out of every ten cases filed against him are trumped-up, groundless and likely to be thrown out of court by a disgusted magistrate; it's true that legal racketeers who try to hi-jack Johnny's bankroll via the courts usually find themselves the losers, BUT . . .

Since the much-publicized California sun first rose on this year of grace, 1933, more than one hundred and twenty lawsuits have been filed by and against — mostly against — the celebrities of Movietown. They're easily the most be-suited people on earth. They always have been, but this year, especially, has witnessed the greatest bull-market in history for court appearances of the stars.

Tourists bent on seeing the going in or coming out, they Helen Twelvetrees, James Chevalier, Ann Harding, Bing ford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,



Woe to the star who is involved in a traffic accident! The other party always yells, "I'll be suing you!"

Chased by Trouble-Makers

MANY of the lawsuits are *bona fide* suits. But countless shyster lawyers, who apparently remember only that Mr. Star was once easy prey and forget that he has had ample opportunity to grow claws, continue to sue on the slightest excuse. An avalanche of suits! A deluge of court-summonses! Why, there isn't a process-server in town who can't find his way, blindfolded, to almost any specified home in the motion picture colony. Honestly, it's a wonder that some of our cinestars don't have their personal mail addressed to the county courthouse.

Incidentally, in said and aforementioned courthouse, there is a certain plaster wall . . . and on said wall have been inscribed the autographs of all the famous ones who have been haled into court . . . and if all the pencils worn out on that wall by movie stars were laid end to end . . . you would realize why some of our most shapely actresses have contracted severe colds from crossing their legs so often at the behest of courtroom photographers!

stars should visit the Hall of Justice, on the steps of which, might possibly find any number of celebrities—like Tom Mix, Cagney, Ronald Colman, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Maurice Crosby, Bela Lugosi, Zasu Pitts, George Bancroft, Mary Pick-Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery and even Charlie Chaplin.

That must be the battle-cry against the stars—judging from the number of lawsuits you read about. But there's a good reason why there are so many court battles. Stars are fighting lawsuits these days — seldom "settling" out of court! As Al Smith would say, let's look at the record!

What process-server couldn't find his way, blindfolded, to almost any star's home?

Illustrated by GEORGE SHELLHASE

Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. Now *there* is an experienced litigant! Gloria had so many suits hanging over her famous head that the street-corner gossips wondered if she would ever return to Hollywood from abroad. They underestimated the Swanson spunk—which is very spunky spunk, indeed. But no sooner was she home than a process-server paid her a visit on behalf of your Uncle Sam, who contended that she did not pay enough income tax for the year 1930. Or take a certain erstwhile star, whose policy has always been a suit for a suit, a summons for a summons. The last time I took the pains to add up her score, she had been involved in twenty-seven lawsuits, was being threatened by the twenty-eighth, and was herself preparing to start the twenty-ninth.

Despite the fact that stars win so many cases, however, they still are far, far more sued against than suing. They are continually being court-ed on the most flimsy pretexts, and for their popularity as defendants they can thank five facts, to wit: first, the countless articles written about their fabulous salaries; second, their own very natural aversion to distasteful publicity; third, the unreasoning ambition of Mr. Average Man to "make the front page" by having his name associated with that of a public idol; fourth, the supposed inclination of jurymen to sock the fellow with the fat purse; and, fifth, the fact that once upon a time most stars were afraid to fight a case, no matter how ridiculous, and preferred to "settle" out of court.

In the opinion of the attorneys I've questioned, ninety per cent of the suits filed or threatened against stars are entirely groundless, and their authors do not intend that they shall ever come to trial. Instead, they hope for a settlement. A few years ago they usually got it; nowadays they usually get nothing more satisfactory than the address and telephone number of the star's lawyer. The stars have discovered that, as a matter of economy, it is much cheaper to retain an attorney by the year than to hire him by the case—when cases come so often. Five or six thousand dollars per year is considered a modest annual retainer for a man of the law.

When it comes to purchasing legal advice in wholesale lots, give a thought to Tom Mix, who, to date, has outclassed all competition in the 1933 witness-stand-sitting contest. First he was sued by Colonel Zack T. Miller, owner of a Wild West show, who asked $342,000 for breach of contract. The jury assessed the Mix bankroll a neat $66,000 on that jaunt to court! Next, an attorney sued him for $10,000, claiming that amount represented his professional fees over a period of four years. Mrs. Victoria Forde Mix de Olazabal, Tom's ex-mate, then usurped the spotlight by suing her ex-husband for $50,000, charging that Tom had given her promissory notes in that amount and then refused to pay. She lost and Tom, becoming a trifle irked, promptly sued *her* for $194,000, which he said was her share of his 1930 income tax on community property.

(*Continued on page 94*)

If there are Three Wise Men of the West, they are Arthur Vinton, Jack La Rue and Russell Hardie. All three once played love scenes with her on the stage—and were under her spell off-stage, too. They can give you some close-up views of Mae, as she is in person. Moreover, they do! And they tell just how she attracted THEM!

Mae West appealed to Russell Hardie (above) as "the best sport" he had ever met; to Jack La Rue (opposite) because she was "so warm-hearted"; to Arthur Vinton (lower right) because she had "a man's mind in the most feminine body in the world"

Three Men—and *ALL* Kissed by MAE WEST!

THERE was a time when an actor would have boasted, "I once played with Bernhardt" or "I've played with Katharine Cornell." There was a time when glory-followers would have said, "I once talked to Mussolini" or "Lindbergh shook my hand." In Hollywood, at any rate, this is all changed. The proud boast of Hollywoodians now is, "I played with Mae West!"

If a man among them can say this, he wears it as a slogan, he carries it as a banner, he all but has a fraternity pin made of it, never to be given away. They say, these favored few, "I played with Mae West"—and they say it as one might say, "I played in a Shakespearean drama directed by the great Will, himself!" There are now three of them in Hollywood, three of them who stage-kissed her in the days before she was world-famous. They "knew her when."

Arthur Vinton was the first of the fraternity I talked with. The handsome he-man type, he was nine years on the New York stage in such successes as "The Big Fight," "Speak-easy," "Aloma of the South Seas," "On the Spot" and—"The Constant Sinner" with Mae West.

Arthur says that when it was first suggested to him that he interview Miss West for a part in the play, he was reluctant. He had heard that Mae was temperamental, that she was given to appearing for rehearsals at two or three in the afternoon and working all night when the mood was on her. He had heard that she didn't get along with her casts, except for the eligible males. But he was finally persuaded to keep an appointment with her. He found—*a business man.*

He says, "She has the most masculine mind in the most feminine body of any woman alive to-day. That is what makes her great. Her brain is trigger-quick. She is always a jump ahead of you—no matter who you are.

Gossip Had Done Her Wrong

"THE things I had heard about Mae West were absolutely untrue. She was as punctual as an eight-day clock. She worked like a trouper while she was working. She stopped when it was time to stop. She was generous in the extreme to other members of her cast. She was never for a moment the Great-I-Am. Yet neither was she the type with whom any of us took liberties. I don't believe Bernhardt, herself, commanded more respect.

"You might assume that you could, as it were, chuck Mae under the chin, tell her off-color stories, call her 'girlie' or something of the sort. *Not for one moment!* Not a person in

(*Continued on page 86*)

Twenty-Three Men—and *Never Been Kissed!*

To hear Una Merkel tell it, she is just the opposite of Mae West. She claims she doesn't know what it's like to be loved—or even kissed—by her hero. And Una can't understand it—why she should be condemned to such a lovelorn state, right in public, too. But in private life—ah, she has found romance there!

By GLADYS HALL

"TWENTY-THREE men—just off-hand," sighed Una Merkel, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Twenty-three men—and I've never been kissed. That's *my* record. What's the matter with me? I'm a tall, blonde girl, available, very fond of kisses and not a kiss in a star-load. Well, I'm no Mae West, that much is sure.

"I can say 'em off like a copy-book lesson. I know 'em by heart. This is my Litany of Lovelessness, my Koran of Kisslessness:

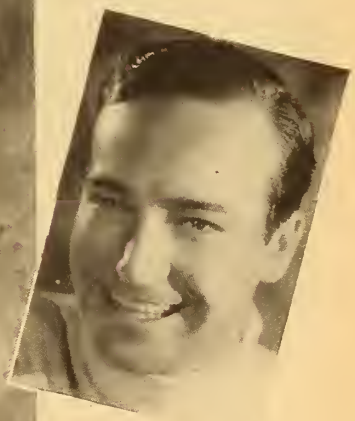
Those expert kissers—Warner Baxter (left) and Robert Montgomery—didn't kiss Una

"There was 'Abraham Lincoln'—with Walter Huston. I had to *die* in that one. He was awfully nice, too, and things were getting yum-yum, but I couldn't see it through!

"'Private Lives'—with Robert Montgomery. *He* left me on our honeymoon, if you remember. Norma Shearer did me out of *him*.

"'Daddy Long Legs'—Warner Baxter fell to Janet Gaynor. *I* was just the girl-friend. It's chronic.

"'42nd Street'—well, I did have George E. Stone, that's true. And George E. is very, veree nicee. But when he wasn't trying to pass me up, he was passing under my elbow. He comes about up to my funny-bone.



Una wasn't kissed by David Manners, either

"'The Bargain'—*I* had Charles Butterworth. *Some* girls get Clark Gable!

"'The Maltese Falcon'—Ricardo Cortez was there to 'be had.' I was there, too. But so was Bebe Daniels.

"'The Secret Witness'—I had Andy Devine in that one—on the rebound at that.

"'Man Wanted'—yes, indeedy! I lost

(*Continued on page 82*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

WHO says there is no such thing as gratitude in Hollywood? If you can believe the insiders, the reason for Garbo's insistence on having John Gilbert as her leading man in "Queen Christina" was that she wanted to pay back the success debt she "owed" him!

A STAR whom Hollywood delights in honoring is Helen Hayes. She was the only actress elected to the new executive committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Maybe it's a plot to keep Mrs. Charles MacArthur out of Broadway's clutches!

J. P. Graham

Now that Adrienne Ames and her young New York broker-husband have parted, Bruce Cabot is being mentioned as the likeliest lad to make her Forget It All. Incidentally, Bruce was "fully approved" as her Hollywood escort by Stephen Ames long before the split. Maybe that was the first symptom

YOU should see Jack Gilbert these days! Blithe and gay, he is the Gilbert of old. And it's a grand sight. He is a man who has come out of his doldrums, a man no longer obsessed by lost popularity, a man reclaimed. This is what you have done already, Garbo!

Speaking of Garbo, did you hear about the lad who "crashed" the set where she was working, and not only got away with it—but got a smile from Greta? He was Max Baer, Jack Dempsey's handsome boxing protégé, who will play with Jack and (perhaps) Lupe Velez in "The Lady and the Prizefighter." You have to be two-fisted to get on a Garbo set and stay there!

WITH Jack Gilbert chanting the praises of happy married life and his new daughter, it doesn't look as if there will be any Garbo-Gilbert romance rumors this time. And won't Jack and Greta be glad! Now, people will go to see them for their acting, alone!

DID Hollywood snub Adrienne Ames? The gossips want to know. You see, Adrienne, after announcing her separation from Stephen Ames, did not cancel plans for a party she was to give. The invitations were out, and she saw no reason for recalling them. Her lawn was elaborately decorated and places were set for a hundred guests. Less than half appeared. Was it because she had forgotten to put her address on the invitations (which she had) or because Hollywood was sympathizing with the likable Steve—and showing it? It isn't like local society to be so upset.

When Carole Lombard returned from Nevada, where she had divorced William Powell on the grounds that he had "too much temperament," she was given a freedom party by Gloria Swanson. And the guest of honor was none other than Powell, himself. Everything went off beautifully, and it looks as though Carole and Bill are going to be the very best of friends.

NOBODY seems to know if or when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will explain it all to a judge—but it looks as if Doug isn't planning to return to Hollywood to live. He has announced that he and Doug, Jr., are forming a company in England that will spend $5,000,000 a year, making films. Already, they have three pictures planned—and have invited such stars as Charles Chaplin, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton to join with them. The English are jubilant—so jubilant that they are predicting the decline and fall of the Hollywood empire. The union of the two Fairbankses brings forth one fact—the elder Doug has at last beamed on his son's choice of a career. And what other interests do they have in England? Doug, Jr., is reported as attentive to Gertrude Lawrence—and Doug, Sr., to Lady Ashley.

Looks like Goldilocks in the flesh—but you'd be surprised. It's nobody but Joan Crawford, gone Bavarian for a scene in "Dancing Lady"

MEANWHILE, Mary Pickford isn't exactly remaining idle. She has written a play, with music by Elsa Maxwell (yes, the famous party-giver and social adviser), which will be produced on Broadway this Fall, starring Grace Moore.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

CLARK GABLE is on the mend after a tough siege of illness. He was hardly in the best of condition, when he had to have his appendix, as well as his tonsils, out. According to friends, he came as close to a physical breakdown as anyone could—and still escape one. But his "rest cure" will have him back soon, so try to be patient!

Have you seen any of the short "featurettes" that Hollywood has turned out to show the human drama behind the NRA drive for re-employment? The stars have been doing their part to make America NRA-conscious! And Hollywood has been pretty NRA-conscious, itself. It was the NRA that finally settled the long-drawn-out strike of studio technicians!

A COMMAND to marry. What a title that would make for a movie! Yet that is said to have caused Benita Hume's sudden exit from Hollywood. While she was making "The Worst Woman in Paris?," her London fiancé, Jack Dunfee, is said to have become more and more worried about those "romance" rumors from Hollywood. "Either come home and marry me, or we will forget our engagement." That, in effect, was his edict, so her friends relate. Anyway, she'll become Mrs. Jack Dunfee almost any day now.

HOT from Paris comes the news that Marlene Dietrich has been on a clothes-shopping spree—and not at a tailor's. What! No more trousers?

Fay Wray had a kidnaping scare the other night. She left the studio late to drive home, when a large black limousine picked up her trail. The faster she drove, the faster followed her pursuer; she couldn't shake him off. Pulling into her driveway at Playa Del Rey, she was followed by the limousine. Out of it stepped her husband, John Monk Saunders.

ESTHER RALSTON added her name to the growing roster of stars whose marriages have cracked up, by making this wistful announcement of her separation from George Webb: "I have noted that during the depression many businesses folded up. I made marriage my main business for eight years and now I am sorry to say it has failed" . . . . Ralph Graves has just been divorced by his wife, on the grounds of mental cruelty. Ditto Adolphe Menjou, by Kathryn Carver . . . Lila Lee has broken her engagement to director George Hill . . . And Natalie Talmadge Keaton's divorce from Buster has become final—which means that Buster, who married in the interim, no longer has two wives in the legal eyes of the state of California.

Fryer

When more seductive starlets are found, musicals will find them. Juliet Ware steps forth in "Footlight Parade"

Soooooo! Hollywood was burning with curiosity to see Ed Wynn do his Fire Chief stuff—whereupon Jack (Baron Munchausen) Pearl and Jimmy Durante teamed up and dragged him forth. You sort of get the idea that Jack and Jimmy are pulling together—which is something unusual for wisecrackers

THE number of recent Hollywood divorces has caused a local statistician to compile a list of enduring film marriages. According to this chart, George and Florence Arliss hold the record—with thirty-four years to their credit. Next come Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray, with twenty-seven, James and Lucille Gleason with twenty-six, and our old friend, Will Rogers, whose wife has watched him chew gum for twenty-five years. The Jean Hersholts and the George Bancrofts are tied with twenty years apiece, while the Eddie Cantors, with nineteen, and the Warner Baxters, with eighteen, are close behind. The Clive Brooks, the Leslie Howards, the Joe E. Browns, the Harold Lloyds, the Lionel Barrymores and the Edmund Lowes (Lilyan Tashman) can all look back on ten years or more of happy marriage. So it's not so bad, after all.

Even in XVIIth Century frills, Leslie Howard still looks like a Great Lover to Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"

THE "discovery" of the month is "a Chinese Jackie Coogan." He's four years old, and his name is Harry Shar Low. He stood out in "Shanghai Madness"—with the result that a part for him was written into "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," as Warner Oland's son. Then M-G-M borrowed him from Fox for "Sequoia." Young as he is, he can claim stage experience—in New York's Chinatown. Clever, these Chinese!

LILLIAN GISH is making her first picture in five years—Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure," being produced in the East by Eddie Dowling. And Corinne Griffith may soon be back—perhaps in "As Husbands Go."

Number this among Life's Little Ironies. Remember Margaret Perry, stage ingénue, who was hailed so enthusiastically when she entered the movies two years ago to repeat her stage hit in "New Morals for Old"? A movie critic made some cutting remarks about her, after seeing the preview—and she up and ran away from Hollywood. You got the idea that she never wanted to see another movie critic. And she has just married one!

ROLAND YOUNG'S mother-in-law, Clare Kummer, has written another play for him—and off to Broadway he has gone, with Laura Hope Crews and Frances Fuller, to star in "Only With You." And, from the look of things, they will have plenty of Hollywood company on Broadway this winter. Katharine Hepburn will be there in "The Lake"—which was a tremendous hit in London. Paul Muni has started rehearsals for "The Red Cat." Bela Lugosi has already opened in "Murder at the Vanities" (which will be in the movies soon). Nancy Carroll is scheduled to tread the boards in "Undesirable Lady." Tallulah Bankhead is getting the critics all excited again—in "Jezebel." Pola Negri is likely to be in "A Trip to Pressburg."

When Jack Pearl's first picture, "Meet the Baron," reaches your screen, you won't see the original *Sharlie*. Cliff Hall, who works with the *Baron* on the radio, suffered an injury that made it impossible for him to play the part. After a diligent search, the studio found Ben Bard to replace him. Pearl seemed much pleased at the choice. Later it was discovered why. Nine years ago, Pearl and Bard were a vaudeville team!

LUPE VELEZ proudly drives a new little sedan. "My Johnny gave me thees," she says. As though the car needed any explanation! For the left front door is brilliantly emblazoned with the name "Lupe," while the right is similarly marked with the name "Johnny"—referring, of course, to Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe's hero, by the way, recently proved himself a headline hero—when he saved a twelve-year-old boy from drowning at Santa Monica Beach, where he was Johnny-on-the-spot as a volunteer lifeguard.

Lippman

Grace Bradley is her name—and her mama made no mistake in naming her what she did. She's in "The Way to Love"

LUPE no longer has her little niece with her. Kidnaping threats led her to spirit away the child, whom she had legally adopted, to a Mexican convent—the safest place that Lupe could think of. The fiery Mexican star doesn't "scare" easily, but when Joan's life was threatened, she admits, she experienced real fright . . . And another star's niece—Clara Bow's—is no longer in Hollywood. The little girl got homesick for Brooklyn, even if she *could* have everything she wanted!

Fryer

Speaking of happy Hollywood home-life—and who has been lately?—here is proof that such a thing is possible. Edward G. Robinson and his wife actually enjoy being alone, where they can get lyrical about Little Caesarino, whose photo is on the piano

AFTER "Lady for a Day," critics commented on the fact that another grand old lady—May Robson—had put herself in Marie Dressler's class as a screen attraction. Even Marie's M-G-M bosses apparently thought so, too. For May is to make "Hill Billies," while Marie takes a well-earned leave of absence. With May in the picture will be Marie's former team-mate, Polly Moran, who is kissed by a man for the first time on any screen, in "Hollywood Party." Says Polly: "When they told me, I bought a dummy and took him home to practise on."

Hurrell

Anna Sten, Russian star, took a year out to study English. And now she starts an American career as the sensational *Nana!*

IF there is a "mystery woman" in Hollywood these days, the lady is Samuel Goldwyn's Russian discovery, Anna Sten. For a year, she has been in Hollywood, under a gilded contract—and Hollywood has hardly seen her. She has lived a cloistered life, studying English. And what is the result? The little girl, who makes her American début in the title rôle of "Nana," is thinking of her rôle—not of impressing Hollywood. As when she came, she is vivid, but shy. Smart boy, this Goldwyn!

And it looks as if Goldwyn has recaptured his biggest star—namely, Ronald Colman, who left Hollywood several months ago "for a two-year vacation." The impression got about that he would never come back. But now comes the news that Ronnie will return no later than December. Plans for his next picture are indefinite. Goldwyn would like to see him make a talkie version of "The Dark Angel."

You'd think that any little newcomer from the stage would be content to make her film début in the arms of John Boles. But Margaret Sullavan up and decided she preferred Broadway to Hollywood, and headed there. However, she was persuaded to return—and will be with John in "Only Yesterday"

WHAT do you think Gloria Swanson wants to do now? Make a picture under the direction of Cecil B. De Mille, who first made her famous! They're talking over the idea . . . "Moulin Rouge," the picture Constance Bennett is making for Twentieth Century, is to be her first musical picture. Are you listenin'? . . . What actor in Hollywood has been in the most "all-star" productions? Lionel Barrymore. And he's headed for another one, in "The House of Connelly," in which Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres will again be young lovers . . . Will Rogers' daughter—who took the name of Mary Howard when she tried her screen test—will be the ingénue in his new picture, "There's Always Tomorrow." Studio's orders.

When you see the H. G. Wells thriller, "The Invisible Man," you'll wonder how the film-makers achieved the effect of making Claude Rains go invisible before the quick eye of the camera. It took two years for them to figure out a way. After long experiment, they found that the way was to employ small mirrors, such as magicians use to create optical illusions!

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, escorted by her brand-new husband, playwright Benn W. Levy, is back from England to star in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." They have taken an estate—an estate, mind you—in Bel Air.

TWENTIETH CENTURY has been having a time in getting that Walter Winchell yarn, "Broadway Through a Keyhole," before the cameras. It must be noted, however, that the difficulties have been of the type that get into the headlines. The famous Winchell-Jolson bout that ended with Jolson's winning a technical knockout was only a start.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Miehle

It must be love!—when Joel McCrea drives forty miles to hold Frances Dee's hand a few minutes between scenes

"Women Puzzle Me!" Says Gary Cooper

The girls are cuh-razy about Gary, and Gary likes the girls—but the more he sees, the more puzzled he becomes. They all have different "lines," he says, and yet they all think alike—especially about men. But just what IS their attitude toward men? The riddle keeps him "interested"!

By RUTH BIERY

"I AM puzzled about women," says Gary Cooper. "I have a very vague conception of women. I don't know nearly as much as I *should* know, and I don't know why it is that I don't learn!"

This statement, coming from another man, would not be so important. But Gary Cooper—who uttered it in all seriousness—is granted to be the most popular bachelor in Hollywood. Women gravitate to him as small boys do to their hero, Jack Dempsey. How could women baffle *him?*

Lilian Harvey, en route to Hollywood, told news cameramen that the one man whom she was anxious to meet in Hollywood was Gary Cooper. Peggy Hopkins Joyce made a similar statement. One feminine import, with casual frankness, announced that she not only desired to meet him, but would like to interest him. Foreign ladies commute between countries to see him. I know of no other young man for whom Mary Pickford would supervise social entertainments. And yet women baffle him!

Spurr

At Christmastime, my mail contains packages addressed to me, but when I tear open the outer coverings, other brown paper stares at me with attached notes, "Will you please see that this gets to Gary Cooper? I am anxious to find someone who will get it to him *personally*." And these gifts are always from women. You would expect Gary Cooper to know women!

Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez—he has been the escort of some of Hollywood's most glamourous. He has played in pictures opposite the most thrilling. In fact, one of Hollywood's pet feminine games is to secure Gary Cooper as co-star before another woman gets him. Tallulah Bankhead insisted upon having him for "Devil and the Deep." At first, Gary refused to make this picture. The studio insisted. Gary had just returned from his truant visit to Europe. When the studio promised him a "big" production in return for his keeping peace in the family and playing opposite one more feminine star who demanded him, he agreed. There is little doubt that Paramount's reward was the lead in "A Farewell to Arms" with Helen Hayes, when Fredric March was clamoring to play it.

Women Mean Romance Rumors

EVEN studios have used the popularity of Gary for publicity purposes. While Lupe and Gary were concentrating, every method was utilized to break that arrangement. What if they got married? What would become of the valuable romance publicity about Gary then? I can never forget how anxious one studio was to announce an interest between June Collyer and Gary. June had just been signed as a leading lady. She was immediately cast in a Gary Cooper picture. The only trouble was, June was in love with someone else and Gary was in love with Lupe. At different times in the past few months, he has been attentive to Countess di Frasso, Lilian Harvey, Benita Hume and Judith Allen—and has, himself, baffled the romance-rumorers.

"Yes, I've known a lot of women. But there is really only one thing that I have learned. And that doesn't help me. It makes them more baffling. Their mental processes are all startlingly alike; they come from the same pattern!" Gary looked out of the window, at the clouds rolling across the heavens.

"You know, I used to think I saw women in clouds like those. I would see women's faces in the clouds and think, 'Someday I will meet real women and they will be like those I see in the clouds.'

(*Continued on page 96*)

When Al Jolson up and "socked" Walter Winchell because he thought the columnist had written a scenario that was unfair to Ruby—the town-talkers had it that she would soon retire to private life again. But the little dancer says it isn't so—and denies her career is endangering her happy married life!

RUBY KEELER Is *NOT* Quitting the Screen

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Al Jolson did a Dempsey on the back of Walter Winchell's neck, because he (Al) believed that the columnist had written a movie story based on the life of his wife, Ruby Keeler, with some unflattering variations, Hollywood said: "That's the pay-off for Ruby's career. Al never liked the idea of Ruby's appearing before the camera, anyway. This will be the 'slight' he has been looking for to convince his wife to forsake Hollywood and return to Broadway with him!"

Hollywood went on to say that it was a shame—after the hit Ruby had made in the two most successful musicals of the season, "42nd Street" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933," and the Warner plans to co-star her with Dick Powell 'n' everything.

Her contract? Oh, well, Jolson would get his pretty little dancer-wife out of that. Al could accomplish anything where his wife's peace of mind was concerned. In short, two days after the much-publicized "sock" at the Legion fights, the gossips had Ruby's screen career headed right down the "Exit" aisle.

Everything considered, it was not exactly illogical reasoning—even for Hollywood. Al Jolson's adoration of his pretty little dancer-wife is an open page for anybody to look at. It was inconceivable to think that anything short of what he thought was a public defense of his wife's reputation would have driven Al to that publicity-invoking incident at the Hollywood "fights." Every word he spoke was added proof of his rage because "Ruby's feelings had been hurt."

"Wanted" to Get Ruby Away

IT made no difference that Winchell publicly stated that his story, "Broadway Through a Keyhole"—relating the career of a cabaret dancer, a gangster and a Broadway actor—had not the slightest bearing on the private life of the Jolsons. Ruby thought that somebody was misconstruing the facts of her early Broadway days, and that was enough to make Al see red! It was reported that Mr. Jolson said, while still in the white-heat of anger: "I'm going to get Ruby out of this town as soon as the lawyers can buy off her contract. She's too fine a girl to be mixed up in this gossip-peddling joint!"

Add to this the fact that Ruby's career had been a sore point with Al for many reasons, principally because it kept them

(*Continued on page 80*)

By
WHITNEY
WILLIAMS

Lupe follows HERS—and look at what she gets out of life! She says what she thinks, does only what she feels like doing, associates only with those who are real friends, and forgets about "what people might think." And it isn't just an "act" with Lupe. It's her whole philosophy of Life!

"Follow Your Impulses!" Advises LUPE VELEZ

"I COULDN'T be happy, and I wouldn't live, if I couldn't follow my own impulses," says Lupe Velez. "Without them, I wouldn't be myself . . . I believe that everyone should follow his natural impulses. If you want to do a thing, do it; if you don't particularly want to, don't. Why should you act like a parrot, just because it's expected of you? . . . If people would only live as I do, they would be much happier. They would not worry over what others think of them. What people think of you is unimportant, anyhow. It's what you think of yourself, what you can do for yourself and others that counts."

There, in a paragraph is Lupe's philosophy of life. She could no more avoid being herself than she could coo through "Pollyanna" or "Alice in Wonderland." Where others strut their stuff, Lupe struts, too—but in her case it's natural. It fits her; you expect it; and both you and she get a kick out of it.

When she arrived at the spot where, it had been agreed, we should discuss life and Lupe, she was breathless. She had just raced from the pool where her Johnny had been fighting crocodiles for his new "Tarzan" picture—real, vicious, snappy reptiles whose one thought (if crocodiles think) centered on making a meal of the famous Weissmuller. As she sat down, she grimaced. Then she whooped, she shouted with glee, she laughed delightedly.

"You know something," she was telling me, not asking, "I just now did something terrible. I made fun of a woman to her best friend, who is a very good friend of mine. Now, I've put my foot in it."

As, indeed, she had. But not through any accidental remark, such as the average person might have made. It wouldn't have mattered a particle to whom she spoke. Lupe knew exactly what she was doing when she criticized the woman for having affected a broad English accent, a form of speech as utterly foreign to her as to Lupe. She had not meant to be mean, catty; she merely gave vent to thought that had been in her mind, sentiment shared by all who knew the woman, but either had hesitated or been afraid to express their feelings.

That's Lupe! She's impulsive, tornado-like in her emotions, her likes and dislikes, and if she thinks a thing she says it, let the sword fall where it may. Lupe's life is governed entirely by

(*Continued on page 90*)

Go out and butcher the fatted calf, Oscar. The prodigal has come home — and happy days ARE here again! She called her trip through Europe a concert tour, but the newspapers called it a march of triumph. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean, she sang, she smiled, she conquered. And she brought back enough tribute, it is said, to put America on the gold standard again. Anyway, she's back. And she and Ramon Novarro will co-star in "The Cat and the Fiddle"

JEANETTE MACDONALD

CLOTHES GOSSIP from HOLLYWOOD

By *Marilyn*

Who's Wearing *What* and *How* Is Revealed in MOTION PICTURE'S Advance Fashion Tips from the New Films

WHAT is Joan Crawford wearing this autumn? Ever since the colorful Crawford girl started work on "Dancing Lady," the local stylists have been impatiently waiting to see what Joan is wearing —for it has been proved that, as Joan goes, so goes a large percentage of feminine America!

"Dancing Lady" is only two weeks into production as this is written—and did I feel lucky to get these few smart views of Joan in the first "stills" to come through!

Take a look at Joan with Franchot Tone in a romantic love scene from the picture. The black velvet creation worn by Joan is described as an "evening ensemble." A combination of a wrap

Toby Wing (above) has on her beige ensemble with the dark brown blouse. Right, Joan Crawford with Franchot Tone in a scene from "Dancing Lady." Another scene (lower right) shows them with May Robson in which Joan wears her new sports outfit. Joan (circle), in her black crêpe dress and caracul coat, greets lucky chorus girl

and a dress, Joan's velvet frock is another treatment of the same fashion idea as Lyda Roberti's "première gown," described here two months ago. (Didn't I warn you that this fashion would increase in popularity?)

Looking like a wrap and yet *wearing* as gracefully as an evening gown, this ensemble goes smartly to "first nights" or theatre-supper engagements. Note that Joan's favorite flower, the gardenia, motivates the ruffle that supports the "stand-up" black velvet collar —and, as usual, there is a gardenia in her hand!

Two other neat ideas for autumn are glimpsed in a sports frock and an afternoon ensemble. In the scene with Franchot and May Robson, Joan is wearing a beige-and-brown sports outfit that combines wool and suède—a brand-new idea! The buckle at the belt, the bow at the collar, the gauntlets and Joan's hat are of brown suède. The dress features enormous lapels of brown-and-beige checked wool—and you can't deny that it's attractive, even if it is a little extreme.

Try This on Your Own Figure

FAR more "wearable" for the average girl is the black velvet afternoon frock with its ruffled white collar and epaulets, white gloves and smart black felt hat (which you can just glimpse as Joan stands before Somebody's desk).

That's part of her "private" wardrobe that Joan is wearing in the scene where she is shaking hands with pretty, blonde Anita Thompson, who won the first of one hundred chorus-girl contracts for "Dancing Lady." The dress is black crêpe, the coat is black caracul, the gauntlets, the hat and the ever-present gardenia (it's real) are white, of course! This should go a long way toward proving to you that Crawford is just as smart "off" as "on."

Claudette Colbert (right) wears Banton's creation of a crepe dress accented by a silver-fox-bordered throw. Joan Crawford (above) is wearing the velvet dress from "Dancing Lady." In "Duck Soup," Raquel Torres wears the gown of golden sequins in upper right picture

Somehow, speaking of ladies who are perpetually smart always reminds me of Claudette Colbert, who wears probably the smartest street ensemble I have seen this month, in Paramount's "Torch Singer." One of designer *Travis Banton's* favorite style motifs is the silver fox cape; and, certainly, he has never conceived a more luxurious model than this dull crêpe street frock with its pleated "underskirt," the long white gloves, the black satin hat and those silver fox furs that trim the cape! A stunning model on a stunning girl—you want to watch for this closely in "Torch Singer."

Everybody's Wearing Satin

OF course, you know that satin is already the season's rage! Which is perfectly all right with Hollywood, for satin is one of the most popular photographic materials. You will be seeing it in everything from evening gowns to

lounging robes this autumn.

One of the most effective new models is worn by Judith Allen, of Paramount's "Too Much Harmony." It is a dinner gown in a very unusual satin creation of pale blue, with a cape and skirt of knife pleating. The small maline hat is of the same shade and this model emphasizes two fashion news notes —the material and the pleating! Hollywood is wearing pleats, pleats, and more pleats this season! (Styles are going ultra-feminine!)

Ginger Rogers (above) shows her black satin ensemble. Left, Ginger has removed the jacket in order to give you a better idea of the dress, itself. Right, her two-piece black crêpe ensemble with the black satin touches. Adding satin to crêpe is another new fashion idea!

That pretty little blonde child, Toby Wing, appearing with Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer," dons an autumn ensemble of beige crêpe with a dark brown satin blouse that wraps about the neck and forms an enormous bow that crosses to both shoulders. Which is a neat way to handle satin, if you crave only the touch.

Black satin is particularly popular, and Ginger Rogers, who has just made "Rafter Romance" for RKO-Radio, is delighted with a costume of black satin in her own early Fall wardrobe. The very smart and attractive ensemble has tiny pleating of white organdie on the cuffs of the jacket, as well as at the neckline, which is very flattering to the face. The dress, itself, has short sleeves, but the sleeves of the jacket are an outstanding note with their pleated fullness to give the broad shoulder effect; from elbow to wrist, the sleeves are very snug-fitting. To complete her ensemble, Ginger wears a small black satin beret-effect hat and black crêpe pumps.

Ginger Adds Satin to Crêpe

ANOTHER nice two-piece outfit from Ginger Rogers' private collection of clothes that are suitable for early Fall wear is the one of black rough crêpe with its smart satin touches. The large black bow and the three bands of black satin running across the shoulders and the buttons of black bone are the novel features of this ensemble. The tricky black crêpe turban that she wears with this costume has a short nose veil and the pumps are black crêpe.

If you take a fancy to lovely Dolores Del Rio's dainty dinner gown of bonbon pink linen, and you plan to have it copied for yourself, I would suggest that you have it made up in rough crêpe, instead of linen, unless you live (as Dolores does) in California, where summer lingers longer.

Heather Angel, above and left, displays the back - to - boarding - school ensemble. Right, Dolores Del Rio looks stunning in her bonbon pink gown. Judith Allen, below, welcomes the return of satin and pleats in a lovely pale blue gown

The gown features the front opening, which is tied with two bows, and it is open under the arms to the waistline. Box-pleated bands of the same material trim the hemline, armholes, beltline and front of the dress. (And don't the pleats add to the gown tremendously?) The evening sandals are of corded coral crêpe. "Dance of Desire," an RKO-Radio production, is the next picture in which you will see Miss Del Rio—"Green Mansions" having been postponed.

Rita Kaufman, Fox designer, originated the attractive back-to-boarding-school ensemble worn by pretty Heather Angel in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case." Nothing could be smarter for the classroom débutante than this little model. The dress is wisteria-colored wool (a new and popular shade for Fall), with box-pleated sleeves. (More pleats for you!). The sleeveless jacket is of the same material in a darker shade of lavender. The hat band, tie and buttons are of deep purple wool. Cute, what?

The Mae West Influence

IT is a big fashion jump from schoolroom frocks to the sensational evening gown worn by Raquel Torres (in a scene from "Duck Soup," starring the Four Marx Brothers). Though the décolletage of this gown is too extreme for general popularity, it offers several excellent fashion features. The gold sequins are particularly good; also, the jeweled straps and the extra-large earrings. Hollywood ladies are turning to the sensational and dramatic this Fall for evening wear. Just as this department prophesied two months ago, the Mae West glamour of jewels and brilliants has definitely taken hold, and the evening note of the hour is glittery and dramatic.

Velvet picture hats . . . earrings . . . rings . . . ropes of pearls . . . trailing gowns . . . diamond pins . . . clasps . . . all the gewgaws that have been fashionably banned for the past season or so have returned with a vengeance. But, remember—only for evening.

Proving that dramatic clothes can still retain the groundwork of good taste, Marion Davies wears an *I. Magnin* model of black velvet, with a distinguishing short train and the high-ish neckline that has been dictated by fashion. The capelet jacket is bordered with white fox and its double-V fastening is striking.

As Hollywood fashion goes, so goes fashion the world over. And here you have glimpses of two smart dressers striking the newest style note of all—one with a metallic ring. Wynne Gibson (left) is off to town in a mesh beret and cape, with cuffs and bag to match—and does she have glitter and glamour! Below, and in circle, Ruth Channing catches everyone's eye—with belt, cuffs, cap and reversible cape all of linked metal. Where's YOUR coat of mail?

HOLLYWOOD IS LINKING METAL TO THE NEW STYLES

MESH BY WHITING AND DAVIS

"Women Are the Cause of Divorce," Says HELEN TWELVETREES

As Told to JAMES FIDLER

If there's an epidemic of divorces to-day, there must be a reason. And Helen blames her own sex. "The modern girl," she says, "walks blindly and unconcernedly into matrimony. She crosses her fingers when she repeats the marital vows." What's the remedy? Helen suggests one!

Last month, MOTION PICTURE published a story, entitled "The Divorce Epidemic Strikes Hollywood," telling you of the amazing number of marriages that have crumbled in Hollywood only recently. But it didn't attempt to explain why. Through James Fidler, we asked Helen Twelvetrees—once divorced, and now happily married—what her explanation for the epidemic was. Here it is. And she doesn't limit it to Hollywood; she says it applies to most modern divorces!—Editor.

"WOMEN are one of the principal causes of divorce to-day, simply because they are entering into marriage carelessly," says Helen Twelvetrees—who has been once divorced, but now has found what looks like permanent happiness in her marriage to Frank Woody. "A woman who marries without having previously prepared herself for wifehood deliberately invites trouble and unhappiness.

"There should be laws compelling schoolgirls to study the business of becoming wives, just as they undertake spelling and reading and arithmetic.

"A woman should enter into matrimony with the same frankness and forethought with which she embarks upon a professional career. She should be prepared to cope with marital problems, just as she readies herself to meet business problems. But because women refuse to give the same care and attention to preparations for becoming wives as they do to their training to become secretaries, marriage is deteriorating into a frightful joke.

"Traitor though I may be to my own sex, I blame the woman. The modern girl walks blindly and unconcernedly into matrimony. She crosses her fingers when she repeats the marital vows. I firmly believe

(*Continued on page* 70)

FREDRIC MARCH AND GEORGE RAFT

When one good actor meets another, they start a conversation—but not about themselves. At least, that's true in the case of Freddie and Georgie; they'll let the critics and the public do the talking about March and Raft. They'd rather discuss—well, Mae West, for example. (They're human, too, these two lads!) If George hadn't read it in the papers, he might never know that Fredric is making "Design for Living," with Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins—and the papers told Fredric that George is making "The Bowery," with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Wonder if they have read the rumor that they'll be together in "Chrysalis"? As romantic rivals, they ought to make YOU talk!

There IS a *Real* JANET GAYNOR!

There are two Janet Gaynors. You know only one—the wistful, red-headed little Cinderella you have met on the screen. The other, the off-screen Janet, you have never seen in close-up—until now. Don't miss the chance to know this very human, very understandable "second Janet"!

By JACK GRANT

OF all the stars in Hollywood, there is no one so elusive as Janet Gaynor—no one about whom so few facts are really known. Even Garbo, the remote, silent, never-to-be-interviewed Garbo, has been unable to conceal anything from her avid public. True, you know Garbo through information obtained second-hand. Yet this information, which talkative friends and business acquaintances have vouchsafed, has been remarkably revealing. You know Garbo, perhaps, better through others' eyes than you would ever have known her if she, herself, had spoken. But what do we know about the little Gaynor, aside from her screen performances?

Janet's career on the screen is, of course, an open book. Her Cinderella beginning; the influence of that fine and understanding character, her stepfather, affectionately called "Jonesy"; her eventual success as the memorable *Diane* in the equally memorable "Seventh Heaven"; her teaming with Charles Farrell; her marriage to Lydell Peck and subsequent divorce—all are a matter of record. A great deal of conjecture has been read into her association with both Farrell and Peck—supposition based entirely upon hearsay and rumor, rather than upon actual evidence. A romance-starved public and press have simply gone romancing at her expense.

Other than elaborating upon these incidents, what can you add to the story of Janet Gaynor? What can you tell of the person who is Janet Gaynor in private life? In fact, how can you prove there *is* a Janet Gaynor?

It is amazing when you pause to think of it, isn't it? In a world where every film personality is intimately discussed, where a favorite's habits, mannerisms, prides and prejudices are public property, where even the breakfast menu is shared, and personal privacy does not exist, Janet Gaynor stands alone. Recently, this was brought to Janet's attention. She was asked why she remained filmland's one unknown quantity.

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Buried Treasure of the Stars

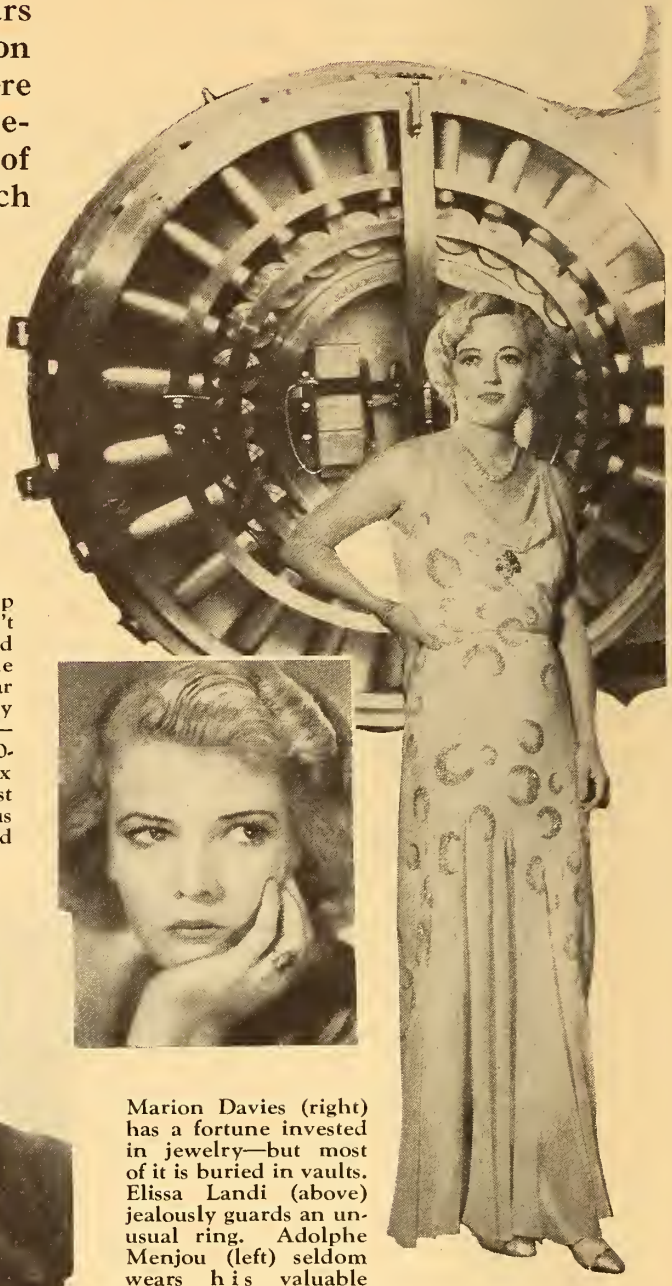
Do you know how much jewelry the stars own? Between fifteen and twenty million dollars' worth! And do you know where most of it is to-day? Buried in safety deposit vaults! Here is the story of some of Hollywood's most famous jewels—which their owners don't dare to wear

Bull

ALTHOUGH you hear much less about the stars' diamond bracelets, star sapphires, rubies, emeralds and other expensive stones than you do about their romances and their rôles, they have vast fortunes invested in jewelry. They have a passion for these glittering jewels, they love to adorn themselves with flashing bracelets and rings, but—except in a few rare cases—they don't dare. Most of their treasure is buried away in vaults in the town's strongest banks!

English

Lupe Velez (top left) wouldn't own diamond bracelets if she couldn't wear them. But Kay Francis (left)—wearing a 2,500-year-old onyx ring—has most of her precious stones locked away!



Hurrell

Marion Davies (right) has a fortune invested in jewelry—but most of it is buried in vaults. Elissa Landi (above) jealously guards an unusual ring. Adolphe Menjou (left) seldom wears his valuable black pearl shirt studs

If you never suspected the size of the vast fortune that stars have invested in jewels, listen to this:

A representative of a very conservative Los Angeles jewelry concern, one that caters to the exclusive trade, estimates that Hollywood owns about fifteen million dollars in jewels to-day.

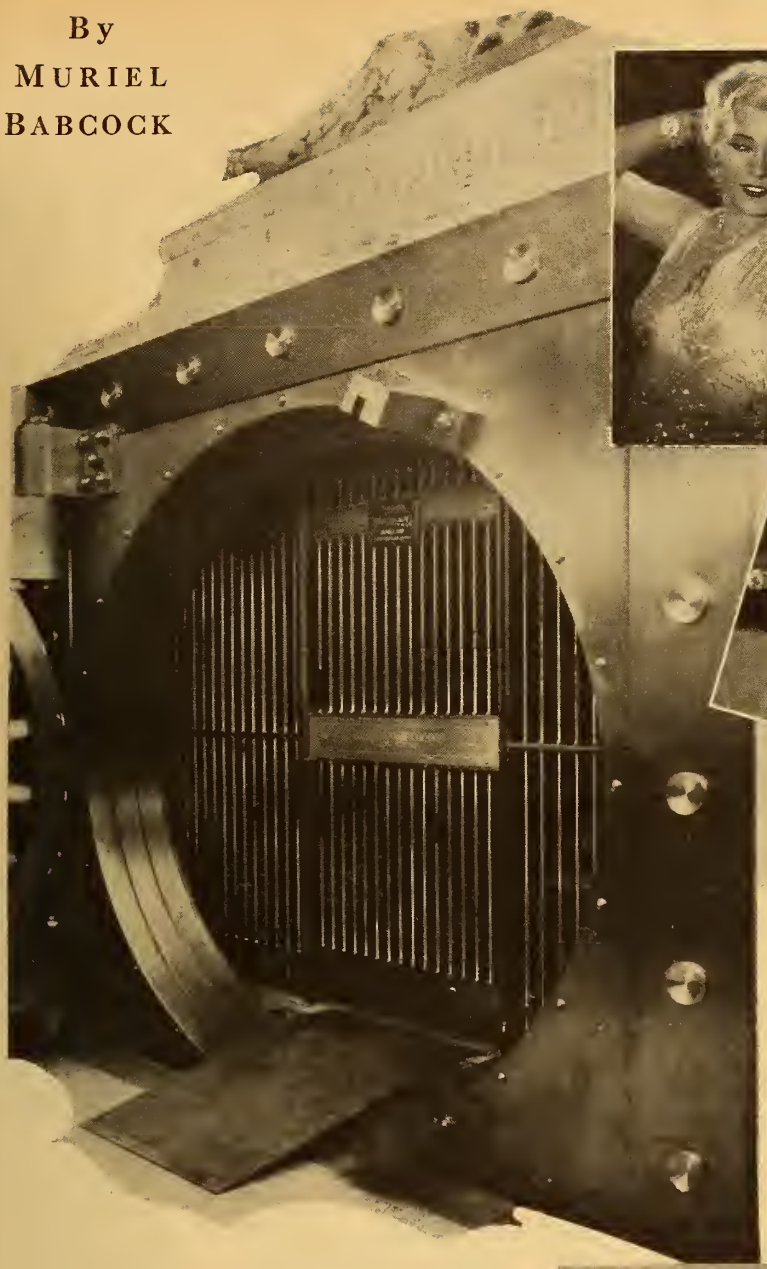
A very Hollywood-wise jewelry man, who sells to the film trade, estimates that there must be twenty million dollars in jewels in the town.

The two jewelers, both of whom should know their business, are five million dollars apart in their estimates; but any way you look at it, fifteen million or twenty, that's a pretty sizable fortune in precious stones. No wonder stars don't dare to carry it around!

The Los Angeles jewelry man also remarks, somewhat airily, that while there might be communities in the United States that could boast of more millions in trinkets, Hollywood's jewels, if put all together, would make the biggest show in the world. That's because, he says, the town likes its glitter, flash and size, rather than quality.

But there are only a few scattered souls now who do give vent to that urge for "showing off" the trinkets. The others have been scared off by the two sensational Zeppo Marx robberies, by the looting of Mae West's collection of diamonds,

By
MURIEL
BABCOCK



Acme

Since Mae West (top) was robbed, most stars wear as few jewels as George Arliss. Lilian Harvey (above) has worn hers just once!

Hurrell

Joan Crawford (above) and Adrienne Ames (right) wear jewels—but wear them conservatively. Their best ones are hidden

by the Helene Costello and Betty Compson thefts. They're afraid of a "finger man."

Lupe Dares to Wear Hers

ONE of the young ladies who, to date, has proved an exception to the scare rôle is Lupe Velez. (She has a pistol permit, though—just in case.) I shall never forget seeing her sweep into a Mayfair party one night with bracelets of glittering diamonds covering her arm from her wrist to her elbow. In her wake came her escort, Johnny Weissmuller, carrying what looked like a basket of champagne.

Champagne and diamonds! Oh, if Hollywood could only indulge that taste to the limit! For it has so much to put on display.

The richest jewel collection in the film colony is generally conceded to belong to Marion Davies. Experts say that she has between a quarter and a half-million invested in precious stones. And she's one of the few people to expend a large sum this year. She recently purchased from a New York firm an emerald bracelet and clip reputedly worth forty thousand dollars. These will match emerald pieces she already owns.

But Marion seldom wears these jewels now, except at very private parties, and when she does, there is a guard to practically every guest. In the old days she was less careful. She left an ermine wrap and a diamond pin in the cloak room of a big hotel during a party one evening. She asked a publicity man to hold a red-white-and-blue brooch for her one day during the taking of some photographs. He put it in his pocket and forgot it. So did she. A week later, his wife, rummaging through his pockets, found it and sent a thoroughly awed young man racing to the Davies mansion

(*Continued on page 84*)

Carole Lombard (above) lost one valuable ring—and was lucky to get it back. Wallace Beery (left) sports a big "sparkler"

Do You *Talk* *Hollywood?*

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

IF you have ever used such "slanguage" as "C'm up 'n' see me sometime" or "I've been savin' some time for you" or "Am I mortified—am I mortified?" or "I tank I go home" or "One never knows—does one?" or "Stout fellow! . . . Good girl!"—then you've been talking Hollywood! Moreover, you've been speaking phrases made popular by such talkie queens as Mae West, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, and such an exponent of pure grammar as Professor Durante, Jimmy to youse!

Apparently, everybody's doing it—even the advertisers. The other day, through the mail, came this little notice: "We'll be seein' you soon 'cause we've been savin' a little time for your cleaning. . . . At our low rates, we won't do you no wrong!"

Laugh? I thought I'd drop a stitch (as Jack Oakie frequently says). But it just goes to show you how far and wide this Hollywood-talk can penetrate, when it really gets started. Just let a new Hollywood picture crop out with a catchy new phrase, and you'll be getting a repeat on it from all directions, including the radio and murder trial reportings, for the next six months.

Remember how Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone hurled "Stout fellow!" and "Good girl!" at one another during the plot of "To-day We Live?" Well (to get slightly off the subject for a minute), an investigation into a "campus murder" was taking place in Northern California at the time that picture was showing currently on the screen. The dialogue must have got to one of the murder-reporters, because the next day he characterized the accused man as a "stout fellow!"

Are you up on your slang? Then you must go to the movies, or be up on the private lives of the stars! For when a new slang phrase starts, it's usually Hollywood that starts it. Some stars (like Mae West) are famous for their screen remarks. Others (like Garbo) are famous for home-made expressions. Here are some samples!

They All Started Something

EVER since Jimmy Durante put in a screen appearance a couple of years ago, America has been conscious of how "mortifyin'" things can be!

Ever since Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen started their "Sez you!"—"Sez me!" line several years ago, America has been repeating it.

Since "Gold-Diggers of 1933," how often have you heard: "We're in the money"?

And as for "She Done Him Wrong," it seems that every immortal word uttered by Mae West in that classic was good for a slang-line!

Illustrations by ELDON KELLEY

The two phrases that Greta Garbo has flung to the world are not dialogue from any of her pictures, either old or new. Nay, Garbo, herself, uttered both of them, that famous old "I tank I go home now" and the brand-new Garbo phrase-rage, "One never knows—does one?" Greta may not do much talking for publication, but when she does, "one never knows—does one?" just what the queen will say.

For years Greta has been muttering around that she was not guilty of the phrase, "I tank I go home" (also sometimes written in dialect, "Ay tank Ay go home"). She swears it was maliciously pinned on her. But she can never alibi away that amazing statement she made to reporters who met her boat on her return from Sweden. You see, the boys had asked her what her plans were. Was she going to remain in America? Would she soon be journeying to Sweden again? Greta smiled. She looked the woman-of-mystery. She drawled in her famous basso: "One never knows—does one?"

In the circle, you catch Schnozzle Durante in the act of inquiring, "Am I mortified?"—a phrase that has girdled the globe. Above, you have an imaginary portrait of Garbo, stating, "I tank I go home"—a famous remark she claims she never made. Left, you see Mae West issuing a famous invitation. In "She Done Him Wrong," the witty diamond-collector flipped several remarks that stand the acid test of repetition. By the stars' quips do you remember them!

Now, why Hollywood should have had such a humorous nip-up about this, I'm not prepared to say. But the fact remains that Greta's non-committal phrase has swept the town. Ask a question, and what do you get? Nine times out of ten: "One never knows—does one?" *Does* one know—or doesn't one—why the whole village got such a kick out of Greta's new phrase? Another Garbo remark that reporters mutter with pained reminiscence is: "Please leaff me alone!"

Jean Harlow's favorite conversational phrase is "How 'm I doin'?" and Sally Eilers' is "Skip it!" Ask the girls what they mean and they'll probably answer "Nothing." But when has any slang phrase, in Hollywood or elsewhere, ever had to mean anything?

Several years ago Jack Gilbert had a pet adjective, "colossal." He used it for everything—to describe the weather, the personality of a new screen "find" or his own emotions. But that was several years ago and just recently Hollywood has taken up Lilyan Tashman's pet adjective, "mad."

You can, if you are in the frame of mind, describe your own, or your worst enemy's, new hat as "mad." William Haines' interior decorations are "mad," according to Lil. People are "mad" and new pictures are "mad," if you like them. Though Webster might be surprised to know it, the word "mad," *a-la* Tashman, really means "quite, quite delightful." 'Tis used in the Hollywood version to express enthusiasm. At least, Lilyan uses it that way.

Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby share a pet word, "stooge." If you don't know what a "stooge" is, you'll never learn by hearing the Messrs. Crosby and Arlen use it. In their particular vocabulary, a stooge is *anyone* who is in *any way* tied up with another person. Dick's studio valet is his "stooge," though I have never yet heard him feed Dick a laugh. An assistant director is a director's "stooge." Occasionally, they both use Jack Oakie for a "stooge," when Oakie isn't using them for the same purpose. When the Crosby baby boy was born, one of the first baskets of flowers he received was from the Arlen baby. On the card was written: "From one little stooge to another."

Dick Asks You Right Back

DICK POWELL'S pet conversational trick is another one of those little phrases that-don't-mean-anything except to Dick when he uses it. Then it covers a multitude of opinions. When Dick says: "I would—wouldn't you?" it can mean anything from falling in love to taking a trip to Europe if you got the chance. Or ask Dick how he likes Katharine Hepburn and you'll get the Powell opinion as follows: "I *could*—couldn't you?" In registering disapproval, of course, the phrase can just be reversed: "I wouldn't—would you?"

(*Continued on page 98*)

Acme

By ELISABETH

SALLY Denies She'll Marry JIMMY

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson both admit they are parting. Hoot has even admitted a new romance—but Sally isn't telling if she has one or not. She does tell, though, what her next husband will be like—and the description doesn't fit Jimmy Dunn. But maybe she's just leading everybody astray!

SALLY EILERS came home from Europe recently to find the newspapers filled with pictures of her fractured aviator-husband, lying blissfully on a hospital cot with another girl standing alongside, holding his hand. Imagine Sally's embarrassment when, in the caption below, they both admitted somewhat bluntly that they were "that way" and that the young lady would very likely be the next Mrs. Hoot Gibson. And the gossips promptly hinted that James Dunn would be Sally's next husband—a suggestion that she gaily denies. She says her next marriage is far, far away!

Sally and Hoot had definitely decided on a divorce before she ever left for England. But they kept crying "No! No!" when asked about it, for various occult reasons that probably only a movie star could understand. One of life's mysteries is why movie stars always deny an impending divorce, even at the very moment when they and their attorneys have their heads together, doping out the grounds.

"I didn't get a divorce before leaving Hollywood," Sally explained, "because Hoot was giving a rodeo, and he didn't want all that publicity just at that time—it wouldn't be good for him. And, also, he felt it would be better for me to travel as Mrs. Gibson.

"It really didn't make a bit of difference," she added, "because I had a chaperon with me all the time. But I guess he thought it would scare the men away from me."

So Sally sailed away declaring everything was just ducky, and returned to face the tabloids and an unpleasant situation. But she came home armed with a sense of humor, some views on why her marriage failed and what mistakes to profit by in the future, and a whole lot of new ideas about men and husbands, gleaned from the broadening influence of travel.

"I was terribly worried when I heard about Hoot's crack-up," she said, "and I was all ready to go out to his bedside. Though I loathe flying—especially since this thing happened—I had a 'plane chartered and ready to take me out, when I heard he wasn't dangerously hurt, after all. A mutual friend telephoned me from the Coast and told me that my presence wasn't necessary. Then I saw the pictures of him with June Gale at his bedside, and I knew it was true. He couldn't feel very badly and look like that.

"I've said nothing on the subject to anybody. I decided to let Hoot do all the talking—and he has done it in such a dignified way!" she added ironically.

You remember Hoot's way of making the announcement.

"Sure, we're going to get a divorce," said he. "June Gale is my new heart."

(*Continued on page 76*)

GOLDBECK

With his screen girl-friend on the verge of getting a divorce, and with James Dunn still single—well, there are bound to be romance rumors. But Jimmy carefully explains why they just can't be so—and tries to convince you that he doesn't share any marriage plans with Sally or anyone else!

And Jimmy Denies He'll Marry Sally

"SALLY EILERS is one of the grandest girls in the world," said James Dunn warmly, "but there's no truth in this report that we're going to get married. I'll always have a feeling for Sally that I'll never have for anybody else in the world. That's because we both made our first big success together, in 'Bad Girl.' When people find success together that way, it creates a bond that nothing can ever break. But at the same time, it destroys something, and makes it impossible to feel romantic about each other.

"When you work with a girl, you take something away from her. She's no longer herself, her own personality. She's too much mixed up with parts she has played, and what she has meant to you professionally. You kiss a girl in a picture, and it doesn't mean a thing; at least, it doesn't to me. And forever after, she's sort of inoculated against your kissing. It can't mean anything personal after that. Working together destroys the possibility of romance."

Jimmy, of course, was speaking only for himself, because history proves that most of the divorces and new romances of Hollywood are started by those same impersonal kisses. Most of the time the inoculation just doesn't seem to take. But Jimmy is different that way—even if a huge photograph of Sally IS the only ornament in his bedroom.

"Sally is grand, we see a lot of each other, and I'm crazy about her," he said, "—but not that way."

There was nothing I could do but take his word for it, and keep on watching the newspapers. After all, there have been other romance rumors in his young life—and none of them has developed into an elopement.

Why He's Still Single?

"MAYBE it's the fault of the girls that none of my romances has ended in marriage," Jimmy said tentatively. "Maybe they don't want me."

He spoke without much conviction, and as nobody echoed the noble sentiment, he abandoned that gesture and tried to dig up a more credible explanation of the phenomenon.

It has long been noted that Jimmy has a gift for keeping girls

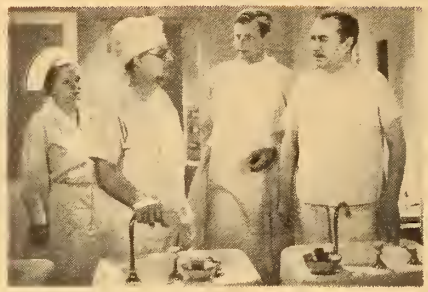
(*Continued on page 76*)

The Picture

NIGHT FLIGHT

Photography And Fine Effects Put It Over: Despite another of those almost unbelievable star-studded casts, the glory of "Night Flight" is entirely photographic and directorial. Arty critics and followers of the foreign schools will undoubtedly hail it as the supreme achievement in aviation pictures. But it is the roar of the motors, not the voices of the actors, that hold your attention, at times spellbound by the stark, brutal realism of this depiction of man's fight against the elements.

The story concerns the inauguration of night flying by a South American air mail line. John Barrymore is the general manager whose fierce, relentless will forces three planes to battle death in the then-unexplored darkness. One plane is lost. Two come through. That's all there is to the plot, yet its power completely dominates the fine acting of Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore—absurdly wasted—Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy and Leslie Fenton. (M-G-M.)



ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

It's Yours If You're Sentimental: Fairly oozing sentimentality, "One Man's Journey" is the graphic presentation of a country doctor's sacrifice. He makes a life-work of sacrifice, although it costs him his ambition to study and specialize at a city clinic. He is always about to realize that ambition, but circumstances which he refuses to ignore consistently prevent.

The rôle as realized by Lionel Barrymore is rich, yet, at the same time, a minor portrait in the gallery of finer things he has given us. May Robson takes second honors in her characterization of the kindly housekeeper, content to follow wherever the doctor may lead. Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Frances Dee and James Bush play the young lovers and David Landau adds another strong portrayal to his credit.

The saving grace of humor is but lightly sprinkled throughout the story's unfoldment. Your enjoyment of it depends on how sentimental you are. (Radio.)

DELUGE

Thriller With Terrific Realism: You have never seen anything like the technical effects that open this fantasy of world disaster. Earthquakes and tidal waves send toppling man's monuments to civilization and, in the ruins, man and beast are destroyed. If anything, this illusion is too terrifying. Its realism makes a spectacle much more horrible than the avowed horror pictures where the monsters who wrought the havoc were less familiar, more remote. A local preview audience, suffered mild hysteria.

It is breaking no faith with the producers to announce these effects as achieved in miniature and to credit Ned Mann, who did the work. Perhaps he did his work too well, for it dwarfs and makes inconsequential the subsequent story of the handful of survivors. This, despite the best efforts of Peggy Shannon, Sidney Blackmer, Lois Wilson, Matt Moore and Fred Kohler, troupers all. (K.B.S.-Radio.)

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD

Real Treat, Don't Miss It: There were three generations of *Hacketts* in the theatre. A truer, more touching, more sincere document of the "show world" has never been presented. It is a fascinating chronicle of life back-stage. Someone called it the "Cavalcade of the American Theatre." It is just that.

Alice Brady and Frank Morgan give superlative, almost inspired, performances as the eldest *Hacketts*. They grow old with the march of theatrical events, ending finally in Hollywood where their grandson, Eddie Quillan, is seeking movie preferment. Jackie Cooper plays the younger Quillan, son of Madge Evans and Russell Hardie.

Several scenes from the ill-fated "March of Time," begun three years ago but never released, have been incorporated into this picture. These scenes feature Weber and Fields, Fay Templeton and other favorites of an earlier day. It is a liberal education in theatrical history. (M-G-M.)

PADDY, THE NEXT-BEST THING

Neat Little Number — Gaynor Shines: Another change of pace for Janet Gaynor, who seems to be seeking a greater variety of rôles these days. True, "Paddy" is nearer to the characterization we have come to expect of Janet than was "Adorable." But "Paddy" is still a departure. It is more human and therefore more believable.

Janet makes the most of this little Irish lass to whom lying is preferable to the truth. Walter Connolly scores heavily as her worthless father and Warner Baxter contributes his standard performance. Margaret Lindsay is excellent, too, as the sister who plans to marry the wealthy Baxter because of her father's straitened circumstances. Of course, everything comes out all right with each sister getting the man of her choice.

The top-notch work of its cast, makes it very good entertainment. (Fox.)

MYRT AND MARGE

Dreary Comedy With Old-Time Gags: Radio enthusiasts, to whom the nightly broadcast of Myrt and Marge is an anticipated event, will doubtless welcome the opportunity of seeing their favorites on the screen. Probably it was to satisfy their curiosity that this picture was made. There can be no other excuse for it.

As a completely inane, boresome and dreary hour of alleged comedy, there has not been a film in recent months to compare with it. Attempting to tell a story of back-stage, an amazing series of gags, all of them old, none of them funny, have been strung together so ineptly that you have difficulty in following the simple, oft-told plot. Even if Myrt and Marge, playing themselves, were exceptional screen actresses, which they are not, the picture would be a sore trial to them, as it is to Eddie Foy, Jr., Trixie Friganza, Ted Healy, his stooges and others in the cast. Only the blithe comedy of Bonnie Bonnell registers at all. (Universal.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

DOCTOR BULL

Pleasing Picture, Rogers At His Best: For Will Rogers fans, this is sure-fire. The story of a small-town doctor in a Vermont community is ideally suited to the particular homey brand of Will's humor. The pills he dispenses are far less efficacious than his witticisms. He battles the bigotry of his fellow townsmen as he fights the other diseases to which human flesh is heir. What if the plot fails to get anywhere at all? What if the material is all too familiar? It gives us Will Rogers.

There is no doubt about one thing. Rogers is becoming a better actor. He is giving more of a characterization to his rôle. Witness "State Fair" and now "Doctor Bull." Vera Allen plays his childhood sweetheart and Marian Nixon and Howard Lally carry the younger love interest, slight though it is. Andy Devine has a few moments of comedy but the others, including Louise Dresser, Rochelle Hudson, Berton Churchill and Ralph Morgan, haven't much to do. (Fox.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE

Convincing Story—Finely Acted: Three girls, working in a fashionable beauty shop, face the same moral problem and find three different solutions. One becomes an obvious gold-digger, one seeks suicide when the man runs away from marriage and the third refuses part-time love. It is all told with refreshing simplicity and directness that avoids the basic sentimentality of its theme. There are, too, brilliant strokes of satire.

Madge Evans contributes her best performance, one that should carry her far on the road to stardom. Alice Brady, the distinguished neurotic of "When Ladies Meet," is here an equally distinguished hypochondriac. Otto Kruger, as the leading man, gives an ingratiating portrayal. Una Merkel is, as ever, excellent and the work of Florine McKinney as the suicide brought her a long-term contract. Also outstanding in smaller rôles are Eddie Nugent, Isabel Jewel and May Robson. (M-G-M.)

PENTHOUSE

Exciting And Moving—Okay All Around: Adapted from Arthur Somers Roche's novel, this tells the always exciting tale of an attorney who, in the interests of justice, defends a gangster, only to be outlawed by his business associates, his society friends and finally his fiancée. But the gangster proves his gratitude by helping the attorney when a frame-up involves one of the social lights in a murder charge. Probabilities are sometimes sacrificed to narrative, as is common in stories of the kind, but the affair is handled with sophistication and humor.

Warner Baxter plays the attorney with suave irony. Myrna Loy may surprise you with her frank, unabashed sexy performance. She is splendid. Nat Pendleton comes through with an individual hit as the gangster, as does Charles Butterworth as a man servant. Mae Clarke, Martha Sleeper, Phillips Holmes, C. Henry Gordon and George E. Stone have little to do, but do that little extremely well. (M-G-M.)

TURN BACK THE CLOCK

Just Misses, But Has Its Good Points: Here is a good comedy, better than average. Yet it is regrettable that it isn't even better than it is. There was a grand idea in "turning back the clock" and thereby granting man's oft-repeated wish to live his life over again. It had terrific comic possibilities that, in this version, are, unfortunately, only partially realized. Writing and direction combine to understress situations that might have been broadly satirized to advantage. Laughs galore fall by the wayside for want of deft pointing. Particular illustration of this is the use of modern day slang in the early "return" sequences.

Lee Tracy plays the leading rôle in his own inimitable style and Peggy Shannon does beautifully with a thankless part of the wife he is sorry he didn't marry, then sorry he did. Otto Kruger's rôle is unworthy of his ability while Mae Clarke is sadly miscast and even worse made up. (M-G-M.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Fast, Breezy Comedy—Expert Acting: There is so much going on every minute that you are left rather breathless at the close of Warners' latest excursion into contemporary real-life drama. Not content with a single yarn, there are a dozen plots and counter-plots involved in the picture's unfoldment. There hasn't been a faster, breezier comedy, with a dash of serious intent, since "The Front Page."

Unexplained disappearances concern the police department's "Bureau of Missing Persons." Lewis Stone is the captain of the bureau to whose charge Pat O'Brien has been transferred (he was too tough for the homicide squad). Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert are fellow detectives. Glenda Farrell is O'Brien's estranged wife always in search of alimony. Then Bette Davis comes along with a fantastic story of a lost, strayed or stolen husband. An exciting mix-up. (Warners.)

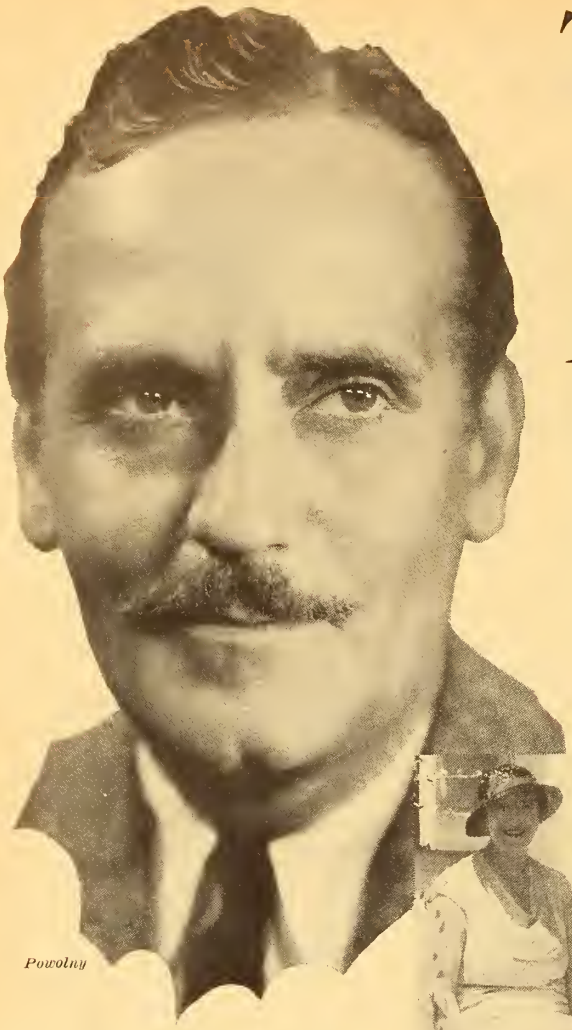
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Rather Draggy, But Should Please: It all happened "One Sunday Afternoon" in a dentist's office. The dentist's former rival and bitter enemy calls, unexpectedly, to have an aching tooth extracted. Gas is administered with murderous intent and while the victim is strapped in the chair, the dentist mentally reviews the events of their life together. If his thoughts came as slowly as the picture moves, the man could have died several times. The tempo of the plot is that draggy.

Gary Cooper is excellent as the dentist, particularly in the scenes as an awkward wooer of the girl his rival takes away from him. First honors, however, are not his, for a newcomer, one Frances Fuller, literally steals the picture. She transforms it from a tale of hate to a story of the blind love of an unwanted wife. Neil Hamilton does splendid work in a villainous vein and Roscoe Karns in comic relief. Fay Wray is very effective until called upon to do a Mae West. (Paramount.)

The Man Who *Refused a Million Dollars!*

He could take a million and remain a lawyer, or he could become an actor and be disowned—that was what Ralph Morgan's millionaire father told him when he wanted to go on the stage. He forfeited the million and had years of struggle, but has never regretted his choice. Acting has given him things that financial power and glory never could have, he says!



Powolny

By SONIA LEE

"I'll give you a million dollars if you forget this obsession of yours." With these words to his son, George Wuppermann, the financial genius, the dominant personality accustomed to sway and direct men, played his triumphant card. His last card. No man—no man in his right senses—would give up a million dollars to follow what, to him, was an incomprehensible desire.

But this perplexing son of his, who after two years of practising law, had suddenly announced that he was going on the stage, seemed totally unimpressed. His eyes continued to hold that absent, glowing light of an inner urge. His fervor was undiminished by his father's splendid effort to swerve him from his purpose. No—he found law stolid and uninteresting. Only the stage, only a profession as an actor could still that demand for self-expression.

"And anyway, papa," he said, "a million dollars is a lot of money. I don't want the responsibility of wealth—ever. And I do want to be an actor. But never mind, I won't disgrace you; I won't use the family name."

He chose Ralph Morgan for his name—he defined his destiny and his creed with his refusal. He chose the path of struggle; abandoned the sure ease, the luxuries that a million dollars guarantee.

WHY HE SHUNS WEALTH

"I am not an exponent of poverty. I think it restricts development and stifles the finer sensibilities. But there is a happy medium between wealth and want.

"I don't know a single person with money with whom I'd change places. Wealth . . . enervates ideals, fosters a show-off spirit, distorts values.

"Take the rich actors of Hollywood, for example. Wealth makes them narrow. It makes them selfish.

"I'm *afraid* of too much money. All I want is comfort and security for my family." (Mrs. Morgan and their daughter, Claudia, are with him, above.)

To-day — his philosophy remains unchanged. He still says: "No man could give me a fortune for *myself*. It entails too much worry, too much belonging to things, too much spiritual slavery. A million to spend for others—yes! For myself—no!

Knows No Contented Millionaires

"I KNOW too many people who have a million. And I have rarely seen these people contented, at peace with themselves or with the world. They are shackled by a hundred inconsequential demands, by a hundred petty worries.

"I know a certain actor who has a yacht, a spacious home, a dozen servants. He has that much money. But his life is an incessant round of wondering whether the engineer is keeping the engine in condition; whether the servants aren't stealing him blind; whether his securities are safe. I've seen him come on the set with a driven look—not because he was distressed about his rôle or unsure of his interpretation, but because his crew weren't keeping the port lights polished. I knew him when he was poor. He was a carefree, happy-go-lucky chap, ready for whatever the day might bring—without narrow inhibitions and bewildering responsibilities.

"Several years ago, when I first came out to Hollywood, I met a young actress. She was charming, ingenuous, an ambitious girl—responsively human. Recently I have seen her again. Her salary is vast. She has achieved that arbitrary million to which many aspire. But she was no longer a delightful, unspoiled personality. She was a posing automaton, unreal from her vast lips to her languorous greeting. It occurred to me that that girl had paid too great a price for wealth.

(*Continued on page 66*)

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home... both kept clear and radiant by this soap with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

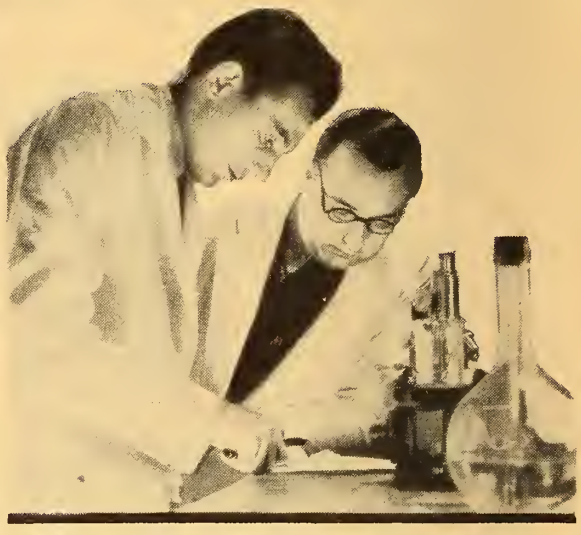
PALMOLIVE... the soap of Youth

All over Hollywood

Screen Stars learn facts about their

LEILA HYAMS
Universal Star

"IT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING, BUT NOT SURPRISING! I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THERE WAS SOMETHING WONDERFUL ABOUT LUX TOILET SOAP..."



SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN

"This soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it

YOUTHFUL!"

NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT NRA "WE DO OUR PART"

it's NEWS

amazing Scientific Beauty Soap

GLORIA STUART
Universal Star

"WHAT GRAND NEWS! THIS SOAP CHECKS THE LOSS OF ELEMENTS MY SKIN NEEDS TO STAY YOUTHFUL—AND LOVELY SKIN IS SO IMPORTANT TO A WOMAN."

FRANCES DEE
RKO-Radio Star

"I FOUND OUT LONG AGO LUX TOILET SOAP WORKS WONDERS. IT'S AMAZING TO KNOW THE REASON"

Scientists say:
"Lux Toilet Soap checks the loss of precious elements from the skin. Absolutely free from harshness, readily soluble, it is indeed a wonderful aid to complexion beauty." 9 out of 10 screen stars use it.

"MEN ARE SUCH FINICKY CREATURES"

We women must be practical, yet feminine — for our men. We've work to do — but we must keep dainty. Our hands must run a household — and still be worthy of kissing. All right, gentlemen — we're here to please!

When we use Frostilla Lotion to care for our hands, no man can ever tell what they've been up to! We keep the children and the house clean, we do the cooking . . . then we pat in just a few drops of this famous, inexpensive skin-protector and let its ingredients do their work.

That's how we can please our men with white, smooth hands — hands so velvety they look as though they've done *nothing* all day except wait for him — hands deliciously sweet and fragrant with Frostilla's imported perfume. They adore *that!*

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What Has Happened to Hepburn? Here Is the Answer!

(*Continued from page 31*)

had had experience as a director that would give him the ability to put theories into words where other first cameramen could only carry them out in actions.

So an introduction was arranged—not between Katharine and Bert Glennon. That was a minor matter. The important introduction was The Camera, through Bert Glennon, to Katharine.

The "tricks of the trade," what every successful screen actress knows, consciously or unconsciously, and many things that only the director or the cameraman knows—these were what Glennon was to give to Katharine Hepburn. He had never seen her on the stage, and had not happened to see her one talking picture. So he was entirely unprepared for the slight, freckle-faced, tousle-headed girl in overalls whom he met in the studio. Her face with its high, angular cheekbones and hollow cheeks was startlingly unusual. Her movements were quick, abrupt, at times awkward. Her voice was youthful, almost boyish.

Had to Catch Her Individuality

"SHE was a complete surprise to me," Glennon admitted. "I had talked to her only a few minutes when I realized what it was that Radio Pictures had put under contract. It was not beauty or grace. It was personality. It came out in her voice. It leaped out through her eyes. It was different, refreshing. I understood that it was her individuality that Merian Cooper wanted me to catch with the camera.

"Then I went into the projection room to see her first picture. By the time the first reel had been run, I had enough proof that she was an actress, an intelligent actress, and that she was, as Cooper had said, 'potential screen material of the finest kind.' But instead of leaving after the first reel, I stuck. Her performance held me there, through to the last fade-out. I went merely to appraise her as screen material. I stayed through the picture to the end as a fan."

Here Bert Glennon paused in his story. When he spoke again, it was in a tone most emphatic.

"Remember this! I had nothing to give Katharine Hepburn. She was a stage actress of experience before she came to the screen. She has natural gifts and talents. As I saw it, my job was to bring out these talents with the camera and put results on the screen. This, of course, required the co-operation of Miss Hepburn, which she gave me generously.

"Getting across the footlights to a stage audience is an entirely different thing from putting yourself over on the screen. Each requires an entirely different technique. Miss Hepburn knew the stage. I knew the screen. And I could show her the difference."

Altered Her Hair First

BUT there was much to be done before Bert Glennon could introduce the camera. He looked over his "potential screen material" with the cold eye of the cameraman. He began with her hair. He wanted it attractively dressed, becomingly dressed, and yet arranged so that it would not detract from the charm of her eyes. The most effective way of doing this was to draw it down smoothly over the top of her head and not allow it to break into curls except on the sides. Every morning during the filming of the picture, Katharine was with the hairdresser at seven o'clock for an egg shampoo so that her hair would be soft and shining under the camera.

The next step was her make-up.

"A leading man," Glennon declares, "is essentially a character. A leading woman is, first of all, good to look at. There's no use denying it. Marie Dressler, you say? Yes, but Marie Dressler is a character actress, not a leading lady. Look at Crawford, Bennett, Francis—all good-looking.

"The greatest beauty in Katharine Hepburn's face is in her eyes. We experimented with make-up until we had brought out all the loveliness, all the expression of her eyes. By lights and make-up we used her high cheek-bones and the hollows under them to express emotion, fatigue or suffering. At the happiest moments of the picture, if you remember, these hollows were barely perceptible.

"We spent days in examining dress designs made for her by several well-known designers. I chose the materials, myself, with an eye for light and suitability to Miss Hepburn's individuality, toned to the scene of the picture in which they were to be worn.

Hunted Clothes to Match Her

"KATHARINE HEPBURN is distinctly a modern type. We dressed her in materials that were up-to-date or that foreshadowed the styles, and took care that the designs of the weave were modern almost to the extreme. Materials can not only set the tone of the scene photographed, but they can determine the tone of the acting. Katharine Hepburn in silver cloth was a glamourous and alluring creature, a surprising contrast to the athletic girl in jodhpurs and flying helmet. That was the purpose of the exotic silver moth costume in 'Christopher Strong.' In that scene, her voice, her walk and her gestures all took on a glamour and a mystery entirely apart from the outdoor atmosphere that flying togs lent them."

"The tricks of the trade." The phrase is alluring, no matter what the trade. And many an experienced screen actress would feel lucky to have these tricks put into words for her, as Bert Glennon put them for Katharine Hepburn.

"In a novel," Glennon said, "character is drawn by describing the reactions of that character to situations in which he finds himself. Similarly, on the screen the character is portrayed by a series of pictures of that character reacting to the pictured situations. The camera must catch reactions. The actress must register emotions with every gesture. A screen actress is necessarily a pantomimist, even in these days of talking pictures.

"The eye of the audience of a legitimate stage performance sees only about one-half of what goes on behind the footlights. It can be fooled. But the eye of the camera is not to be fooled. It has no imagination to supply what is not there. It has no discrimination to pass over the non-essentials. It has no mercy. It records what is put before it. Therefore, all imagining and all discriminating and all glossing over the ugly spots have to be done by the actors."

In initiating Katharine Hepburn into some of the "tricks" of getting over before the camera, Bert Glennon started with her hands.

"Every actress realizes the importance of hands," he said. "But very few realize that there are definite ways of handling them before a camera. Miss Hepburn had never found her hands necessary to expression. She can stand motionless and put over an emotion with her eyes and her voice.

(*Continued on page 68*)

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The first beauty creams approved by dermatologists!

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They agree on the superiority of Woodbury's Creams, because they know that these germ-free creams are vital aids to fine, supple skin texture, firm muscle tone, good fresh color. Vigor! Loveliness!

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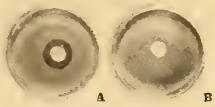

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Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye, Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature colors hair. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like — Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

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Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
Colors hair inside where nature does

The Man Who Refused a Million Dollars!

(*Continued from page 60*)

"I am not an exponent of poverty. I think it restricts development and stifles the finer sensibilities, which should not be obsessed and harassed by financial needs. But there is a happy medium between great wealth and want, between dire distress and burdening possessions.

What Wealth Can Do to You

"I DON'T know a single person with money with whom I'd change places. Wealth has the sad effect of giving a strange quirk to the mind. There are exceptions, of course. But, generally speaking, it enervates ideals, fosters a show-off spirit, destroys charm and freshness, distorts values, weakens the sense of right and makes one lose vision.

"Take the rich actors in Hollywood, for instance. How many of them have the intestinal fortitude to fight for a principle, to stand shoulder to shoulder with their less fortunate co-workers? Wealth makes them narrow. It makes them selfish. It makes them lose perspective and self-respect. I have rarely met a rich man who wasn't narrow-minded—unless his money was spent for the welfare of others. It's too easy to over-emphasize material things, rather than the things of worth. There are a few men and women in Hollywood whom great wealth hasn't changed—but they are very few.

"Social obligation, traditions, give way to false standards when riches become important. Rich men are afraid of poverty—much more so than the man in average circumstances who has had to make compromises with his wants and with life.

"Personally, I'm *afraid* of too much money. All I want is a small, safe income, the opportunity to continue my work. Money would sap my vitality by the very strength of the responsibilities it imposes. I don't consider either yachts or extravagant luxuries sufficient compensation for the narrowing influence of money.

"When a man hasn't the lust for gold, he is very likely to see situations and people in their true light. I've never been able to respect a man's bank account, but it has been my good fortune to know many people without bank accounts who were worthy of respect.

"I have seen actors with great artistic achievement to their credit cold-shouldered by rich upstarts of the screen because their weekly pay-envelopes wouldn't offset the million dollar stars' income taxes. It's very easy to confuse a man and his pocketbook. And riches foster that confusion."

Had a Struggle, But No Regrets

THROUGH twenty-five years of the ups and downs of a theatrical career, Ralph Morgan has never once regretted his refusal of a million dollars. For seven years the parental ire did not relax. He was the black sheep—an enigma to his socially prominent family, who could not comprehend the debonair acceptance of disinheritance, of a certain ostracism, for the sake of an ideal.

And that social prominence is not a press-agent's dream. The banking Harrimans are his cousins. His mother traces her ancestry to pre-Revolutionary days. His father could well afford to offer a million dollars to keep a son in the path that family tradition and custom prescribed, for he had amassed a great fortune in Angostura Bitters—a business that would eventually be inherited by the Wuppermann children.

Theatrical engagements were not too frequent in the days subsequent to Ralph Morgan's closing of his law office. He lived frugally, absorbed by this driving, inflexible force that had prompted him not to trade a hope for a million dollars.

He married—a young ingénue, stage-named Grace Arnold, who played with him in a St. Paul stock company. Their lives were defined by only two meals a day, by a tiny walk-up apartment, by all the compromises that lack of money involves.

Frequently, these two went to tea at the very correct Wuppermann mansion, and they had to find plausible excuses for their amazing consumption of tea and cakes. A long walk was always a good enough reason —certainly one's family couldn't be told that they didn't have enough money to warrant lunches.

A struggling young actor, a girl who abandoned the stage to be her husband's wife—both heroically proud. And at night Ralph sat on a chair, read out of a recipe book the ingredients for biscuits and stew and apple dumplings, while Georgiana (Mrs. Morgan's real name) assembled them into what miraculously turned into an edible dinner.

How Badly He Needed Money

THE arrival of small daughter Claudia (who has grown up to be an actress) complicated their existence. And then came a day when the one-year-old child contracted diphtheria. Her condition was critical. Ralph had just landed George M. Cohan's rôle in the road company of "Broadway Jones" and was scheduled to leave that night for a distant city. He *had* to take the part!

They needed the money desperately. Mrs. Morgan had been bedridden for a year after the birth of the child. They were anxious days, terrifying nights for this scion of wealth, who had relinquished all claims to his name and to his inheritance. And now the illness of Claudia was the very last straw to months in which pride almost died. Almost—not quite. Somehow, he couldn't go to his family. He *knew* that he was destined to retrieve their respect and admiration.

And so he kissed a feverish child whom he never expected to see alive again; held close the frightened, but courageous girl who urged him to carry on—and insisted that he take the engagement for which he had waited so long.

Fortune began to smile. Ralph became increasingly sure of his art, increasingly in demand for difficult characterizations. Success at last began to outbalance failure.

The family relented. They were now proud of this son who had had the courage to forsake a well-established law practice for the thing he loved. They no longer voiced their opinion that a man who had been given the advantages of study abroad, who held a diploma from Columbia University, had no business in the theatre.

When Frank, Ralph's younger brother, expressed a desire to make acting his career, too, the parents didn't object. And Ralph was reinstated in the family affections and in the family will.

How He'd Spend a Million

EVENTUALLY then, Ralph Morgan will again have to test his creed of wealth. His father is now dead. The Wuppermann fortune is entrusted to his mother. But when that fortune he once refused comes to him in the sequence of time, he has definite plans for its disposal.

"All I want is comfort and security for my family—not great riches. I wouldn't

(*Continued on page 68*)

How exquisitely smooth and lovely JOAN BENNETT'S hands are! With Douglas Montgomery in R. K. O.'s film, "Little Women."

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 40c, 65c

NEW LIFE-LIKE MAKE UP
Adds charm to your Lips!

PRETTY as a picture! Yet men used to criticize her for using "too much lipstick." A man's way of saying her lips looked painted! ...She took the hint and bought the new kind of lipstick that accents natural color in lips, *without painting them.*

Unlike any other Lipstick

Tangee is entirely different from the usual run of lipsticks. It isn't paint. A strictly scientific formula that changes to your natural color the moment it's applied! In the stick, it's orange. But on your lips, it's a blush-rose shade suited to your type. No wonder smart women are switching to Tangee... the lipstick that adds charm to your lips!

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Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge** and **Powder.**

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The Man Who Refused a Million Dollars!

(*Continued from page 66*)

want a million dollars for myself. But I know what I'd do with a million. I'd establish trust funds for ambitious youngsters with ability, so that they might develop whatever talents they possessed without the retarding element of need; I'd make my money work for real things of value—the fruition of hopes and dreams and ideals."

Ralph Morgan is a substantial, quiet-voiced gentleman. His art, his wife, his daughter motivate his life. He has no pretensions; none of the surface enthusiasms, none of that play-to-the-gallery psychology which is a component part of the lesser actor. He accepts praise sparingly, listens to criticism sympathetically.

His apartment is the rendezvous for those men and women who have something to say and leave personal pronouns at home. He recognizes genius in others and gives it its due with sincerity. Movie fledglings find in him a wise guide, a potent source of encouragement.

His philosophy revolves about the simplicities of living and thinking and working. He has an ability to strip life of non-essentials, to look beyond the moment, to search for the basic principles involved in any topic or problem.

Ralph Morgan's refusal to assume the responsibilities of wealth is a complete index to his character.

What Has Happened to Hepburn? Here Is the Answer!

(*Continued from page 64*)

She is just now beginning to learn the possibilities for expression that lie in her hands.

What Hands Can Hint

"HANDS enhance the expression of feelings. Words are limited. A woman might speak two words, 'Why not?'—just those two words. But she could tack on a whole paragraph of meaning by turning the palms of her hands outward and slightly shrugging her shoulders. Try it.

"The nails of a woman's hands are very important to their beauty. Their length should depend on the type of hand. They can make or break a beautiful line for the camera. Ugly lines, or hands in unnatural poses can spoil the beauty of a whole scene. And this can be unfortunate, indeed, if the scene happens to matter to the picture as a whole."

By just such infinitesimal details is the motion picture star's career governed when she stands before the camera. Had Glennon tried to give Katharine Hepburn all his knowledge in one dose, she might have turned up before the camera the most self-conscious and uneasy person in the world. But he gave it to her in small doses, "like putting salt on lettuce," he said, "a little bit at a time, to bring out the flavor."

From her hands he turned his attention to her walk. Much character, much emotion lies in a woman's walk. There have been many famous walks. Negri followers still remember Pola in "Bella Donna" as she started walking out into the desert. Garbo, as *Mata Hari*, took a famous walk across a snowy courtyard to face a firing squad. That walk will be remembered long after the story is forgotten.

Katharine Hepburn had a free, boyish swing that was suited to the outdoors, the landing field or the golf course. What Glennon concentrated on was the expressiveness of her walk in various emotional situations. He made her walk toward him slowly on the studio set as though she were walking on a tight-rope. Of course, at first the crossed tread seemed unnatural, exaggerated. But as she came to adopt it, it became less pronounced, and her walk achieved a grace that it had not had.

"There is no minimizing the importance of throwing the weight of the body forward on to the balls of the feet," Glennon told her. "Its value to the camera lies in the fact that the head—and, therefore, the eyes with all their expressiveness—come forward and are most vividly registered on the screen. Even in life," he pointed out, "the man who impresses you is never the one who comes toward you on his heels with seeming reluctance, but the one who steps forward eagerly on the balls of his feet. It is not a question of carrying the head forward, but of throwing the weight of the whole body forward, and with it the best of your personality."

She Had to Slow Down

ANOTHER trick that the stage actress had to learn about screen acting was that the eye of the camera is not so quick as the eye of the audience. This meant a consistent slowing up of all gestures, all head and body motions, to give the camera a chance to register the expression of emotion.

The moviegoers, themselves, had something to teach the actress, as Glennon showed. To them, Katharine Hepburn will always be Katharine Hepburn, whatever part she may play. It will be Katharine Hepburn they crowd into the theatre to see. When, for an hour and a half, she takes them outside of themselves into another character, it will not be that character, but Katharine Hepburn they will love for it. There will be certain characteristics that they will learn to love and watch for. Not only must her screen portrayal be true, but she must be consistently Katharine Hepburn to her admirers.

During his work with the star, Bert Glennon discovered in her, he said, a restless ambition to improve, that divine discontent of geniuses who are never satisfied with their accomplishments, but are always striving for a better piece of work. Katharine Hepburn was decidedly dissatisfied with the result on the screen of her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement." She took Bert Glennon's tutoring eagerly, adopted the suggestions intelligently. The result was the pleasing character of *Cynthia* in "Christopher Strong." She more than justified the confidence that her first audience had placed in her.

And still, characteristically, she is building upon the foundations that Glennon helped her to lay, looking to greater accomplishments in "Little Women" and "The Age of Innocence." She has been called "Hepburn, the Madcap." Well, maybe. But the boyish, freckle-faced girl in overalls has turned out to be a pretty wise young person.

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Official in all the big studios..

"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."

● "The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux," says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I've learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux."

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there's no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

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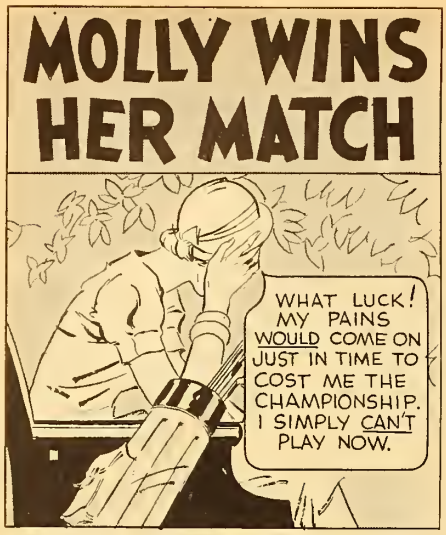

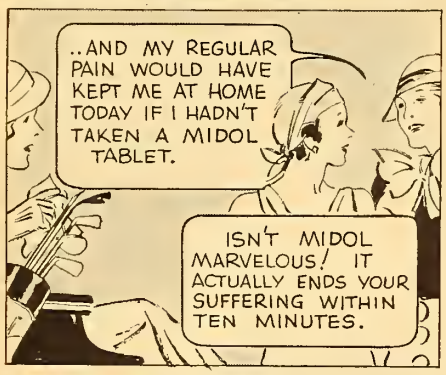

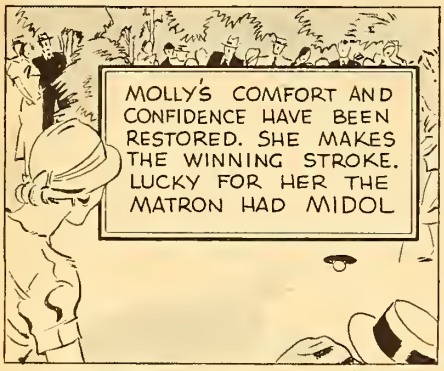

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OFFER EXPIRES NOV. 30

"Women Are the Cause of Divorce," Says Helen Twelvetrees

(*Continued from page 49*)

that nine women out of ten marry with the thought in the backs of their respective heads: 'I can get a divorce if I am not satisfied.' *Brides are not given away any more; they are merely loaned.*

A Wife Who Wanted Pay

"RECENTLY, a Hollywood woman confided to me her plan to divorce her husband, to whom she has been married for less than two years. One thing she told me cut a deep scar in my memory: 'I didn't *think* it would last!' she said.

"She further mentioned that she intended to sue for huge alimony. I asked her on what grounds she planned such procedure.

"'I gave two years of my life to my husband,' she answered. 'I might have married any one of a dozen other men. I might have had a career. Why shouldn't my husband pay alimony?'

"I didn't bother to explain why. I didn't waste the time necessary to point out that a woman who enters into marriage with the stated opinion that 'it will not last' deserves not one cent of alimony. I didn't trouble to tell her that she wed her husband only for what she could get out of him, and not because she loved him.

"This wife (who should not be honored with that title) has not reached the divorce courts as yet. She confessed the reason to one of my friends: She has no grounds for a divorce—no grounds, that is, on which an honest judge would award her one penny.

"On every side of me, I hear discussions, some of which are important and others trivial, about the disheartening divorce rate to-day. Learned men and women have offered a million reasons and excuses for the deplorable state of affairs, but I have yet to read a single diagnosis that struck me as a true cause. No one has blamed women's unpreparedness.

"There are too many present-day wives playing bridge, attending drinking parties, habituating beauty parlors, gallivanting over the countryside in automobiles, and otherwise flaunting their lack of interest in their home-life.

"I am no prude. I do not contend that women should not do those things. But I do contend that women should indulge them in moderation. I believe that wives should be wives before all else.

"If a woman is a capable wife, she will find ample time to play and make herself beautiful *after* her household duties are fulfilled. Unfortunately, most wives place pleasure before business.

"Not so long ago I was a guest at an afternoon bridge party in Hollywood. At five o'clock—the bridge having ended about four—I announced to my hostess that I must depart.

"'The day is young, Helen,' she protested.

"'I must go home,' I explained, 'and help prepare dinner.'

"With that, everybody present laughed. I, a movie actress, going home to prepare dinner? A joke!

"It was no joke. I go home every afternoon, when I am not engaged in a motion picture, and I oversee preparations for the evening meal for my husband and me. Sometimes I cook the food, myself.

A Wife Who Didn't Try

"*THE woman who laughed longest and cracked wisest at that bridge party was in the divorce courts a few weeks later!* She was entering suit for divorce, but I happen to know that her husband was forcing her to act. Furthermore, I know the reasons, for he confided them to my husband:

"This woman who laughed at my attention to my own home had never been in her kitchen since the day she was married, several years ago. She had never bothered to learn how her husband liked his shirts laundered, or how he wanted his clothes arranged in the drawers of his dresser and chest. Not once had she been to a market to order food for their table.

"Making matters worse, her husband confided that at least a few evenings every week he dined alone, either because his wife was late from an afternoon social, or else she was away from the city entirely.

"What did this husband have to make him want to remain married? Certainly, he had no companionship. Actually, he was worse off than if he had not been married at all because, being a husband with decent notions of what that title implies, he was unwilling to seek companionship with other women.

"Toward the twilight of her marriage, she made her most vital error—she entered into a flirtation with another man, a well-known playboy. This final straw broke the camel's back—if her husband does not object to being termed a camel for the sake of comparison. He was decent enough to permit her to sue, and to take the gossip-rap on his own chin. His marriage had failed because his wife wasn't prepared for the responsibilities of married life.

Has a Remedy to Offer

"BUT to point out the cause of divorce, and to make no effort to supply a remedy, would be to brand myself inadequate.

"The remedy I offer is *preparedness.* Every woman who intends to marry should train herself. She should learn that it is as important to be punctual with her husband as with an employer. She should be ready to tolerate her husband's irritabilities just as quickly as she would those of a 'boss.'

"She should know how to make herself as vital to the welfare of her home as she might to the smooth-running of a business office, and she should merit the confidence of her husband as she would that of her employer.

"In fewer words, she should make it her business to be a good wife.

"I am making every effort to practise my preachments. I am happily married. I cannot say that I shall always be so, for one cannot predict one's destiny. I believe in divorce when happiness is impossible. But I am doing my utmost to preclude the necessity for any marital separation.

"I would leave a cruel or worthless husband as quickly as any woman, yet I blush for the shame of such members of my sex as the two wives whose cases I have cited. I humbly bow my head with the thought that women—*fellow-women*—can be so hard and unsportsmanlike.

"Yet I realize that those two are only samples of the millions just like them—millions of thoughtless, unprepared women who have never been trained for positions as wives, and therefore cannot be too harshly blamed for their mistakes. They are too busy having fun to have babies. They are too occupied cooking up good times to cook up meals.

"Their cases are as hopeless and helpless as that of a floundering ocean bather, caught in the rip-tide, who has not been taught to swim. The bather cannot save himself because he does not know how to swim.

"Unprepared women cannot be good wives because they do not know how to be."

Even the sophisticated Parisienne

WON A LOVELIER COMPLEXION THROUGH THE HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST

Dr. Joseph Pierron,
prominent dermatologist of Paris, declared of Woodbury's Facial Soap: "It achieved improvement in every case, frequently a complete cure of all the faults of the skin."

Jeunes filles, femmes de familles, femmes de commerce, femmes du monde—took the Half-face Beauty Test under the supervision of **Dr. Joseph Pierron,** of Paris, who reported: "*All the women subject to my supervision expressed such opinions as the following: 'Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin very soft and smooth'.*"

Since the days of the *Roi Soleil*, the genius of France has been at the service of the Parisienne, devising seductive soaps, creams, lotions, *laits de beauté*, to enhance her loveliness!

Yet even sophisticated Parisiennes experienced a shock of delight, a *coup de foudre*, when recently they came from all parts of Paris and from many different social groups and occupations at the call of the eminent skin specialist, Dr. Joseph Pierron. For thirty days they made the Half-face Beauty Test, using what they ordinarily employed to cleanse and care for the left half of their faces, Woodbury's Facial Soap for the right half.

Only one was free of every blemish. Blackheads, large pores, dry skin, excessive oiliness, sallowness—these were the main faults which 8 different brands of French soap and 17 creams had utterly failed to correct.

When the test was over, the Woodbury sides of those faces *bloomed*, were freshened, cleared—relieved of sluggish sallow tones, blackheads, pimples, coarse pores. Dry skin grew supple and fresh. Oily skin lost its disenchanting shine. "Fabuleux!" cried the doctors. "A merveille!" echoed the subjects.

Dr. Pierron's report, among other words of praise for Woodbury's, said: "Acne and blackheads were uniformly improved, oiliness of the face and scalp ultimately yielded to the treatment. Woodbury's Facial Soap tones not only the epidermis but the tissues beneath the surface of the skin. Causing no irritation, it is the ideal product for the care of healthy skins, the best remedy for skin ailments."

So, even to the sophisticated Parisienne, Woodbury's Facial Soap brought a lovelier, clearer, smoother complexion than all the cosmetics of the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg St. Honoré!

Woodbury's Facial Soap is not just a complete cleanser for keeping the normal skin in good condition. It is also a healer and corrector of habitual skin defects. Give *both* halves of your face the benefit of this simple, bland, invigorating care! The cake lasts so well that its daily use will cost you less than a penny a day!

What The Figures Told!

Of all the troublesome conditions found, 15% were entirely cured, eliminated; 75% were improved or helped; only 10%—and most of these were cases of extremely deep wrinkles—failed to respond at all to Woodbury's Facial Soap. Cases of blackheads, 48% helped, 41% greatly improved, 11% cured; of large pores, 56% helped, 25% greatly improved, 13% cured; of wrinkles, 33% helped, 27% greatly improved; of sallowness, 25% helped, 37% greatly improved, 37% cured; dry skin, 30% helped, 30% greatly improved, 40% cured; oily skin, 100% cured!

•

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap FREE. Or send 10 cents to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 935 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

©1933, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

beats train!

Beats the Twentieth Century by two minutes. You almost feel as though you could when your digestion is right. You are so alive . . . so ready for anything.

Lots of girls wonder why they don't feel more like doing things. A touch of indigestion perhaps. Many chew Beeman's regularly to prevent digestive troubles. You'll like Beeman's, the flavor is delicious.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 12*)

1. John Gilbert has just won another chance to regain his lost screen fame by the insistence of Garbo that he be her leading man in her first picture since her year's vacation. Thus does Garbo afford the man who aided her on the road to stardom years ago a new opportunity.

2. About a year or so ago, Genevieve Tobin was quoted as saying that when she married she "must have a man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook, and the sheer nerve of James Cagney." She also stipulated that the Lucky Man would have to be well-to-do. Felix Chapellett, oil magnate and well-known man-about-town, evidently fills the bill, because Genevieve is engaged to him.

3. Because Charles Laughton feels that he will greatly benefit by more stage experience, he has given up his work in the movies for a while in favor of the stage, even though his stage salary will only be almost nothing in comparison with his movie salary.

4. Stepin Fetchit, sepia-colored actor, whose rising motion picture career came to an abrupt end a few years ago because directors and producers found him "lazy," is to make his comeback on the screen. Stepin once said that he was "born tired," but he's ambitious now. However, it is amusing to note that he will be returning in a short subject for Educational Pictures, based on "Lazy Bones," the song-hit.

5. Ann Dvorak, who only recently returned from Europe and made her peace with Warner Brothers about salary differences, was borrowed from Warners by Paramount to fill the rôle left open by Sylvia Sidney, when Sylvia walked out of the cast of "The Way to Love." Sylvia Sidney was the girl who replaced Clara Bow, when Clara did her famous walk-out a few years ago.

6. Patsy Ruth Miller, who has done very little motion picture work since her marriage, has asked her freedom from her husband, Tay Garnett, movie director, in the courts of Budapest, Hungary. They were married just about four years ago. Patsy may return to the screen.

7. Adrian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's noted designer, named the following ten movie personalities as being the stars who wear the most striking clothes on the screen: Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett, Hedda Hopper, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Greta Garbo. Note that four out of the ten stars he has mentioned are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players and Adrian designs all their screen clothes.

8. Lila Lee recently announced that her engagement to Director George Hill had been called off by mutual consent, but that they would remain the best of friends. He is working on a film with Frances Marion, his ex-wife, and the rumors suspect that as being the reason for the broken troth.

9. Gary Cooper, whose parents christened him Frank James Cooper, recently asked the courts to change his name legally to Gary Cooper, the moniker he adopted for the screen and under which he has attained a world-wide reputation. And they did.

10. Nancy Carroll, who has not been getting the breaks on the screen of late, has turned to the stage, but this time she will do serious dramatic work, not the musical comedy rôles she did before she went into pictures. "Undesirable Lady" is the name of the play in which the desirable Nancy makes her dramatic début.

11. There has never been an announcement of a movie separation received with more regrets than the one of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy. The Tracys have been married twelve years and have two children, an eight-year-old son and a baby daughter, born July, 1932. Tracy has told friends that it is one trial separation that will not end in divorce, as he feels sure they will be able to adjust their differences.

12. A son was born on August 26 to Karen Morley, lovely blonde screen star, who is the wife of Charles Vidor, young motion picture director. Shortly after Karen met Vidor on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where they were both working, they fell in love and were secretly married last November.

13. As soon as Joan Bennett completed her rôle of *Amy* in "Little Women," she retired temporarily from the screen in order to await a Blessed Event. Joan, who is the wife of Gene Markey, scenario writer, has a small daughter by a former marriage.

14. The rôle of *Sybil*, the leading feminine vehicle in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," seems to have had the jinx. Originally, the rôle was to have been played by Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who stepped out of the picture, with the studio saying that Miss Joyce was having throat trouble. However, La Joyce is suing the company, which proves there were other complications. After Peggy Joyce had stepped out and Lilyan Tashman had accepted the rôle, Lilyan was suddenly taken ill and Blossom Seeley, of vaudeville fame, had to be rushed into the part—and seems to be in to stay.

15. The love letters which passed between Claire Windsor, motion picture actress, and Alfred C. Read, a young broker, were read as evidence during the trial of the sensational $100,000 alienation suit brought against Miss Windsor by Mrs. Marion Young Read, his wife, an Oakland, California society woman. In defending herself, Claire Windsor said that when she met Read for the first time she did not know he was married and that he later told her that he was about to be divorced.

16. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, of the Laurel and Hardy Comedies, not only play in pictures together, but their private lives seem to run alike. Several months ago, both Laurel and Hardy became separated from Mrs. Laurel and Mrs. Hardy and recently they both decided to effect reconciliations.

17. To go on the air for fifteen minutes each week for fifteen weeks, Marie Dressler was offered any sum she wished to name. Because Miss Dressler has not been in good health, she turned down the radio offer as she needs long rests between pictures.

18. After Joel McCrea met Frances Dee, he forgot all about the other girls and because they have been shopping together a great deal lately and keeping very much to themselves, their Hollywood acquaintances expect an elopement any day now.

19. The extortion notes which were received by Lupe Velez and which threatened kidnaping and violence to her niece, Joan del Vallee Velez, whom Lupe adopted about a year ago, caused Lupe to send her niece to a convent in Mexico.

20. Esther Ralston recently revealed that there had been a marital rift between her and her husband, George Webb, after eight years of married life and that she would seek the custody of their two-year-old daughter. Webb was his wife's business agent.

A Page of Lovely Women

GARBO'S DOUBLE, Miss Geraldine Dvorak looks so much like the great Greta that when she pauses on the New York streets, small crowds invariably gather. Miss Dvorak was under salary as Miss Garbo's double until she came to New York.

REGARDLESS OF how pretty they are, few women photograph well under any and all conditions. Miss Bobby Miller does. She is absolutely "fool proof" and therefore the answer to the Photographer's prayer. Her blonde beauty resulted in her being invited to Paris to display French style creations.

WITH BRIGHT college years behind, the next important step is to find a job. Miss Edith Reinhardt of Barnard College was lucky in three talents. She is beautiful, a talented dancer, a promising singer. Her face brought her work in the studios. Teaching dancing is her job. Her ambition is for light opera stage.

BOREDOM with social activities and curiosity about photography resulted in a pleasant and profitable career for pretty Miss Katherine Armes, of Greenwich, Conn. Not yet nineteen, she has become one of the most successful young women in the field of advertising photography. Rumor has it that she is headed for Hollywood.

THE CHANCE remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led Miss Lenore Pettit to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling, which in turn led to the stage. Miss Pettit is now abroad, posing for a well-known artist.

DON'T ENVY THEIR TEETH

Make yours like them

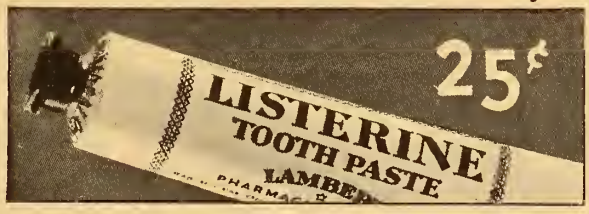
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Why not begin today to make your teeth more attractive? Why not use a dentifrice that gently but swiftly erases tobacco stains, tartar and all unsightly discolorations?

Within the past three years more than 2,000,000 women, including famous New York models, have discarded old favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste made by the makers of Listerine. They have found, as you will find after a few days' trial, that Listerine Tooth Paste produces brilliant results. They have found that dentifrices costing twice and three times as much can do no more.

Why not get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and try it? Note how much cleaner your teeth appear after you have used it a few days. See how they sparkle and gleam. Observe how the tooth paste permeates the hard-to-reach crevices between the teeth removing deposits and checking decay.

Observe how much firmer and healthier your gums are. Look for that delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that you associate with Listerine itself.



Recall also that Listerine makes your breath sweeter, and then reflect that all these benefits cost you approximately one-half of what you would ordinarily pay.

This remarkable new dentifrice at 25¢ the large tube saves you roughly $3.00 a year over tooth paste of the 50¢ class. Get a tube at your druggist's. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

An exquisite skin
... free of CHAPPING

CAMPANA'S Italian Balm stands ready to guard your skin as nothing else will. The makers of this *original* skin softener unconditionally guarantee it to prevent and overcome chapping, roughness and dryness *more quickly* than anything you have ever used.

Tests reveal that 4 out of 5 women who try Italian Balm, continue using it regularly thereafter. It is a truly scientific preparation, containing 16 ingredients—the original formula of an internationally famous, Italian skin specialist.

Far less expensive, too. In fact, Campana's Balm outsells all other skin protectors in winter-loving Canada and in thousands of cities in the United States. At drug and department stores in long-lasting 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles and in 25c tubes.

Campana's
ITALIAN
BALM
THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in tubes, 25c

Free CAMPANA SALES CO.
2711 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., MPU 11 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

There IS a Real Janet Gaynor!

(*Continued from page 51*)

Why You Don't Know Her

HER reply was simple and direct. "No one has ever asked me about myself. When interviewers have come to see me, they have inquired my views on love. Nearly all have sought to trap me or to cajole me into an admission of a heart interest. This is one subject I will not discuss.

"The writers' insistent attempts to force me into 'love revelations' that never existed led to an impasse. It was said that I was refusing interviews, that I was becoming temperamental, that I was doing a 'Garbo act.' These charges are untrue. The only interviews I refused were those that dealt with the tabooed matter of love. I had discovered that it did no good to deny what everyone seemed convinced was true. My denials only added fuel to the flame. Writers wrote not what I told them, but the meanings they wanted to read into my statements. The whole situation that this state of affairs built up was most unpleasant for all concerned."

But Janet stuck by her guns. For more than two years she maintained her rumor-imposed silence. Had people asked to see her on questions other than the forbidden one, she would have received them graciously. Strangely enough, no one did. So the silence continued. There is a definite streak of stubborn resolve in this Gaynor. Once she is convinced that she is right, nothing can shake her.

Emotionalism could easily dictate many of Janet's actions. Her emotions are very near the surface. She has learned, however, to control impulses that might lead her into countless difficulties. She has learned to think about things carefully before she does them.

What Acting Has Taught Her

"ACTING has taught me to master my emotions," she will tell you. "To give a good portrayal, you must know thoroughly the character you are portraying. Why can't one exert the same introspection in private life?"

Careful thought is reflected in her speech. In ordinary conversation, she occasionally pauses until just the right word is found. Two conclusions may be drawn here. First, that long experience in misunderstanding has bred the fear of being misunderstood; secondly, that hers is essentially an orderly mind.

Rest assured that Janet knows exactly what she is to do before she does it. Her intelligence is keen, her mental alacrity highly developed. Only in the matter of superstitions does her intellect fail to rule. She is heir to nearly every popular voodooism. For example, her right shoe is always removed before the left. Yet she does not believe in fortune-tellers and soothsayers.

"Luck has played a tremendous part in my life," says Janet in defense of her superstitions. "Still, luck is something that cannot be defined. We cannot understand or measure good fortune. We can only be grateful for it."

Janet's gratitude to the Goddess of Luck is secondary to her appreciation of the debt she freely acknowledges is due her great following. The consistent regularity with which she wins popularity contests in every section of the civilized world leaves her dismayed. Innately shy and absolutely lacking conceit, she has difficulty in recognizing herself as the ranking box-office star of Hollywood.

Left alone, she would perform the most perfect job of self-effacement in the film colony. Only because she feels it her duty does she leave the refuge of her home at all. This is the price of her popularity and she is willing to pay the price, although, to her, it is extremely high.

Still Shy—But Willing

IN the French language, publicity and notoriety are the same word. To Janet, the meanings are likewise synonymous. It took her a long time to school herself not to fear a public appearance. It also explains her habit of spending the brief intervals allowed her between pictures in secluded vacation resorts.

"It is not easy for any girl always to look her best," she explains. "At a première, or a ball, or any formal occasion, you can dress the part. There was a time when I was terror-stricken by even the thought of being stared at. Now, I must admit, there is a little thrill in having people point me out and say, 'There's Janet Gaynor.' I would probably be hurt if they didn't." (Stout fellow, Janet. Not everyone is as frank.)

"But that is when I am dressed for the occasion. Other women can easily understand what it means to be conspicuous when not at their best. You hear whispers, 'Look, she is frightfully freckled' or 'Imagine clothes like that in her position. Has she no taste?'

"It is a strain to be always on parade. I like old things, things I am comfortable in. Not being able to wear what I want when I want is one of the penalties of the game. In Honolulu, where I have a home, or in the other quiet places I go, there are no such restrictions. No one stares at you. They leave you alone to do as you choose. You are at peace with the world—and with yourself.

"Yet I have no reason to complain. Nor am I complaining. I wouldn't change places with anyone I know. I am doing things I enjoy doing, and in doing them I have earned financial independence. What if part of the price is my privacy? I am, at least, in a position to go away for privacy."

That is one of the nicest things about Janet when you get to know her. She is without sham, without pretense. She seems to say to you, "Here I am. You must like me as I am or not at all."

Amused About Her Address

SHE puts on no airs to impress you. Shortly after she rented the house where she now lives in Hollywood, the place next-door was converted into a boisterous night-club. Many would have deemed this sufficient reason to break a lease. They possibly would have considered it not exactly "nice" to reside in the neighborhood of midnight carousal. Not so, Janet. In fact, she takes an impish delight in identifying her home as the house next to the "Blank" Club.

"It saves a lot of trouble in giving directions as to how to get to my place. Just because I play simple and sweet girls on the screen, I don't have to continue the performance off. I couldn't be that unsophisticated and live."

No, Janet, you couldn't, but you must pardon the popular conception that you are a perpetual *Pollyanna*. It is difficult to differentiate between the girls you portray and the girl you are. Even those tiny little cusses you utter half under your breath seem out of character. But those who know you are aware that you are unconventional in many ways. Your home, for instance, is an indication of your rebellion against senseless conventions.

"I furnished my house to please myself," Janet says. "It probably would be the despair of every interior decorator. It fol-

(*Continued on page 92*)

Why go on with sparse, scanty Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Thousands of Women Have Used the
FAMOUS LUCILLE YOUNG METHOD
to Cultivate Beauty of Eyes

In offering women my method of cultivating eyelashes and eyebrows, I want to be perfectly frank and honest. In deference to some opinion I will not actually say that one can "grow" new eyelashes. But I thoroughly believe—and have reason to believe—that in most cases eyelashes can be stimulated to new length and beauty.

My Method Used Over Five Years by More Than 100,000 Women

Of course every woman with scanty eyelashes and eyebrows would do almost anything, pay almost any price for long, silken, curling eyelashes and well marked, beautiful eyebrows of natural growth. And just as much of course she wouldn't want to pay anything if she didn't obtain satisfactory results. Well, more than 100,000 women have used my method on exactly this basis. There are no "ifs," "ands," or "maybes" about my offer. If any one is not satisfied with results, money is returned immediately, without argument.

What Women Write Me In Amazed, Voluntary Praise

From all over America, all over the world, in fact, I have letters from women who tell me in their own glowing, happy words of eyelashes and eyebrows cultivated to the most amazing new beauty. And never have I asked for such letters. They come voluntarily, inspired by the joy that only a woman can know who has gained marvelous new beauty. I consider this absolute proof. The letters tell of actual results. I print a few of the letters on this page and I have sworn to their genuineness before a notary public. The originals are in my files.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

If you may now fringe the eyes with curling, beautiful lashes and make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines, think of the new possibilities for beauty. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty so few women possess. It is what you desire with all your heart. And now I offer you a method to cultivate such beauty, a tried and tested method, proven over many years.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed. Then I made a discovery, found the ingredients I needed. I formulated a method that was new. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. Every one knows that if roots are merely dormant—not dead or destroyed—hair can be cultivated by stimulating. So, as I say, there is no real mystery. The amazing thing is the almost magical degree of success hundreds of women have written about.

You Have Everything to Gain — Nothing to Lose

Now just consider this matter of your beauty in the light of facts. I offer you 30 days trial of my eyelash and eyebrow method, with the absolute, unqualified guarantee that if you are not delighted with results your money will be returned. I wouldn't want it, you couldn't make me keep it if you do not succeed. I'll be perfectly frank with you and tell you that out of a thousand women perhaps two or three will ask for a refund of their money. Very well then, don't you see that your likelihood of success is almost a thousand percent. And you know how it will be if you do nothing. Your eyelashes and eyebrows will always be scanty and unlovely. So just let me see what my method can do for you at my own risk.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money, simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money immediately, without question. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Miss L—. P—
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long and luxurious.
Miss F—. J—. C—.
Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be. Mlle. H—.
Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Miss P—. P—.
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise —my appearance tells the tale.
Miss N—. O—.
W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"
Miss F—. R—.
Jeannette, Penn.

Lucille Young,
71-B Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name_____
St. Address_____
City_____
State_____

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.
2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. Jim: "Oh, Mabel, that's the song Jim sang to me so much after we were married. He was so proud of my hands! But he doesn't sing it now—I don't blame him. Dishwashing has certainly ruined my hands—rough, red old things!"

Mabel: "Why, you poor lamb! Don't you know Lux in the dishpan will keep them soft and white? Ordinary soaps too often irritate your skin, hands get red and rough. Gentle Lux will give your hands a beauty bath three times a day!"

Jim: "Look at those beautiful hands! What have you been doing to them?"

Mrs. Jim: "A kitchen beauty treatment, Jimmie! I'm using Lux for dishes now and it keeps my hands white and soft!"

for Dishes
costs less than 1¢ a day

NRA

"WE DO OUR PART"

Sally Denies She'll Marry Jimmy

(*Continued from page 56*)

"I really had to laugh when I saw those pictures," Sally continued with the greatest good-humor. "I had just received a wire from Hoot saying, 'Sally, darling. No truth in those rumors. Just a friend.' And then I saw the pictures of them holding hands and beaming idiotically. They were plastered everywhere. Of course, I wired him immediately: 'I want to be the first to congratulate you on your new heart.'"

While Sally was feeling relieved because her ex-husband-to-be was well enough to feel romantic, up popped those rumors that she had a "new heart" of her own, in the person of Jimmy Dunn. But she denied her engagement to him or anybody else.

"I don't want to be married again for a long, long time," she said seriously. "But when I do, I'll be careful not to make the same mistakes a second time.

What Brought the Break-Up

"I THINK I married too young, for one thing. That's one mistake I can't make again, anyway. I was only twenty when I met Hoot, I was terribly impressed and thrilled by him, and I married him right away without thinking much about it.

"But he was much older than I—too much older. I'd never marry again with so much difference in our ages. Yet I wouldn't want a young man. That would bore me. I think a man about ten years older would be ideal.

"The trouble is that when your husband is so much older, he can't understand your point of view, or know how you feel about things. Hoot is very young for his age, but even so there was too much difference between us for him to understand me.

"We never really had any trouble. The whole thing was jealousy. Hoot was terribly jealous of me every minute that we were married. Now, jealousy is flattering to a woman up to a certain point, I think, and you wouldn't like it if your husband weren't jealous at all. But when it's carried to such an extreme, it's impossible for either of you to be natural or happy. I think a younger man would have understood better why I did the things I did, and would have shared my tastes more.

"We were both very positive people—but the trouble was that we were never positive about the same thing.

"Yet there were some lovely qualities about Hooter that I would want any other man I married to have. His sweetness—that's a wonderful quality that I wouldn't want to live without. And his love for athletics—swimming, riding, golf, and all the sports I'm fond of. I'd want that in anyone I married."

Bursting slightly out of her smart tailored suit, Sally was showing the effects of both the fourteen pounds and the valuable experience she gained during her two months in London, where she made a picture with Ben Lyon, "I Spy."

Partial to Englishmen Now

"I LEARNED a lot about different types of men while I was abroad," she said, "types that were entirely new to me, and unfamiliar to Hollywood. I like the Englishmen—I think they're charming. They have so much dignity and poise and intelligence, and they're so polite to women.

"I think that if I married again I'd want my husband to be a man more serious-minded than Hoot. He's charming, sweet, delightful—but he doesn't exactly read the best books, or anything like that."

Sally—Hollywood's favorite girl-friend, best pal, and good sport—didn't seem exactly in character, sitting there talking glibly of manners, breeding, and the higher forms of learning. It was always enough for Sally to have her brown eyes, her cool voice and gay good-fellowship, without worrying too much about being mental. But Europe has put ideas into her head.

"I'd like a man with more intellect," she insisted gravely, "who would be interested in teaching me things. I don't pretend to have any brains, but I do think it's nice to cultivate what you have, and to develop yourself as much as you can."

I am glad to report, however, that this craving for culture is not seriously affecting Sally's life from day to day. It crops out now and then in the form of a book or two that she dips into at odd moments. But Sally, after years of matronly behavior and the irksome bonds of jealousy, is bursting out into the sort of life that most girls lead in their first twenties. (Sally is twenty-four—which makes her four years younger than Jimmy Dunn.) There are plenty of beaux, cocktail parties, night-clubs—all the things that go to make up what is known as a whirl.

"It'll soon be over," she said glumly. "Back to work, and home at nine o'clock with a book."

But don't let that book deceive you.

And Jimmy Denies He'll Marry Sally

(*Continued from page 57*)

in their place. The long line of actresses whom he has squired—Molly O'Day, Maureen O'Sullivan, June Knight, Sally Eilers, and so far into the night—would have exacted the full penalty of devotion from most beaux. But with Jimmy, they were grateful for a brief whirl and a few engagement rumors. He has more or less taken his pick of the younger movie set, without once becoming involved in a marriage, or one of those long-drawn-out Hollywood attachments that are more binding than matrimony.

One reason may be Jimmy's heedless nature. He's too absorbed in going his gay way to notice things. Indiscriminately affectionate and kind, he calls everyone "honey" on two minutes' acquaintance, and is eternally good-natured and almost unendurably happy, but hardly observant. Careless and happy-go-lucky, he's not much given to thinking, or examining anyone's emotions, his own or his girl-friends'. If some young thing were breaking her heart over him, or dropping warm hints about a wedding, he probably wouldn't even know it.

"I love girls," he said. "I'm attracted by sweet personalities. But it's all wrong about my being the ladies' man, the way the writers all say I am. I guess the reason I've gone around with so many of them without tying myself up to one is that I haven't been serious about it. It was all just a lot of fun and kidding around.

Marriage-Minded Only Once

"MARRIAGE has never been mentioned between me and any of those girls, except one. All those engagements existed only in the minds of the gossips, and what of it? That's all right. It's good publicity for us. Gives us sex-appeal, I suppose.

"That one girl and I talked of getting married, but we decided to go around together for a long time first to make sure we got on well. And after awhile we didn't get on well, so we gave up the idea."

Jimmy began to grow uncomfortable, finding himself making speeches on such dangerous subjects as love and marriage. He seems to think the words "home," "wife," and—worst of all—"child" are sure death to a young movie star. But he defied the menace long enough to say,

"I'm getting to the age where I ought to be married. I'm twenty-eight and Gee! I get lonely. I'd love a wife. But what can you do? You can't go out and buy a wife. Except for that one girl, I've never known anyone yet that I wanted to marry, and I can't say what kind of girl it'll be when I do.

"Love is one thing you don't know anything about. You can't make any prophecies, or learn anything from experience. I might tell you, and mean it, that I love a girl who's athletic and a good sport and likes horseback-riding and flying and other things I like, and will go out and do them with me. But that same night I might meet a girl who does nothing except just sit in a chair—and I might fall in love with her! I don't know what it is or why.

"It's just a matter of personality, and you can't analyze that. I don't think looks have anything to do with it. You never love a girl for her looks. All the girls I've gone around with, I've liked for very different reasons, but they haven't taught me a thing about what the girl I'll eventually fall in love with will be like.

About Maureen, June and Molly

"I LIKED Maureen O'Sullivan because she was so darn cute, with that little upturned nose of hers. She was fresh and sweet and you couldn't help loving her. She was different from the other girls I'd known, and refreshing. I liked her honesty, and the way she ate beefsteak and potatoes, instead of lettuce leaves like most of the girls. She never had to think about what she ate, she had such a lovely figure, and her appetite was just as honest as everything else about her.

"June Knight I liked because of the way she sang, and her dancing. It was really those things that attracted me at first, and made me crazy about her. Then, when I got to know her, I liked her for her energy. I've never known a girl who had so much pep and vitality. Of course, she had a pretty face and figure and a lot of other charms, but that was the quality that always attracted me most, and made her different from other people.

"I just happened to run into Molly O'Day at the Fox Studio one day, when I first went out to Hollywood and didn't know anybody, and felt lonesome and strange. I used to know Molly years and years ago, when we were kids in New Rochelle, and I knew her brothers very well. Molly looked like home to me, and she was my only friend in Hollywood. She was awfully nice to me, and we started out by playing golf together, and then went around more and more until they started the engagement rumors. That's all there was to that—I knew Molly from 'way back, and she was a sweet kid and befriended me when I was lonely.

"I've already explained about Sally . . ."

But having got started on the subject of girls and romance rumors, Jimmy had more ideas about marriage.

"I figure it's like this," he said. "First, there's the great heat—you know what I mean. Then most of that goes, but if it's a happy marriage, something else replaces it, something cooler and calmer, but very swell. If that doesn't happen, you're sunk.

"So, believe me, I'm not going to rush into matrimony. It's too serious, and it takes too long to get out of it. I don't want to get mixed up in any divorce mess; when I marry, I'm going to think of it as being forever. So I'm not going to marry anyone unless I'm very, very sure that she's the right girl and it's going to last."

Has the real beauty of your teeth *been hidden by seven stains?*

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action, fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

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EASE THAT MONTHLY LET-DOWN

● Don't let periodic pains ruin your day and deprive you of your normal activity. Banish them with Kalms tablets. Headaches, neuralgia, backache, cramps, and other localized pains are promptly relieved by a small dosage.

Kalms, developed in the famous Johnson & Johnson laboratories, are safe to take and do their work quickly. They contain nothing a physician could not endorse. They are not habit-forming and do not affect digestion or heart action. Kalms are economical, too, for one tablet is a dose.

Your druggist has Kalms in attractive, convenient, purse-size boxes containing 12 tablets. Mail coupon below for free sample package of Kalms.

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Tip-Offs On The Talkies

What They're About— And How Good They Are

By James Edwin Reid

Another Language—Helen Hayes marries Robert Montgomery, acquires a flock of in-laws who speak "another language," and is almost willing to lose Bob to them. A sensitive comedy, with some crystal-clear characterizations (M-G-M).

A Bed of Roses—Once again, Constance Bennett discovers that "the easiest way" is not the happiest way. A pert newcomer named Pert Kelton steals the familiar, but interesting show (RKO).

Berkeley Square—Leslie Howard turns time back in its flight and re-lives the romance of a vivid, long-dead ancestor, with Heather Angel gazing in his eyes. A delightful, delicate fantasy—one to put you in a mood (Fox).

Big Executive—Ricardo Cortez, who thought that money mattered, discovers that it doesn't—not with a girl like newcomer Elizabeth Young loving him just for himself. Minor Wall Street melodrama (Par.).

Bitter Sweet—Noel Coward's charming, wistful story of two young lovers in old-time Vienna who found life a bitter, tragic struggle, but found life sweet—together. To date, the screen's most affecting musical romance, beautifully played by Anne Neagle and Fernand Graavey (U. A.).

The Blarney Kiss—After he kisses the Blarney Stone, likable Tom Walls discovers that neither the toughest trouble nor the loveliest lass can faze him. Amusing in a slow, sentimental way (Principal).

Blind Adventure—In foggy old London, Robert Armstrong runs head-on into a hair-raising predicament, in which a gentleman-burglar (Roland Young) comes to his rescue. A mystery that's exciting and, at the same time, kids all mysteries (RKO).

Captured!—In a German prison camp, Leslie Howard meets Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has won his wife away from him. A triangle story that is novel and tense at times, but far-fetched (W. B.).

The Devil's in Love—Victor Jory, a surgeon in an artificial-looking Foreign Legion, risks his handsome neck for love—and almost makes it seem worth while (Fox).

Dinner at Eight—Bigger and better than "Grand Hotel"—comic, tragic, dramatic, ironic fare of the kind that bowls you over. Under cover, the lives of a number of people are subtly intertwined; at a dinner they meet, and have to mask their emotions. Among those present are John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe and Billie Burke (M-G-M).

Disgraced—When Helen Twelvetrees' common-law husband (Bruce Cabot) is murdered, the district attorney points his finger at her. A last-minute novel twist saves it from being routine courtroom melodrama (Par.).

Don't Bet on Love—Ginger Rogers can't keep boyfriend Lew Ayres from betting on the horses, but a horse that "also ran" finally reforms him. Light—and slight (Univ.).

Double Harness—William Powell, a gay man-about-town, teams up with Ann Harding—and then discovers she tricked him into marriage. She has her troubles, keeping him in rein. Smooth acting in a comedy that comes close to sparkling (RKO).

Flying Devils—A colorful, suspenseful yarn about a troupe of flying acrobats—Ralph Bellamy, Bruce Cabot, Arline Judge and Eric Linden. When Arline and Eric fall in love, that's when things get exciting, with the mood Bellamy plotting vengeance in the air (RKO).

F. P. 1—A glimpse into the future, in which your eye is riveted on an airplane stop in mid-ocean. Unusual melodrama, involving Conrad Veidt and Leslie Fenton (Fox).

Goodbye Again—An insanely funny comedy about a lecturing author (Warren William), his hard-boiled secretary (Joan Blondell), and an old girl-friend (Genevieve Tobin) who's convinced he loves her, even if she is married (to Hugh Herbert). He has to talk fast and travel fast—and the nonsense keeps pace with him (F. N.).

Headline Shooter—He's a newsreel cameraman (William Gargan), who thrives on danger and consequently has a hard time persuading Frances Dee that she'd enjoy married life with him. Fast-moving melodrama (RKO).

Her Bodyguard—Wynne Gibson is a ritzy lass who needs protection; Edmund Lowe is the Irish detective who gets the job. Presto! some comical situations develop. Easy to watch, easy to forget (Par.).

Her First Mate—Again, Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville are married. Slim has sea fever and wants to own a six-master; she wants to keep him near home on a ferryboat. And between them, they're good for plenty of laughs (Univ.).

I Loved a Woman—The rise and fall of a Chicago financier, whose love for an opera singer makes him ambitious, and whose ambition is his ruin. A dramatic, ironical tale, brilliantly acted by Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis (F. N.).

Lady for a Day—Another grand old lady of the screen—May Robson—puts herself in Marie Dressler's class, as an aged apple-seller who has to pretend to be a society matron. Warren William, Guy Kibbee and Glenda Farrell aid her hoax, which is fraught with constant, uproarious complications (Col.).

Laughing at Life—Victor McLaglen trots all over the globe, hunting adventure, and wherever he finds it, he also finds William Boyd, who gets in his hair. It's exciting and it's hilarious (Mascot).

Mama Loves Papa—Mary Boland sends henpecked Charlie Ruggles off to work in morning clothes, and then the fun begins. One outrageously funny misadventure after another befalls him (Par.).

The Man Who Dared—"An imaginative biography" based on the life of the late Mayor Cermak, this tells a great human interest story. Preston Foster treads the threshold of stardom in the title rôle (Fox).

Mary Stevens, M.D.—As a child specialist who works medical miracles, but cannot save her own child, Kay Francis wrings every possible ounce of sympathy out of a novel rôle. The side-romance is trite, though (W. B.).

The Masquerader—In a dual rôle, Ronald Colman is equally colorful as a drug-racked man of fame and as the clever unknown who takes his place. Elissa Landi is a radiant help (U. A.).

Midnight Club—Surprise! Clive Brook is the suave crook, and George Raft is the lad who is on his trail. It follows a familiar pattern, but moves briskly (Par.).

Moonlight and Pretzels—The newest musical comedy of backstage life—and it's filled with pep and dash and haunting, hot-cha songs. Mary Brian, Roger Pryor and Leo Carrillo carry the story, which has some smart variations from the usual backstage tale (Univ.).

The Morning Glory—Katharine Hepburn, a small-town girl anxious to make good as a big-town actress, meets playwright Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and producer Adolphe Menjou—and falls in love with the wrong one. Again Katharine proves that she is a vivid personality (RKO).

No Marriage Ties—Ad-man Richard Dix and artist Elizabeth Allan drift along without benefit of clergy, which makes parting seem that much easier when he meets Doris Kenyon. Meanwhile, you see a constantly amusing exposé of high-pressure advertising (RKO).

One Year Later—First you see Mary Brian and Donald Dilloway setting out on their honeymoon; then, one year later, you see him setting out for prison and the electric chair. The story of what had happened in the interim is mildly absorbing (Allied).

Pilgrimage—Henrietta Crosman gives a magnificent portrayal in this quietly impressive tragedy of a mother who sends her son (Norman Foster) to war to part him from the girl he loves (Marian Nixon), becomes a Gold Star mother, and years later realizes her selfish cruelty (Fox).

The Power and the Glory—The movies have found a new way to tell a story. It's called "narratage." Through the eyes of Ralph Morgan, you see the story of Colleen Moore, a school-teacher, who had taught track-walker Spencer Tracy to read and write, had married him and, with her ambition, had sent him on to power and glory—only to have his success lead to tragedy. One of the screen's most memorable pictures (Fox).

Rafter Romance—Ginger Rogers lives in an attic room by night; Norman Foster lives in the same room by day; and each hates his unknown fellow-tenant. Then, outside, they meet and fall in love. It's a bright little romantic comedy, brightly played (RKO).

The Secret of the Blue Room—In Lionel Atwill's dour castle, one of Gloria Stuart's suitors vanishes, another is murdered, and the third (Paul Lukas) solves the mysteries just in time. It has suspense (Univ.).

Shanghai Madness—Spencer Tracy, of the U. S. Navy, is so much of a patriot that he disobeys orders, gets dismissed, and then gets all tangled up in a Chinese revolution, with Fay Wray to rescue. Fast-moving melodrama (Fox).

Sing, Sinner, Sing—Leila Hyams, torch singer aboard Paul Lukas' gambling ship, leaves him, marries tipsy Donald Dilloway, and runs into a murder charge. A hodge-podge of gangster melodrama, in which the cast works hard (Majestic).

The Song of Songs—The scenario writers haven't done right by Sudermann's ironical novel of a woman born to be loved—but the camera has made Marlene Dietrich more magically glamourous than ever before, ably supported by Lionel Atwill and newcomer Brian Aherne (Par.)

Storm at Daybreak—Against a background of war and racial hatred, Austrian Nils Asther falls in love with Serbian Kay Francis, wife of Walter Huston, who takes the blow in an unexpected fashion. Tense triangle melodrama (M-G-M).

Stranger's Return—Miriam Hopkins, city-weary, returns to the farm of her shrewd old grandfather (Lionel Barrymore) and falls in love with neighbor Franchot Tone, who can't marry her. Like "State Fair," Phil Stong's newest story paints a vivid picture of rural America—and Barrymore is at his best (M-G-M).

Tarzan, the Fearless—Buster Crabbe, like Johnny Weissmuller, turns ape man in an Edgar Rice Burroughs jungle and has some fantastically exciting adventures. The youngsters will eat it up (Principal).

This Day and Age—Cecil B. De Mille sets out to prove that the younger generation will be the ones to get rid of the gangster menace. Some adventurous juveniles, headed by Richard Cromwell, do dispose of Charles Bickford in a propaganda drama that packs a punch, but sadly lacks humor (Par.).

This Is America—Something new in the movie line—a pictorial reminiscence of American life from 1917 to 1933, told through newsreel shots. It's a colorful, entertaining history lesson (Frederic Ullman, Jr.).

Three-Cornered Moon—A mad, mad tale of a mad, mad family, who always obey their impulses. Mary Boland is the mother, William Bakewell, Wallace Ford and Tom Brown the sons, and Claudette Colbert the daughter—who has two suitors, sane Richard Arlen and semi-sane Hardie Albright. It's penetratingly funny (Par.).

Thunder Over Mexico—Art with a capital A—a tragic love story that is really the saga of a race. It is unusual, disturbing, and silent, acted by natives (Principal).

Torch Singer—Claudette Colbert in a drama of mother love—in which she rises from speakeasy depths to radio heights as a blues singer, gives up her child en route, and then desperately tries to find her. Men will like Claudette, and women will have a good cry over the story (Par).

Tugboat Annie—Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are in love again, sometimes comically, sometimes pathetically, always humanly. She's the skipper of a tugboat, and he's her no-account mate who finally turns out to be a hero, after all. Robust entertainment (M-G-M).

Voltaire—George Arliss goes even more suave than usual as the great French wit and master of intrigue, who ruled France through *Madame Pompadour* (Doris Kenyon), mistress of the king (W. B.).

What Price Innocence?—Because her parents had shied away from educating her about sex, innocent Jean Parker's life is tragically wrecked. A picture with a great big moral, but told well (Col.).

The Wrecker—Two-fisted Jack Holt, a tearer-downer of big buildings, is wrecked, himself, by an unfaithful wife—and is a long time staging a comeback. Routine melodrama, adorned with an excellent cast (Col.).

Pepsodent Antiseptic assures a pure, sweet breath at 1/3 the cost!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN almost every family—certainly in every group of friends—there is someone who is being fooled by ineffective mouth antiseptics. It's a friendly act to tell them about Pepsodent . . . how Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—how, by adding water, you make it go three times as far and thus get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.*

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. The result is too important—whether fighting colds or unpleasant breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	**Cuts and Abrasions**
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	**Dandruff**
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
Irritations of the Gums	"Athlete's Foot"
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After Shaving	

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Pepsodent Antiseptic

ANITA LOUISE, GLAMOROUS MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS

Be the Girl with

ENTICING EYES!

● When men find a glance enchanting . . . here's the secret! Silken, curly *lashes* . . . dark and heavy . . . make your eyes seem the largest, deepest in the world.

This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows . . . and uses . . . Winx, the NEW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxuriant loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up . . . just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or fleck off. Won't smart. Never stiffens into sharp points or coarse, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try it. Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow.** It is not greasy, and comes in 5 subtle shades.

WINX

Blonde Hair

Must have special care to keep it always golden

HOW quickly blonde hair darkens unless given *special care!* That's why millions of wise blondes use Blondex—the special shampoo for blonde and light hair. Prevents darkening. Brings back golden beauty to even the dullest hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh, injurious chemicals. Two sizes—25¢ and $1.00. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

Ruby Keeler Is NOT Quitting the Screen

(*Continued from page 41*)

separated so much of the time, and you can't blame Hollywood for wondering if the little Keeler was going to "sign off" from the movies almost as suddenly and unexpectedly as she had signed on eight months before in "42nd Street."

From the studio where Ruby was engaged on her third musical, "Footlight Parade," came the report that the little starlet was "straining at the leash," that she was impatiently awaiting the moment when it would be finished so that she might fly to New York to join her Al, who had gone East a week after the Winchell fracas.

Did this mean that Ruby might not return to Hollywood—that she, as well as Jolson, was disgusted with Hollywood and anxious to be free of it?

What She's Like Off-Screen

IT was Ruby, herself, who settled these momentous questions soon after she had admitted me to the Jolson apartment at the ultra-smart Town House. It was one of those extra-warmish days of late summer and Ruby was sporting a cute print pajama suit, a brand-new "short bob" and a friendly little Irish smile. If she was upset or mad about anything, you'd never have known it.

The Keeler, in person, has all the charming shyness that characterizes her work on the screen. There is something indescribably sweet about her personality—sweet, without being insipid. There was a maid hovering about in the background, but it was Ruby, with the "manners" of a well-brought-up child, who took my wrap and held the matches for the innumerable cigarettes we smoked.

In the beginning, I think she had been fearful that I was going to bring up that disagreeable subject of the Legion "fights." Though we skirted that sensational event all through our talk, we never actually got onto it. There's something about Ruby, an appealing helplessness, that makes for consideration of her "feelings." Just as her shadow reflects on the screen, the off-screen girl is timid, shy; her whole manner asks for your approval and your friendship.

She *did* deny that Al, who was photographically present all over the room, had asked her to give up the movies!

"It isn't true that Al has asked me to give up pictures," she remarked in her little-girl voice. "Yes, I think he would be very happy if I would retire, but he would never ask it of me. If the idea should come from *me*—well, that would be something else again. I think he would be delighted if I decided of my own free will that I wanted to quit.

What She Has Sacrificed

"YOU see, Al and I have been married five years. Until I went in the movies we were together constantly—golfing, traveling, just having fun. And you know how it is with a studio contract. When you are working on a picture, you just can't be free to do those things. It has meant that we have been separated far more in the past year than either of us wanted, or liked. Just at the present Al is in the East, fulfilling a radio contract, and I may be detained here for another two or three weeks on the picture.

"Yes, the story that I am impatient to be finished with the picture is true, because I particularly want to be in New York with Al at this time. *But there is no other reason.* I'm not leaving Hollywood because I intend to walk out on a contract. Why in the world should I? I really get an awful kick out of pictures; I love them, really. I think I've had the most marvelous break in the world, being in two such successful pictures as '42nd Street' and 'Gold-Diggers of 1933.'"

"It *isn't* true that Al and I have been arguing over my rôle in 'Footlight Parade' just by way of picking some legal 'out' for my contract. The only thing that has even come up for discussion is that I do four song-and-dance numbers in this new picture, and we both felt that I might be carrying the musical scenes to a tiresome extent.

The Final Proof She'll Stay

"IN 'Gold-Diggers,' Joan Blondell and Ginger Rogers each carried a big musical number, which left only two for Dick Powell and me. The audience didn't have a chance to get tired of us singing and dancing each number. But with *four* numbers to do—well, we just figured that might be too many. Al thought so, too. But when we talked it over with the director of the picture and the dance-director and they both decided against our opinion, that was all there was to the matter. There was no real argument or dispute.

"Just to prove how silly these walk-out rumors really are, Al will be back out here in six weeks or so to start on his own picture for Warner Brothers, 'Wonderbar'! Then we will both be busy in Hollywood, which doesn't sound much like flight, does it?

International

Devoted? Sa-a-ay! Ruby Keeler flew East just to be with lonely Al Jolson for three short days—while the last scenes of "Footlight Parade" waited!

"The only thing that would ever make me want to give up the screen would be the thought my work was really making Al unhappy. If I thought for a minute it was jeopardizing our married happiness, then wild horses couldn't make me remain in Hollywood. Because, with me, Al always has—and always will—come first!

"But," laughed Ruby, "I'm sort of hoping he will get another yen for the movies when he comes back here this time!"

And that is Ruby's own answer to the Hollywood gossip that she's quitting the screen. It just isn't so!

A few days after I talked with Ruby, she up and flew off to New York before "Footlight Parade" was finished—and I wondered if she had suddenly changed her mind. But she hadn't. She was back in less than a week. Meanwhile, she showed that Al took precedence over any movie!

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

intelligence, good disposition, honesty, ambition, good dresser, good breeding, masculinity, good drinker, personality, wealth.

And that for you bank-roll boys!

FOR those readers who have been inquiring regarding the Marx Brothers and their box-fighter, Canvasback Cohen, we have the following communication from the Fantastic Foursome:

"The whole world loves a winner, but not the Marx Brothers—they love a loser. Inasmuch as Cohen won his last fight, we have decided to retire from the managerial end, and we will not be responsible for anybody he hits, including us."

NICE, simple little place, that new home of Adrienne Ames. A room recently opened in it, f'instance, gives an idea of just what a modest nook it is. The wallpaper was painted in Italy; the games were sent out from Abercrombie and Fitch's in New York; hot and cold air systems have been installed; the rail at the bar is of hammered brass; the glasses were specially blown for the bar; the furniture was designed by a world-famous artist in the East and made there; the floor coverings were sent out from Akron.

And among the more constant guests, we suppose, will be Jacques de Bujac, called Bruce Cabot.

THE question as to who will play the title rôle in the forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" still rages. Babe Didrickson, the lady athlete, is the latest to come forward with ideas. "I think," states the Texas Olympian, "that an unknown young woman should get the part because the public gets sorta tired seeing the same old faces all the time."

A lot of ex-film stars will concur in the thought that Miss Didrickson throws a syntax almost as far as she does a javelin.

A NEW high for modesty was estab-lished the other day by Ed Wynn, who has come West to make "The Fire Chief," when someone started to introduce him to Mae Clarke. Ed said that he already knew Mae. "We were in a show together."

But he didn't add that in the show he was the star and Mae a chorus girl!

WYNN, with Jimmy Durante and Jack Pearl, who also is to make a movie (of his famous radio character, the Baron) held a reunion at M-G-M, where all three are working.

"This is gonna be swell," Jimmy exclaimed. "The only thing is that we gotta be careful of telling each other's gags to the same people!"

To Tell You the Truth Dept:

. . . . . Connie Bennett calls him Rolando . . . Bing Crosby has afternoon tea daily . . . ten years ago Jean Harlow was attending Ferry Hall School in Chicago . . . Mae West introduced the phrase "And don't call me Madame!" seven years ago in a vaudeville act . . . Jack Oakie never goes to a preview or opening of a picture in which he is featured . . . (Kent) Douglass Montgomery returns to pictures in "Little Women," and this time likes it . . . Chevalier knocks wood for luck every time he makes a prediction . . . and we knock off!

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Twenty-Three Men—and *Never Been Kissed!*

(*Continued from page 35*)

David Manners to Kay Francis in that opus. I knew it would be that way from the start. I didn't even need to read the script.

"'Men Are Such Fools'—not fools enough to do *me* any good. I did my best to be kind and sweet and too, too generous to Leo Carrillo in that one. He wasn't fool enough to fall for that.

"'Huddle'—there were simply flocks of girls. They all had beaux but me.

"'Red-Headed Woman'—need I remind anyone that Jean Harlow was in that? And my chronic state of girl-frienditis became acute.

"'Whistling in the Dark'—*I* had Ernie Truex. Now I love Ernie and I also love George E.—but, after all, I *am* a tall girl!

"'She Wanted a Millionaire'—I got no million; I did get the air.

"'The Bat Whispers'—'No beau for you—no beau for you—'

"'Eyes of the World'—no beau.

"'The Command Performance'—ditto, ditto.

"'Don't Bet on Women'—no beau.

"'Six-Cylinder Love'—no beau.

"'Impatient Maiden' — the sub-title should have been 'Alias Una Merkel.'

"'They Call It Sin?'—*who* does? HAH!

"'Wicked'—but wonderful. NO BEAU!

"*Then,*" said Una, "then we came, or I came, to the making of 'Clear All Wires,' with Lee Tracy. *I* was the sex interest, at last. I got KISSED. I saw to that. And did I go up in my lines, time and time and time again! So that they would have to make retake after retake of *just—those—scenes.* Didn't I just? Don't be silly! Does a starving man eat red meat?

Her Heart Went Haywire

"THE director finally lost all patience with me. He had heard that I was rather a bright girl. He said, 'What the so-and-so's the matter with you, Una? You can't seem to get this love scene with Lee into your head! He has kissed you *twenty-three* times by actual count and he seems to be in for twenty-three more! What the ---- is it all about?' Could I tell him that I could get the scene into my head all right, that it was my heart that was eating it up, and that it was that long-neglected organ that was gumming up the works?

"Twenty-three times. Well, justice can be had if a man can't—that was my slogan. I 'got' my lines after that and we went on from there. Which meant that I had to follow Lee to Moscow (in the picture) and when I caught him, he sent me to Siberia—so that that kiss didn't really count for anything. But even Siberia wasn't cold after the retakes I put *him* through!

"Then the old cycle started again. In 'Midnight Mary,' *I* had Warren Hymer! Loretta Young had Ricardo Cortez. Of course, Warren is nice. Warren is very nice. But—I didn't go up on my lines. There were no retakes where I was concerned.

"*What's the matter with me?* I'm either the girl-friend, left at home with the left-overs, or I'm the hussy who calls a portly gentleman 'Daddy,' while Romance rides by my door. I am left, inevitably, with a twinkle in my eye and a canyon in my heart. What IS the matter with me?"

There doesn't seem to be *very* much the matter with Una. She has a Venus-like figure and pale gold hair and forget-me-not blue eyes. And when we lunched together in the Metro Commissary, Kay Francis and Walter Huston and Nils Asther and Clarence Brown and waitresses and "extras" and technicians and cameramen came over to our table to greet the little Merkel girl affectionately.

And there is a little story about her in the days when she was just beginning on the stage that seems to me to tell *her* story. It was John Golden who first gave her her chance. She did a great deal of work in stock for him always, of course, with those forget-me-not eyes fixed, somewhat wistfully, on the great white lights of Broadway. Someday, somehow, she, too. . . .

The Kind of Girl She Is

THEN, at last, came a chance for her to play in "Coquette" with Helen Hayes. She had, the day before, promised John Golden to go out in stock for him. She went to see John, hopefully. She told him her Big Chance had come. And he told her that she must make her own decision. She had promised to go out in stock for him. She had always talked a lot about gratitude; she had said that she would never be like all the others. It was up to her. She was to go home and sleep over it.

"And so," said Una, "I went home. I didn't sleep a wink that whole night. I argued with myself. I prayed. I knew that this chance might never come to me again. I knew, too, that I had said I was grateful to Mr. Golden. And I was grateful, too. The next morning, I went to him. I said, 'Mr. Golden, I have decided. I will go out in stock for you. I *am* grateful, really.' And he said, 'That's all I wanted to know, Una. I've telephoned that you will report for rehearsal of "Coquette" this morning!'"

And Una played in "Coquette" with Helen Hayes for two whole years. And when Helen was married to playwright Charles MacArthur, it was Una who caught the

Acme

Una Merkel says it all evens up. She hasn't had any *reel* romances, but has found *real* romance—with Ronald Burla

bridal bouquet. As it was Una who had been the recipient of all the romantic secrets and yearnings throughout the courtship. "Charlie once said to Helen," Una told me, "'You may not be happy with me, Helen, but you'll never be bored—'"

When Walter Huston stopped at our table as we were lunching, Una said to him, "Walter, you give Miss Hall the interview for me. I can't talk about myself." And he told me, "The one girl who has never changed except to grow deeper and finer, more of an artist, more of a woman, more lovable, more valuable—there aren't many

people of whom you can *honestly* say these things. I honestly say them about Una."

Grew Up Without Beaux

"STILL," said Una, "it's funny that I get the left-overs; that I'm always the left-out one or the—the trollop who has to titivate around and act.

"Still, maybe it isn't so funny. I honestly never did have a beau until I was over seventeen. And then I went to a church dance with him and came home at ten o'clock with a chilly hand-clasp for good-night. No boy ever seemed to look at me or ask me out or have evil intentions or anything like that. I remember we used to go, summers, to a place called Pine Grove, up in Connecticut. There was a dance pavilion there where everyone used to go evenings. I was always scared to death for fear I'd be one of the girls left sitting against the wall, with their parents. As a matter of fact, I often *was* left that way. I had a perfect horror of being a wallflower. I knew what that horror was.

"I think it came of my parents being so young when I was born. My mother was only eighteen. She named me Una because she knew that she could never have another baby. I was The *One*. Anyway, I always felt as if I had to take care of them. I felt responsible for them, what time they got in nights, what they ate and how they dressed and seeing that we caught trains in time and everything.

"I taught Sunday School for four years, too, when I was a youngster. And I was the President of a Christian Endeavor Society in New York. I worked hard at that, so hard that I brought the membership up from sixteen to sixty-five. I was once offered a scholarship in a religious college, too. I was destined to go in for welfare work.

Then Came REAL Romance

"BUT to go back to my beaux—when I did start in to have one or two, I always scared them off. I always wanted to *marry* them. After the first week it was always one of those unhappy affairs, with tragedy and breaking hearts and all that sort of thing. I didn't seem to have the light touch with the cake of courtship. I never ran around with a crowd and had gay flirtations and dates and good times like that.

"And then—when my *real* romance came—well, I got serious about *that* the first minute I laid eyes on Ronnie. (Ronnie is Ronald L. Burla, aviation instructor.) I tried to hide it, having learned part of my lesson. I suffered again, of course. I didn't think he liked me. I had been in Hollywood for a while then and I had got used to being kidded and called 'darling' and 'sweetheart' whether they meant it or not. And Ronnie didn't act that way at all.

"Then we went out together and the second time we went out, *we were engaged*. He says, of course (he'd *better!*), that it was first sight with him, too. Anyway, the funniest part of our romance is the way hysteria repeats itself. Mother met Daddy on the first day of July. She became engaged to him the second time they went out together. They were married six months later, on the first of January. I met Ronnie on the first day of July. We were engaged the second time we met. We were married six months later, on the first of January.

"All of which makes me—what? I don't know. It may be that the girls who sit against the walls at dances and the movie players who never get kissed are the ones who find the realest romance in real life. Maybe the law of compensation operates even for an unkissed blonde. It seems to have worked that way with me. Because I did play opposite twenty-three men and not a kiss was kissed, and I *am* the kissingest girl alive (don't tell) and I have the kissingest husband, so THERE!"

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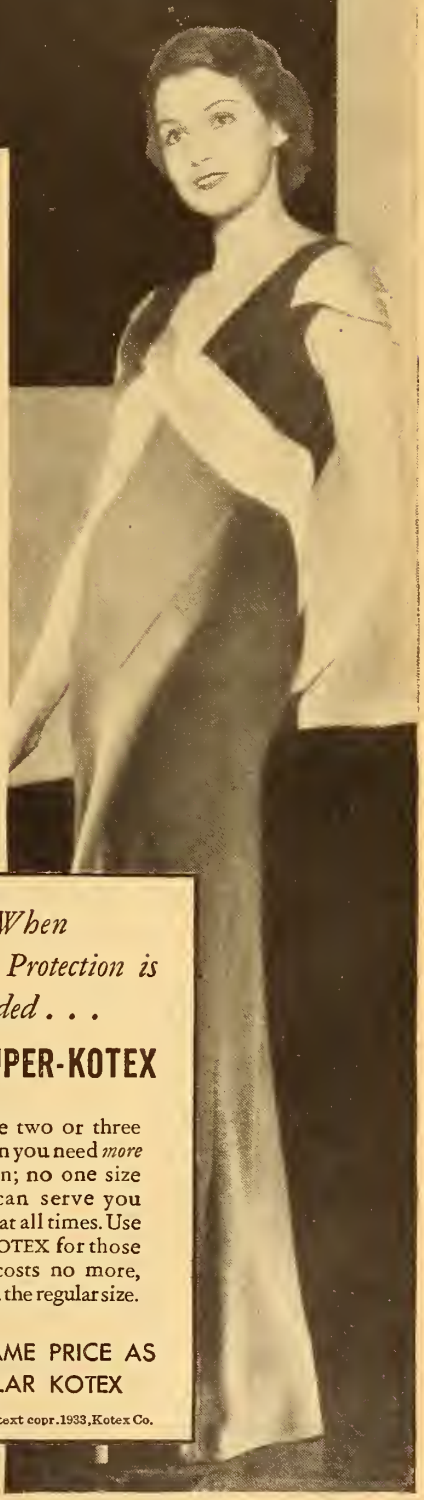

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Buried Treasure of the Stars

(*Continued from page 53*)

with it. The pin was worth about fifteen thousand dollars. Marion isn't taking chances like that any more. She isn't taking any kind of chances.

One of the most interesting and lavish jewel collections in the world belongs to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who admits frankly she didn't dare bring it to Hollywood for fear of the aforementioned "finger man." She left her treasure buried away in vaults in Chicago, and one piece, in a vault in Paris.

Where Peggy's Diamond Reposes

THE famous Joyce diamond, once ordered by an Indian rajah for his princeling son, weighs one hundred and fifty (count them!) carats and is said to be worth a half-million dollars. And where is it now? Locked securely in a steel safe-deposit box in Chicago. With it are most of the other Joyce jewels.

Peggy keeps her famous string of pearls in Paris. Reason? The duty to bring them into the United States would be eighty thousand dollars and she says she "can't afford that." It is bad for pearls to be locked away from the light and air; they lose their lustre, become cold and dead-looking. Thus, one of the first things that Peggy does when she reaches Paris is to get out the pearls and give them an airing, even as you and I might take Towser out for some fresh air.

Poor Peggy! Poor little rich girl! She can't wear her jewels because they are too valuable. She refuses to duplicate them in paste, because she says "there is no joy in anything that isn't real." In Hollywood, she has only a diamond wrist watch and a small platinum chain with an emerald lorgnette attached to it. Incidentally, most of her jewels are said to be souvenirs of her famous romances.

Which recalls that Kay Francis has two very valuable pieces, each representing a faded romance in her life, locked up in New York. One is a huge emerald ring and one a huge diamond, presents of the two husbands she had before she met and married Kenneth MacKenna. Perhaps Kay wouldn't wear them anyway, to-day, but she takes no chance of having them disappear in Hollywood.

The Talmadge sisters, who have superb collections of jewels, next probably to that of Marion Davies, wear them infrequently now. I saw Constance at the Abe Lyman opening at the Ambassador recently, and her only jewel ornaments were her rings.

She has, by the way, one of the outstanding diamonds of the country. It is a huge forty-carat thing, worth in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. (It doesn't compare with the Joyce diamond, but it's pretty good!) She also has a beautiful star sapphire bracelet with three large stones in it that may have cost about fifteen thousand dollars. Experts say that she has two hundred thousand dollars tied up in precious stones. Locked up, they mean.

Gloria's Pearls Hidden, Too

THERE are very few strands of real pearls in Hollywood, for the reason that pearls are easily imitated and the stars like to have people sure they are wearing the real thing when they wear it! However, Gloria Swanson has, or did have, one of these rare strands. But you never see it now. Like Peggy Joyce's, it is far from the reach of clutching hands.

Two stars who wear their jewels, but wear them conservatively, are Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. And it's safe to say that the jewels are insured. If stars do wear jewelry, they still protect it!

Most of Joan's jewels are souvenirs of her wedded life with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She treasures most of all an engagement ring that he gave her. It is worth about four thousand dollars, not a princeling sum as compared to the worth of later presents, but representing a goodly portion of Doug's worldly goods when she received it. Some of her other jewels include a pear-shaped diamond of about seven carats, some beautiful diamond ear-drops, star rubies, emeralds, sapphire bracelets. Her collection is appraised at one hundred thousand dollars.

Carole Lombard owns a beautiful and unusual eighty-carat star sapphire ring, which she wears despite all the bugaboo of robberies. She did lose it one day, but that was because it fell off her finger. And it was returned by a studio worker, who found it in a ditch outside the gate! Carole has several sapphires, clips, pins, et cetera, and an emerald ring weighing about eleven carats.

Speaking of losing things through carelessness, Grace Moore used to throw the crew at M-G-M into near-hysterics by the way she carelessly left two big jewel boxes about the sets and her dressing-room. She insisted upon wearing authentic stones in her pictures and thus her own jewelry. She never lost it, however, until after she left Hollywood.

Lilian Wore Them Just Once

LILIAN Harvey made her début in Hollywood at a press party. Her arm was spanned by diamond bracelets and all of the press commented on it. The next day, Miss Harvey's jewels, upon sage advice, went into the safe deposit boxes, increasing Hollywood's store of buried treasure.

Hollywood men love jewelry, but as they don't go for big bracelets and hat clips, you hear less about their possessions and they don't seem to be robbery victims to the extent of the women.

Adolphe Menjou is generally conceded to be the lad with the best jewels. He has a black pearl tuxedo set that is the envy of the town. But he doesn't wear them every night in the week. No, siree!

William Powell has studs and cuff links of star sapphires. Wallace Beery has a whopper of a diamond ring—three diamonds set together, which blaze out like a tri-cornered headlight. The "still" photographers at M-G-M howl about this ring when Wally has his picture taken. They just yell, "Douse the glim," and Wally knows what they mean.

Jean Hersholt has a stickpin, worth millions in sentiment, very little in cash. He was awarded it when he won a bicycle race in Denmark twenty-five years ago. And George Arliss has a little gold pig, which he wears on his watch chain for luck. Thirty years ago, piggy had legs, but time has taken its toll and piggy's legs are pretty well worn off, so that he looks like an American gold football trophy.

One of the most unusual pieces of jewelry in the film colony belongs to Elissa Landi. It is a finger ring that has been in her family for a long time. It contains a stone that was dug up from the ruins of Troy, an intaglio (just the reverse of a cameo), and was carved by some ancient worker in precious stones to represent the head of a Greek warrior.

Another very unusual piece belongs to Alexander Kirkland. This is a gold snuff-box, which was a gift to his grandfather, Admiral William Kirkland, from the ex-Kaiser on the occasion of the opening of the Kiel Canal in Germany, at which the Admiral

represented the American government. It has a picture of the emperor on its cover, the picture encompassed by diamonds and set in gold. Kirkland says the gift was so costly that it required a special Act of Congress to allow his grandfather to accept it from a foreign power.

These, however, are not the sort of things that jewel thieves steal—they're too easily identified. Hollywood's "finger man" is after diamonds. Actors have been famous for generations as owners of diamonds—diamonds being instantly convertible into cash, in case their owners were ever "stranded." But Hollywood actors are also home-owners. They don't have to wear their assets on their persons and they don't!

Maybe Mrs. James Cagney had that in mind recently when Jimmy asked if he couldn't buy her a bracelet and a ring. She said, firmly, "No."

"I want," she said, "a home." So Jimmy bought a house and lot for twenty thousand dollars.

She knew that, for one thing, it couldn't be snatched from her by a bold, bad bandit; for another, that she could look at it and enjoy it every day, instead of locking it away in somebody's dank, dark vault!

Ten Questions that Baffled Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

débuts of their respective brothers, Bill and Bob?

Recently, Bill Cagney signed a motion picture contract. At approximately the same time, Bob Crosby became a crooner with a Los Angeles orchestra. Bill closely resembles Jimmy, and Bob's voice might easily be confused with Bing's.

Says Bing Crosby: "I not only do not resent Bob's efforts to achieve success in this singing business, but I am doing all in my power to aid him. I've had good luck; why should I envy my own brother a similar opportunity?"

Adds James Cagney: "I practically forced Bill to come to Hollywood and try his hand at the movies. He was reluctant because he thought his possible success might detract from my own. I'm not that sort of guy; if Bill can surpass me, luck to him!"

9. What is the far-reaching reaction of the recent Hollywood divorce epidemic?

The confidence of the fan-public in Hollywood marriages is practically shattered, judging from thousands of their letters. The Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks marriage was the lone lighthouse in a tumultuous matrimonial sea. When that last important bulwark fell, hope ended.

Even the magazines that print a few weeks in advance of publication now approach "happy marriage" stories with fear and trepidation. And when such stories do reach public print, readers are now inclined to discount their truth.

10. Is Janet Gaynor actually about to change her type of screen characterization?

"Paddy, the Next-Best Thing" has revealed a much more sophisticated Gaynor, just as "Adorable" did. Janet, however, declares that the latter rôle was more extreme than any she intends to do in the future. Janet will not change her screen type; she will merely modify her present characterization.

"The out-and-out *Cinderella* has no place on the screen to-day," Miss Gaynor says. "The public demands a more real human being."

Incidentally, it is interesting to know that "Seventh Heaven" is not Janet's most successful picture. Far greater box-office returns were netted by "Sunny Side Up" and "Daddy Long Legs."

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Stuart's Calcium Wafers help Nature to quickly rid the system of impurities and poisonous wastes that cause pimples, blotches, acne and other skin blemishes. A week-end's use will frequently work a wondrous change. From the very first day you should see and feel the difference.
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To introduce our famous "Diana Vaginal Suppositories," which married women have used successfully for years—merely send **10c** for generous trial offer. Valuable catalog of sanitary goods sent **FREE.**
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Three Men—and All Kissed by Mae West

(*Continued from page 34*)

that cast even called her 'Mae.' It was always 'Miss West,' and she responded in kind. We were Miss West and Mr. Vinton to one another when the play began, and we were Miss West and Mr. Vinton to one another when it closed.

"Neither is her reputation as a seductress true. To my knowledge, she never made, or even thought about making, a single pass at any man in the cast. She'd crack her jokes, of course, but they were the kind of jokes, done in the kind of manner that a man would do them. I never knew her to do so much as look at a man in any but a friendly and frank way.

"I was intrigued by this and one day, when we were on the train, going to Chicago or somewhere with the show, I said to her, just for fun, 'Miss West, I'd like to know—do you like me or dislike me?' She looked at me, with a flicker of amusement in her eyes, and said, honestly, 'I've never given it a thought!'

"She was always extremely tolerant of human failings. As vitally and all-absorbingly important as her work is to her, her bid for name and fame, I believe that the human quality comes first with her. And I don't mean by way of sex, either—I mean sympathy.

"A man's mind in the most seductive feminine body in the world—that's the way I'd characterize Mae West. And for ninety-nine hours out of a hundred, it is her *mind* she is using. You may draw your own conclusions."

Jack Smitten at First Sight

JACK LA RUE, on the other hand, wanted terrifically to play with Mae West. He heard that she was looking for a young Spaniard to play the bad mans in "Diamond Lil." He is an Italian, but—he is also an actor. He was playing a small part in a play running, at the time, in Brooklyn. He knew that the play was to close at the end of the week. He went to interview Mae West.

She asked him if he were Spanish. He answered with a few Spanish words, hastily learned from a Spanish-American Dictionary on the subway from Brooklyn to New York. She asked him if he thought he could do the very hot love scene in the play. He said that he would like to demonstrate his—ah—ability. And right then and there they went into what is known in the moom pitchers as a clinch—and when he had released her, Mae looked at him and drawled, 'Not bad—not bad.'

"She asked me," Jack told me, "when I could start rehearsals. I told her I was in a very successful play at the time, with a long run scheduled. She wanted to know why, then, I had come to see her. I told her I might be prevailed upon to leave my show if there were enough money in it. So—I got the part and at a far larger salary than I had expected to get or Miss West had expected to pay. She didn't know it, of course, but, after that first embrace, that hasty rehearsal, she could have had me for nothing. Then and there, I had fallen in love with her.

"A week or so later, Miss West learned the truth about me. She found out, of course, that I was not a Spaniard and she also found out about my play in Brooklyn. It is characteristic of her that she bore no grudge against me for the tricks I'd played. On the contrary, she laughed and liked me better for it. It's the kind of gag she would have played herself, if she had ever needed to.

How She Fascinated Him

"I'VE already told the world that I was in love with Mae West. I haven't ever told all the reasons. And they were not only amorous reasons, great though those were. She was so *kind*. She was so warm-hearted. She was always helping people who were in trouble.

"They have said that Mae West is not a lady. Well, what *is* a lady but one who does considerate, unselfish things delicately and quietly? That's my idea of a lady, anyway. I remember a girl in our company who got into trouble. She was in a bad way, afraid of her family finding out about her, out of money, out of luck. Mae fixed everything for her, saved her reputation and her very life, really. That girl, to-day, is married and living a happy, successful life and she has no one but Mae West to thank for it.

"I didn't think at the time, opinion to the contrary, that I wanted to marry Mae West. I didn't 'see' her as a wife, as a mother. Now, I wonder—I sometimes think she would be the finest kind of wife a man could have. A great pal. Sympathetic. Understanding. Warm. Shrewd. And she would make a marvelous mother—with a heart big enough for a family of sixteen. What more could a woman be? *I* don't know.

"There is nothing small about the character of Mae West. She has none of the petty, catty traits common to a great many beautiful women. She does everything in a lavish, both-handed way. When she works, she works with a fiendish concentration. She appeals to all classes, everywhere. Why, when we were playing 'Diamond Lil,' the audiences would have surprised you. Sitting side by side in the same row of seats would be gangsters from the underworld, a group of society people right out of the Social Register, college boys and gray-bearded men.

"And they all wanted to meet her, to know her. People of every kind, age and class would storm her dressing-room door to say 'Hello' to her. She never made any distinction between any of them. That, I think, is the real key to the character of Mae West. She was as hospitable and as interested in a street-cleaner and his family as she was in a Wall Street financier and his.

"Another proof of her greatness is the fan mail she used to get—on the stage. Everybody on the screen gets fan mail. But people on the stage have very little of it. And Mae—Mae would get as many as a hundred letters a day, from all kinds of people, everywhere.

"I think the whole world is in love with her—was then—is now. And I—I, too."

Learned About Nerve From Her

YOUNG Russell Hardie has come out of the East to make his first picture in Hollywood —"Broadway to Hollywood," with Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan and a great cast. Russell is one of the three men who are wise about Mae West, having played with her in "The Constant Sinner." On the stage Russell did, also, "Pagan Lady," "Saint Wench," "The Criminal Code," "Society Girl" and "Happy Landing."

He told me, "Mae West appealed to me, mostly, as the best sport I had ever met. She taught me more than anyone has ever taught me, too—the most vital and most important thing of all—*never to lose my nerve*. I remember the night 'The Constant Sinner' was to open. Mae needed a tag-

line for the last curtain. She didn't have one. Everyone was worried about it but Mae. It was vitally important, the pay-off line, so to speak I asked her what she was going to do about it. 'Nothing,' she laughed. 'I'll get it at the end.' And she did.

"That night, before the curtain went up, I asked her if she weren't nervous. 'Who, me?' she said. 'No—it's *fun!*'

"Mae West would never lose her nerve under any circumstances, in any emergency. I could and I do tell the world that. She is equal to any contingency that life might have to offer—no matter what kind it might be.

"Someone once asked me if Mae is my Ideal Woman. I wouldn't say that. She is *An* Ideal Woman, and she is certainly the Ideal Pal.

"She isn't a bit temperamental, either. But she does funny little things, sometimes. Just because she is a human being, I guess. Like one night when we were playing. It got to be seven o'clock, seven-thirty, seven forty-five, eight, eight-thirty, eight forty-five—and no Mae West! The management and the cast were having the jitters as they've never been had before.

She Kept Cool and Calm

"THE manager was just on the verge of ringing down the curtain and telling the audience to collect their money back at the box-office when Mae strolled nonchalantly into the theatre. She had been to a movie between the matinee and the evening performance and had got so interested in the movie that she had lost track of time. Even then she wasn't fazed in the slightest.

"*I* never saw her do any of her famous 'come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime' stuff off the stage. Now and then she'd pull a wisecrack that some wise guy might have taken her up on—but it is worth noting that no one ever did. She works with elements that do not ordinarily invite respect. In her case, they command respect.

"I think the most amazing thing about Mae West is the fact that she has made her very handicaps work for her. She has used the very tools that might have worked ignominy and destruction and has carved a tremendous success with them. She didn't have a glittering family background, certainly. She didn't have much education. She worked in the medium of sex (a tabu subject so often) and off-color stuff. It might have landed her in a burlesque show, or worse. It did land her in jail once—but she even made capital out of that.

"Mae took the defects she had and made them assets. But she was shrewd enough to make what she had one hundred per cent. And anything one hundred per cent has grandeur, a certain dignity. That's Mae. I'm so crazy about her I could go on and on—if you want me to rave further—well, you can say with Mae, 'He can be had—'"

These are the Three Wise Men of the West.

Have You Heard--

What Mae West thinks about the way styles have "gone West" since she blossomed out in "She Done Him Wrong"?

She's flattered and she's amused. She didn't have an idea that she was going to make figures and fashions "curvacious" again!

She wore the same costumes for two years on the stage as *Diamond Lil*—and nothing happened. It took the movies to make Mae a style-setter!

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

One hand takes the cream, the other takes KLEENEX!

Kleenex's patented pull-out carton feeds tissues as you need them, convenient—economical

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Kleenex tissues are fed out, one double sheet at a time! You do not have to hold the box with one hand while taking tissues with the other.

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Here is **INSTANT RELIEF from PAIN!**

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25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, engaged to play a gold-digger, dropped out after two days' shooting. It was announced that illness caused Peggy's withdrawal, but she announced otherwise—and said she wanted the Academy to decide if she didn't deserve two weeks' salary, instead of two days', by the terms of her agreement. Lilyan Tashman replaced her in the rôle, only to drop out, also, when adhesions from an old operation sent her to a hospital.

Blossom Seeley, long a vaudeville headliner, was the final selection for the part. After watching her for just one day, her boss, Darryl Zanuck, decided that he had a big personality in his line-up and cast her simultaneously in "Blood Money," with George Bancroft. Watch for the little girl.

IT has been Tough Luck Month for several actresses. Miriam Hopkins struggled through the last days of shooting on "Design for Living" with a throat that felt as if it had been sandpapered—and finally landed in a hospital, seriously ill with a peritonsilar abscess . . . Claudette Colbert, about to embark for Honolulu to play in her second De Mille picture, "Four Frightened People," was seized with acute appendicitis—and rushed to a hospital. Twelve hours later, and she would have been at sea . . . Illness—or the threat of illness—took Sylvia Sidney out of "One Hour With You" (the Chevalier picture) when it was well along toward completion. Ann Dvorak took her place, with the picture being remade from the beginning, while Sylvia flew East to consult doctors—and then sailed for Europe for a long rest.

WALLACE BEERY, having finished "The Bowery" with George Raft and Jackie Cooper, has gone off to Europe, too, with his wife and three-year-old adopted daughter, Carol Ann. He flew his own 'plane across the country and parked it at the Newark (N. J.) airport to await his return.

THE Mae West influence is popping out everywhere. You see it in figures and in clothes, you hear it in wisecracks. And seeing how well Mae did by herself and her studio by reviving the Mauve Decade in "She Done Him Wrong," other studios are hunting up stories of the 1890's, too. "The Bowery" may do Mae's effort one better—showing not just a corner of that famous street, but the whole thoroughfare, in its heyday. And George Bancroft is to re-create "Diamond Jim" Brady in "The World's Biggest Spender."

ON the same day that Ruby Keeler returned from New York, where she had gone without notifying the studio ("Just to see Al," she explained), Barbara Stanwyck boarded an airplane, New York-bound, "just to see Frank." Quite the most devoted wives in Hollywood—Mrs. Al Jolson and Mrs. Frank Fay.

PAUL MUNI has vehemently stated on several occasions that he did not want to own property because he never wanted to settle down in one place. Now Muni has purchased a large ranch in the San Fernando Valley near Gary Cooper's place. The climate seems to have captured another good man. (California Chambers of Commerce, please copy!)

WARNER BROTHERS decided to change the name of the new actor they imported from the New York stage. The main reason for the change was because this chap's name, Milton LeRoy, might be

confused with that of the director, Mervyn LeRoy. Among the names suggested and the one held in highest regard was "Gilbert Bennett."

It is said that this suggestion came from Jack Warner, who is noted for his sly sense of humor. The final decision, however, was to rechristen the gentleman "Phil Reed."

SOMEONE asked Dick Powell why he hadn't been seen about with Mary Brian recently. "Competition is too stiff," he said, "and the field of eligible young men is large enough. I have retired from the fray."

THE gossip can now die down. Irving Thalberg returned to his old berth as production executive at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his wife, Norma Shearer, has returned to be an M-G-M star. The week after Irving's return, there were fourteen companies at work on the lot. There hadn't been that many units shooting at once since 1924, when a similar number of pictures were in production at the same time.

The studio, as large as it is, cannot accommodate that much activity. Space had to be rented on the old Pathé Culver City site. Meanwhile, several of the companies had to double up on the same stage. Circumstances such as this sometimes make strange bedfellows. For example, they put Jean Harlow in "Bombshell" on half the stage that was being occupied by none other than Garbo. You can imagine how much the exclusive Swede liked that.

THE sudden death of Louise Closser Hale brought Hollywood a double sadness. Only after she was gone did the film colony realize how well she had put her house in order. Every little detail was remembered, even to instructions about the flowers for her funeral. She asked that no money be wasted in these times on lavish floral displays, but instead be put into circulation for charitable work. Consequently, not a single flower was to be seen in the funeral parlor, but many thousands of dollars were received by the charitable organizations she named. A great woman has passed, and in her passing left further evidence of her greatness. Did you know that it was she who wrote "Mother's Millions" and thus gave her friend, May Robson, her greatest stage hit?

Constance Bennett, making "Without Glory," has a visitor on the set—none other than hubby Henri de la Falaise, back from a South Seas picture trip

Mrs. G. Partridge Mills

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SAYS MRS. MILLS, of Fifth Ave., New York, and Sands Point, L.I.: *"I have crossed the Atlantic many, many times, and it has become very evident to me that fashionable women abroad keep their hair permanently waved at all seasons of the year by the Eugene method. I notice that American women are doing likewise."*

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Is there a season for well-groomed hair?... a few summer months when it is permanently waved?... other months when it is at the mercy of a waving iron and the whim of the weather?

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The Eugene Winter Wave is gentle, safe... approved by Good Housekeeping and performed with sachets endorsed by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Note that it is *not* a re-wave... does *not* wave over the old wave, merely waves the newly grown or hitherto unwaved hair.

Make sure you go to a hairdresser who specializes in Eugene waving... who uses genuine Eugene Sachets exclusively. Look for the famous Eugene trade-mark "The Goddess of The Wave" on each sachet. Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris.

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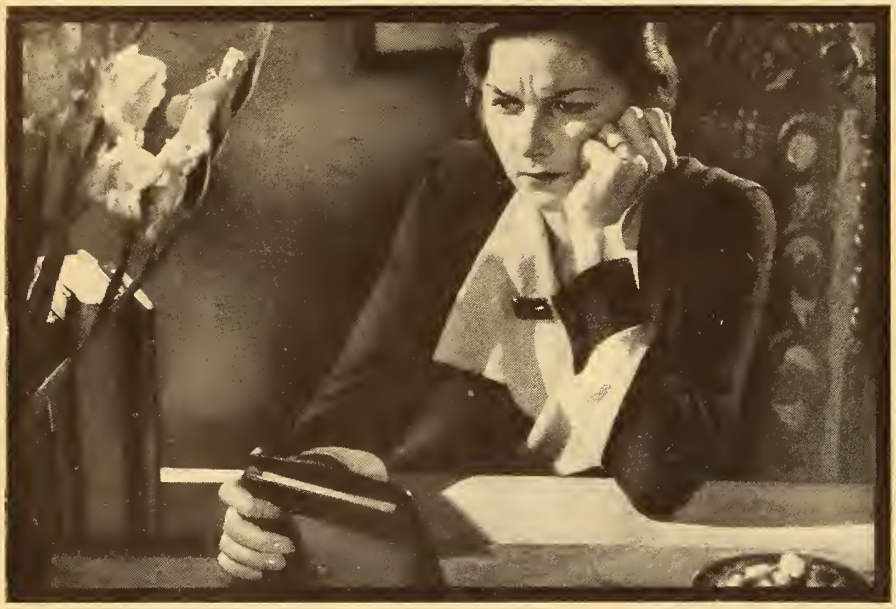

MANY married women live to learn that their greatest "worries" have been those that never happened. Time and again fear alone leads them to believe that some minor feminine ailment is the start of a major physical crisis.

But why continue to live in constant dread? Why allow youth and health to fade, through timid ignorance or neglect of proper marriage hygiene? . . . Practice intimate feminine antisepsis as recommended by leading physicians throughout the world for over 40 years. Use "Lysol" regularly and intelligently for intimate personal cleanliness.

"Lysol" is *safe*. For, unlike many other antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free alkali to burn tender membranes and desensitize live tissues. Mild, gentle, "Lysol" is used even in childbirth operations, when tissues are most sensitive.

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Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

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"Follow Your Impulses!" Advises Lupe Velez

(*Continued from page 42*)

impulse. She does not rise, eat, sleep, talk or act as others do in their daily habits. To her, life is never boresome, never fashioned after the same pattern twice.

"Why should I do what I don't want to do?" she asks. "If I want a steak at ten o'clock in the morning, why shouldn't I have my steak? If I decide to stay in bed all day and play all night, whose business is it but mine?

"I live my own life. I let others live theirs. Why should I interfere if they don't live the way I like, try to make them see things in my light? The only quality I require in my friends is naturalness.

"I don't believe in selfishness, and I think it is selfish for people to expect everybody else to act according to their say-so. If a couple is married, let each live his or her own life, without interference from the other. If they love one another deeply, they'll like the same things in life, and there won't be any reason for compromise.

"Since I'm not married, I live exactly as I please. I act as I please. I do what I please and say what I believe. I am responsible to no one, only myself. I listen to no one but the public, who make it possible for me to own a beautiful house, have servants, cars, jewels, clothes, everything I have always dreamed of having. Without that public, I could not live as I do. I am grateful to these nice people. I want to listen when they have something to say to me.

Never Plans in Advance

"I NEVER go to big parties, I never have big parties. I never make lunch dates. I don't make engagements of any kind. If I tell a man or woman on Monday I'll lunch or dine with them on Wednesday, I might not be feeling well, I might like to do something else when Wednesday comes. But because I made the date, I would be expected to keep it, even if I didn't feel like going. So, I never plan anything in advance.

"I hate to keep appointments. Usually, I am late for my dates, anything requiring my being a certain place at a certain time.

"In Hollywood, especially, people lead unreal lives. That is the reason, or one of them, why I never entertain. There are so few who really are regular that I surround myself only with those whom I know are kindred spirits. I will not allow anybody else in my house.

"You do not have to change your manner merely because you go up in the world. No one forces you to alter your attitude, your viewpoint. Be yourself. I know plenty of persons who at one time acted as they should act, but who, the moment they have won a little fame and fortune, forget those natural ways and high-hat their old friends.

"Those I will not tolerate. I don't have to. If they speak to me, I speak. If they choose to pass me up, I ignore them. You get no place with such actions. Certainly it isn't being natural, the most important quality a man or woman can possess. But so few realize this.

Why She's Never Lonely

"PEOPLE have asked me if I'm not lonely in my big house, living alone. Why should I be? I have everything I want there, and there is nobody who can say I must do thus and so.

"It's not meant that people should act according to rules set down by others. Surely my servants—there are six, a butler, cook, maid, chauffeur, gardener and laundress—would be the first to suffer from my following my impulses, if anybody were to

be affected by them. I have had them all four years, as long as I have owned the house, and they're all happy.

"I make them help each other in their work. If the butler can help the maid dust, or the chauffeur can help the gardener, I expect them to do it. When they first came to me, they had heard I had a terrible temper. It had been publicized, that temper, and they cowered before me like whipped dogs. I called them in, made them sit down, then told them just what I wanted from them.

"They were to be happy. They were to help me, and I would help them. They were to do as I wished and they would find life in my house very pleasant. Since they've been with me, we have had absolutely no trouble. Why, the other day when I told the chauffeur he might have the day off, I caught him, half an hour later, painting the screens on one of the windows. They looked as though they needed freshening up, he explained.

"That doesn't look as though I were unreasonable, does it, or that I am hard to get along with because I never know what I will do next?

"My real friends like to visit me at my house. They know they won't be expected to do anything they would rather not do. They can go swimming or not, as they please. There is no one around to insist that they eat a lot of things they don't like. That's one of the great troubles with parties—you are served with food, and there isn't any means of refusing.

Eccentric? Just Independent!

"HOLLYWOOD—and the rest of the world, for that matter—is a funny place. If you don't follow the accepted standards of living, no matter how stupid they may be, you're declared eccentric, crazy, trying to 'put on.' It never occurs to anyone that you may choose to live your own life, and set your own standards of living.

"I couldn't be happy, and I wouldn't live, if I couldn't follow my own impulses. They're Me, Lupe Velez. Without them, I wouldn't be myself. And I wouldn't want to be anything but what I am."

Lupe is her own best example of her philosophy of living. There is no actress in Hollywood who can lay claim to leading a happier life than Lupe. She is a creature of impulse. It was born in her. She is a child of the moment. Tomorrow doesn't interest her. What is to happen, will happen—that is her creed, and she makes the most of the present.

Now that her little niece is safely ensconced in a convent in Mexico City, she is light-hearted, gay. But some months ago she was torn with anxiety. Letters arrived from would-be kidnapers, threatening the life and liberty of the child she had brought from the Mexican capital, to live with her. After weeks of uncertainty and dread, Lupe sent the girl back to Mexico.

Those letters, too, account for both Lupe and all her servants carrying guns. There is a small, concealed window looking out upon the front door of Lupe's home, and before that door is opened from the inside, the visitor is scrutinized carefully. If he is a stranger, a gun, unknown to him, is trained on him through the tiny window. Recently, Lupe, herself, shot at an intruder who attempted to force his way into the house. Apparently, she wounded him, for the following morning, blood stained the front lawn.

A fiery, yet very charming, young person is this Lupe, whose fetish is to follow her own inclinations, regardless of what they may be. Very definite she is about it, too. But if she can find such blissful happiness in what she preaches, there must be something to her advice, "Follow your impulses!"

STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Hit a Cold "Where It Lives" —in the System!

A COLD is nothing to temporize with. It may end seriously. Take no chances. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an *internal infection.*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the treatment a cold requires. First, because it is specifically a cold remedy and not good for half a dozen other things, too. Second, because it is an internal remedy. Third, because it does the four things necessary—

The Four Things Necessary

No. 1—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, the first step in expelling a cold. No. 2—It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. No. 3—It relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. No. 4—It tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is and has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world for years. It's utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Always ask for it by the full name—GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE—and look for the letters L B Q stamped on each tablet. Any dealer who tries to offer you a substitute is simply more interested in making a profit than in your welfare.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes packed in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size gives you 20% more for your money. Get a package today and be forearmed against colds.

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

She Thought Her Figure Was *Hopeless!*

You too can REDUCE a Large Bust this New Easy Way

IS your bust large? Reduce that bulging, matronly chest-line to the slender, girlish lines of youth. Take 3 or **more** inches off your bust measure.

Lift sagging tissues

Just apply FORMULA-X treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. This wonderful new discovery quickly removes soft, flabby fat, firms and moulds the bust to trim shapeliness. Bust is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag. No wrinkles.

Special Offer NOW

Take advantage of special introductory offer now. Send only $1.00 for large container of FORMULA-X and instructions. See how easy it is to take off that ugly chest-line bulge with this safe home treatment for reducing and reshaping the bust. Offer Limited —**send $1.00 at once.**

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LADIES ONLY! FOR UNNATURAL DELAY or irregularity use harmless, B-X TABLETS. Quick, painless relief! No inconvenience! Used by physician-! Guaranteed! Double strength $2. Mailed 1st class plain wrapper within 1 hr. of receipt of order. **B-X LABORATORIES,** 1515 E. 60th St., W-11 Chicago

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for our clients to the **Talking Picture Producers** in Hollywood. All major Studios in New York closed leaving HOLLYWOOD ONLY ACTIVE MARKET. Deal with a recognized Hollywood agent. Established since 1917, in daily PERSONAL CONTACT with Studios, we know market requirements. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Manuscripts may be submitted in any form for FREE reading and report. Send for FREE BOOK giving full details.

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Prof. Elizabeth Hamlin, M.A., Box 334, Dubuque, Iowa.

There IS a Real Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 74*)

lows no period, no style. It answers only one purpose—to me, the only purpose of a home. It is comfortable.

"Maybe my taste, as expressed in the things I bought, does not conform to what others deem good taste. But it is I! Had someone else ordered my household, it wouldn't have been mine. It would have been theirs."

In this and in other respects, Janet has rebelled against accepted standards. It is mild sedition, perhaps, but evidence of a mind that does its own thinking.

Days She'll Never Forget

JANET is an incurable sentimentalist. Her house is filled with little keepsakes that, while having no monetary value, mean all the world to her. She still has the dress and shoes that she wore in "Seventh Heaven." During the filming of each new picture, she wears those shoes at least once.

She has never forgotten the years of hardship, that preceded her film success. Remembrance of those times has given her a humility and an understanding of ill fortune. It has given her, too, a ready sympathy. She objects, however, to any mention of her numerous charities.

I cannot forget a scene I once witnessed in which Janet and a little "extra" girl were the lone actors. It was during the making of "Adorable." On the set, Janet spied the girl cutting out cardboard to place in her shoes where the soles were worn through.

The star approached the unknown "extra," slipped into a seat beside her and for the next hour those two girls just talked. Later the "extra" told me what Janet had said. In a simple, gracious way, she had recounted some of her own experiences when she, too, had worn cardboard soles.

"I can't explain how much Miss Gaynor has helped me," the "extra" girl exclaimed. "Her courage and faith have been an inspiration. She has given me initiative greater than any charity could have."

I noticed, nevertheless, that the little "extra" was still working in "Adorable" some weeks later. She was also employed in the mob in "Paddy, the Next-Best Thing." The Gaynor's charities are wise.

As Janet does favors for others, so she never forgets a personal kindness. She makes few friends, for she trusts few people. Her intimates can be counted on your fingers. Recently, she has formed a fast friendship with Margaret Lindsay.

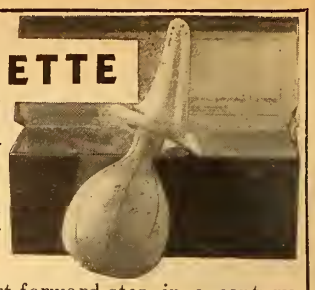
Doesn't Need Revenge Now

HER capacity for remembering favors is extended to never forgiving an injury. She now has learned to curb her desire for revenge. There was a time when she always got even. An episode from her childhood deserves retelling as illustrative of this.

In school in Chicago, she was punished for a prank she did not commit. The boy who was really guilty boasted of shifting the blame. Janet, smarting under the injustice, bided her time. She lulled the lad into a fancied sense of security; then, one day while walking home with him, dared him to ring a fire-alarm box. She knew full well the penalty of turning in a false alarm, even if he didn't. Revenge, as always, was sweet. Had she been a boy, she would doubtless have fought the youngster. Being a girl, and a very small girl at that, she resorted to justified trickery.

Janet's diminutiveness and frailty are at constant war with her ambition. Frequently, a masseuse is summoned to soothe her tired body after a day's work—to relax her taut nerves so that she may sleep. Lack of

VA-JETTE SPRAY



A marvelous new scientific system that is being proclaimed the greatest forward step in a century —in feminine hygiene.

"Va-Jette" is distinctly different from any other device on the market. It is designed of pure white, firm, pliable, baby-soft rubber—and is **form-fitting.** The flange at the base of the nozzle forms a body vacuum which permits medicated solution to "balloon" the vaginal passage, smoothing out every tiny crevice and fold—**quickly** washing away all waste and germs!

Doctors everywhere proclaim "Va-Jette" the most perfect system yet devised for facilitating daily care in feminine hygiene, because of its simplicity and thoroughness. Safe, simple, always convenient. Price $7.50 prepaid anywhere in U. S. and Canada—in plain package—or send in this ad with your name and address for free booklet.—

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New, Safe, Sure Method

REMEDEX—the triple strength preparation works wonders. INSTANTLY EFFECTIVE. age lines, redness, muddiness or other loveliness? Try only *two* applications of own mirror tell the story. Blemishes go, is re-created—smooth, radiant, youthful, and water. "Unbelievable" say women other methods. Don't let blemished skin instant. Send for *guaranteed* REMEDEX today.

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Do pimples, blackheads, freckles, common blemishes destroy your safe REMEDEX—and let your Pores are tightened. Your skin Safe—and simple to use as soap everywhere who have tried all roh you of happiness another

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Alices in Wonderland

TO THE Alice of Lewis Carroll's imagination the world of Wonderland was an amazing place. There was a White Rabbit that talked. There was a Cat that disappeared till only its grin was left. Alice herself could grow little or grow tall.

This real world we moderns live in is no less amazing. Miracles are as thick as peas in a pod. We have wool from ostrich feathers, silk made out of wood, buttons that once were buttermilk.

We fly at one hundred miles or more per hour. We cook without fire. We even have machines to make the curly hair that heaven didn't give us. In a word, conjuring tricks so common they fail to excite.

Reflect for a moment upon how swiftly these modern miracles were made so easily attainable. How did you first learn of rayon? Of electric refrigeration? Of permanent waves? How did you first realize that they might be had for a price commensurate with what you could pay? Wasn't it through advertising?

This modern miracle play is continuous . . . attendance free. Look through the advertising pages of this magazine.

bodily strength to carry out her will causes Janet considerable mental distress. She has been known to burst into tears when she could not open a window.

The men on her set—"grips," "props," electricians—baby her. She has that feminine something that causes men to wish to protect her. I am not at all sure that these attentions do not annoy the little Gaynor. She receives them with gracious words of thanks or a ready smile of appreciation. Still, the necessity of having things done for her is at variance with her self-reliance.

She tires easily—which explains the rule of a five-o'clock quitting time for her. Janet simply is not physically strong enough to continue past the point of fatigue. Not always is she aware when that point is reached. She will go through the motions of what she is to do, but the action is mechanical. Her brain has apparently ceased to function. She is asleep standing up.

People who know her well recognize her condition, they say, by a slight glassiness in her eyes. Once at a party, Frank Borzage noticed her gaze was fixed and promptly sent her home. The following morning, Janet could not remember a single incident of the party. She knew that she had gone, but could not recall even her arrival.

Often, when incidents like this occur, there are subsequent embarrassments. People of whom she has utterly no recollection speak to her, and her vague return of their greeting leads to a mistaken impression that she is being high-hat.

Janet loves to laugh, a trait she shares with her mother. Her mother, by the way, she always calls "Gaynor." She doesn't know why. She just always has.

Wastes No Time on Regrets

JANET never regrets a bargain, good or bad. "We waste a lot of time regretting mistakes we cannot alter," she says. Once she agrees to do anything, she does it. She invariably keeps appointments, usually to the minute of the hour set. Her word is her bond.

Janet's taste in music covers a wide range. Hot and low-down blues and torch songs vie with opera and symphonic compositions in her love of music. She plays no instrument, much to her regret. She did, however, master one number on the piano after long and diligent practice. She made up her mind to play "Love, Here Is My Heart," and play it she does.

She is more than ordinarily fond of dancing. Tennis is her most strenuous sport. She keeps one house pet, a small and very independent Scottie, named "Timmy."

She observes no diets, eating whatever and as much as she wants. She doesn't nibble at toast and coffee for breakfast, but partakes of a sizable meal.

Janet is one of the few film stars of my acquaintance who does not pretend to be a deep reader. She devours books that might contain a character she could portray.

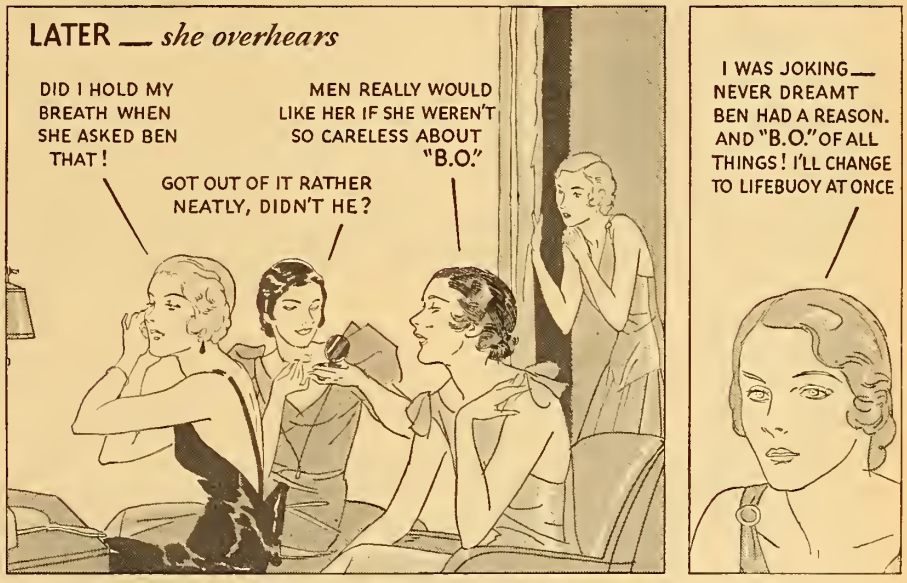
A dozen times a day, she will say "I hate this—I can't stand that." It is purely a figure of speech. Asked what she disliked, she could name only two things—high-heels and stairways. Both tire her physically.

Her ambition is boundless—an ambition that can be fully realized only in daydreams. She is addicted, therefore, to daydreaming. Her strength sapped by the relentless demands of her work on time and energy, she finds rest and peace that way.

All of us, Janet, would like to know of what you dream. You have said that you hope to love and marry again. Perhaps in your dreams there are the children you have said you hope to have.

But I shall leave you your dreams. You have told me enough to prove what I set out to prove. *There is a Janet Gaynor.* She is not a myth. She is a very human, very understandable girl—who wants to be liked for just what she is.

"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME



Freshens complexions, too

LIFEBUOY has improved *countless* complexions—it will do the same for *yours!* Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and *clean*—it's bound to please the most critical eye!

To women in love

They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather *deodorizes*—stops 'B.O.'

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

I'll Be Suing You!

(*Continued from page 33*)

Tom Proved His Mettle

ALL this coming on the heels of Tom's prolonged court battle with the government concerning his income tax returns, and his own suit to regain the custody of his daughter, which had been awarded to the former Mrs. Mix at the time of their divorce, one might naturally suppose that he would be very *ennui* with judges and juries—but No! The Texas Rangers breed fightahs, suh! Tom never batted an eyelash when a Doctor Stout, who insisted that he had something or other to do with the extraction of the Mix appendix a couple of years ago, filed suit for asserted professional fees amounting to $9,700. Tom scrambled back into the witness chair with all the elan of a Swiss climbing an Alp.

Of course, it's a bit early in the season to hand Tom the 1933 championship as Hollywood's most lawsuited star. Several other luminaries are showing real promise—and heaven alone knows what may transpire before Santa Claus comes again. For one, Douglas Fairbanks the Younger is not doing badly with three suits on his 1933 score card. The first, filed by a chap named Dietz, demands $50,000 for the asserted alienation of his ex-wife's affections. The second, also sponsored by the aforesaid Dietz, claims that the defendant caused the plaintiff's "false" imprisonment, and contends that said plaintiff's injured feelings can be assuaged by nothing less than twenty thousand bucks. The third suit was filed by Joan Crawford, who sought and obtained a divorce.

Suits for divorce, by the way, have been even more popular than bicycling this year in Hollywood. Twenty-six important celebs have told their matrimonial difficulties to the judge during the past six months.

Those Little Business Battles

THERE have been a multitude of suits filed by actors' agents—those gentlemen who charge the stars ten per cent of their salaries for getting them jobs. Let's glance over the court records:

George Bancroft won a suit for $30,000; John Francis Dillon, the director, was sued for $1,500; Hoot Gibson for $302; Gloria Swanson for a trifling $45,000; James Cagney for $4,013; Bing Crosby for $105,000 (he must have made more money than J. P. Morgan, if that is a ten per cent claim); Dorothy Jordan for $1,000; and Helen Twelvetrees and Lita Grey Chaplin for amounts that I can't recall off-hand. And now Myron Selznick is suing for ten per cent of that famous $300,000 that Connie Bennett gleaned from Warner Brothers. Connie says she'll see him in—in court before she'll contribute a penny.

The merchants, the doctors, the butchers, the tradesmen and the landlords have also been saying, "I'll be suing you." Furthermore, they have been making their threats good, as a sketchy glance over the judicial dockets will prove. It's impossible to list all, or even ten per cent of the suits filed, but . . .

Evelyn Brent was summoned to court over a little bill of $1,218 for *shoes!* Muriel Evans was sued for $1,855 by an attorney who claimed that amount for winning her divorce. Bela Lugosi's ex-landlord charged that Bela had neglected to pay $700 back rent. Maurice Chevalier settled out of court with one Charles Laswell, who asserted that Monsieur had made illegal use of his copyrighted poem, "Right Now," and asked a half-million for damages; Sari Maritza's ex-landlady decided her furniture had been abused and asked the judge to award her $1,990; Mrs. Norman Kerry failed to convince a jury that an oil painting of her was not a good likeness and was ordered to pay the artist $4,000 for his toil.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce won a suit brought against her for $20,000; Gloria Swanson's furniture was impounded when a New York merchant sued; Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck were sued by the plumber; Glenn Tryon by the tailor; Ann Harding by the nursery man—and so on, ad infinitum. This could go on for page after page, but I mustn't neglect the back-alimony-collectors. They've been courting, too. Alan Dinehart, James Hall, Cliff Edwards, Jack Hoxie and Jan Rubini are now qualified to act as technical advisors on the procedure in alimony court.

But, please note, in most cases, the star won the verdict.

No Heart-Balm Given Away

ALIENATION-OF-AFFECTIONS suits have always been a Hollywood hazard. So have breach-of-promise suits. Actors used to dread those two calls to court as they would the plague, for, no matter how trumped-up and groundless the case might be—and almost invariably was—it would spell headlines and objectionable publicity. Fans might be quick to condemn their erstwhile idols, juries might be prone to sympathize with a pretty lassie's tears—and studios might object to scandal. It used to be that the star's fears caused the great majority of breach-of-promise and alienation suits to be hushed up by an out-of-court settle-

WHAT CLEOPATRA SAID TO MARK ANTONY

Beech-Nut Gum is wrapped in Cellophane to protect its fine flavor and superior chewing qualities.

ment. Now, since Wallace Beery and a few other equally courageous celebrities have refused to contribute to legal blackmail and have taken their cases to court and beaten them, the reverse is true.

The alienation and breach-of-promise suers have had slim pickings from this newly aroused, sue-and-be-damned-to-you Hollywood. Yet, in the last year, the court records reveal a staggering total of nearly *two million dollars* demanded in suits of that kind—suits that stars are fighting, not hushing up. We'll have to doff our berets to the plaintiffs. After the legal drubbings that their most recent predecessors have taken at the hands of Hollywood, they have a nerve!

Have you noticed how free Clara Bow has been from lawsuits since she accepted the challenge of Daisy De Voe, her ex-secretary, who threatened to "tell all" if Clara pressed a charge of misappropriation of funds against her? Clara captured the homage of the whole world with her fighting spirit, her determination to squelch scandal. Other stars, seeing what Clara accomplished, are retorting to threats by fighting in court.

Stars and studios aren't suing each other any more. They take their troubles to an arbitration committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. That's where stars settle their difficulties about salaries, contracts and rôles they don't like.

Little Accidents, Big Suits

BUT woe to the star who is involved in a traffic accident! Before the din of the crumpling fenders has died away, he hears someone proclaiming, "I'll be suing you!" This year has already witnessed a number of traffic accident suits against stars, one of the latest being the damage action brought against Colleen Moore. The amount asked was $100,000 (note that the suits against Hollywoodians run to big figures), and Colleen was ordered to pay $12,000.

Suits . . . suits . . . suits! To those with a sense of irony, it might seem that the real throne of a film queen or king is nothing more or less than a straight-backed chair in the witness box. When Uncle Sam isn't suing for back income tax, it's the dentist—or the butcher—or the ex-consort. And just to keep their courtroom manners in trim, the stars fill in by bringing suits of their own.

Estelle Taylor, Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess, Lucille LaVerne, Ronald Colman (who won the impressive figure record when he sued Sam Goldwyn for two million because of a "silly" publicity story), Pauline Starke (who has been involved in three suits since the first of January), Zasu Pitts, Baby Peggy Montgomery (who's no longer a baby), Jack Mulhall—they've all been plaintiffs in brand-new, 1933 model lawsuits.

Buster Keaton has been through an epidemic of court rôles, his latest being that of defendant in a suit for $2,585 filed by a San Francisco society matron who insisted that Buster and his new wife appropriated her car without her permission and wrecked it. Charlie Chaplin, Judith Vosseli, Frances Marion, Norman Kerry, Marie Prevost, Dorothy Lee, Doris Kenyon, Noah Beery, Sidney Blackmer, Eleanor Boardman, King Vidor—they've all placed their right hands on the Book and taken oath this year.

If by now, you've concluded that the life of a famous star is just one trip to court after another — why, check and double-check! You're right! That huge, concrete Hall of Justice in downtown Los Angeles, although seven miles from Hollywood, is definitely part of the Hollywood scene. If things go on at the present rate, it will seem like a second home to the folks of Studioland. So, when you come to California and long to see the stars in person, don't waste your time by haunting the studio gates. Just take your stand in the main entrance of the courthouse—someone's bound to be putting up a good fight there!

Myrna Loy

Featured in M-G-M's "PENTHOUSE"... *Illustrates*

HOW TO ENHANCE THE CHARM *of your* BEAUTY

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created by Max Factor, make-up genius of filmland. It is color harmony make-up ...face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes!...as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals the perfection of Max Factor's make-up.

Powder

★ For perfect color harmony with Myrna Loy's complexion colorings...fair skin, gray eyes, light-brown hair... Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Just right in texture and weight, it creates a satin-smooth make-up you can depend upon for hours. Here's a hint:—pat on plenty of powder, then remove surplus with the face powder brush. You'll be surprised how smooth your make-up will be.

Rouge

★ Rouge should be like a glow of natural color, and, of course, must harmonize with your colorings and your powder. Max Factor's Blondeen rouge is the correct shade. When you apply it, it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and it clings beautifully, too. Try blending your rouge with your finger tips, for a smoother, more delicate effect.

Lipstick

★ We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood. It must last for hours; it must be permanent and uniform in color; it must keep lips always smooth and lovely. So, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes her color harmony make-up. It withstands every test... and it's moisture-proof, too, so that the inner and outer surface of your lips are all one color.

AND NOW you may know what difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Fill in and mail coupon for personal make-up advice, and copy of valuable make-up instruction book illustrating many secrets of make-up.

★ COSMETICS OF THE STARS...96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Stars and Studios is Max Factor's...Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics.

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SOCIETY MAKE-UP...*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in* COLOR HARMONY

★ NOW FREE YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART ★

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PLEASE send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48 page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

If "Food Goes to Fat"

Know This Simple Method!

HOW often have you said to yourself "Everything I eat seems to go to fat"? How often have you wished for a way to retain your own normal weight—without having to deny yourself simple pleasures that others enjoy?

The systems of some people (doctors call them the "low metabolism type") turn too much food into fat, not enough into energy. It was for exactly this type of person that Marmola was designed, many years ago. In 1907 people first heard of it. Then, increasing multitudes turned to it — until today actually more than 20 million boxes have been sold.

The story of Marmola has gone 'round the world. People ask for it in California, in England — in Florida, in New Zealand. It is demanded by thousands in style centers like New York, Miami, Hollywood. Marmola has stood the test of generations, while useless fat remedies have come and gone. Prepared by one of the world's largest chemical laboratories, it supplies missing nutritional elements — the lack of which cause abnormal, excess fat.

Discover Marmola for yourself. When you use it, remember it is designed to work gently, naturally. It is not intended to take off large numbers of excess pounds the first week — but to be used as a sane, sensible treatment until you have approached your own normal weight. Directions and formula in each package. At good drug stores, only $1.

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TO BIG 8x10 INCH SIZE or smaller if desired

47¢

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"Women Puzzle Me," Says Gary Cooper

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Those were the days when I was on the ranch. I thought, then, that women would be actualities, definite, simple realities like the things I saw all about me from the saddle. In the saddle, you knew what was coming. You watched the clouds. You knew that it would be forty minutes before a storm would break. You had an opportunity to gauge your time, to get under cover.

His Disillusioning Discovery

"BUT I found you could not gauge life in the cities like that! You could not even gauge women. I discovered that humanity is narrow, confined and sometimes—not even healthful.

"It is very easy to sound conceited and unfair when you talk on a subject like that. But life was so simple once. Visionary women were so simple, so easy to understand.

"I have reached the point where I can see through women's disguises, but I cannot discover what it is that they are disguising!

"I mean that. Give any woman the same series of tests and she would record the same reactions as any other woman. The plot for each woman is the same; only the presentation is different. The woman who claims to be independent; the woman who doesn't; the woman who is old-fashioned; the one who is modern—all have different lines. But all are after the same understanding with a man. Only, I don't know what that understanding is. That is why I am baffled.

"I thought that meeting women would be like riding in the saddle with the storm coming. I thought I would know what to expect. I find that meeting them is like riding in an airplane with the same storm coming. You are traveling at such a terrific speed that you scarcely have time to notice the approach of danger before the storm is upon you. There is nothing you can do to protect yourself—"

And yet Gary has learned a certain amount of protection in Hollywood from the feminine storms that have threatened him since the day of his arrival. I shall never forget the day when one of our most glamourous picture heroines cornered him and bombarded him with questions for two hours. Gary played with his suspenders!

How He Protects Himself

HE broke a fingernail by drumming upon the table between them. And the moment he broke away, he rushed to Jack Moss, his manager (who is always standing by, like a bodyguard), and asked that Jack call the trainer to learn if the chimpanzee knew her new trapeze stunt yet and if Gary could see her perform it. The chimpanzee that he brought back from Africa was of more interest to Gary than one of Hollywood's most beautiful women!

Gary once played in a picture with another glamourous woman who had openly boasted that she would interest him during the making of the picture. But Gary has learned how to outwit such situations. He developed an acute interest in all technical angles of picture-making during that production. The moment a scene was finished, he *had* to see the head cameraman. "What kind of film were you using? Why that kind?" The discussion would last until the next scene was ready for shooting. And if it wasn't the cameraman, it was the electrician or the sound-mixer. The lady talked to Gary only in the dialogue of the picture.

Gary's telephone number is the most difficult to secure in Hollywood. Even the

studio has to make its business appointments with him through Jack Moss (whose number is public property); it never succeeds in reaching Gary directly first. His mail is read by Mr. Moss before Gary sees it.

While the mothers and fathers of Hollywood erect high walls as protection against kidnapers, Gary erects them against women. He told me, once, "I am going to China to get away from them." But since Africa didn't do it—

Not Thinking of Marriage

"HAVE you ever found one who didn't baffle you, Gary?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "Never."

"And if you did, would you marry her?"

He shook his head again. "I will have to go back to the old bromide there. But, you see, I believe it. You can say what you please, but there is something about this business that doesn't go with marriage.

"In all love and marriage there is a certain definite procedure. There are certain stages through which all love must pass, as naturally as a horse must pass through certain stages to become a good trotter or racer. I do not believe that picture people are capable of going through those psychological stages properly.

"In the first place, we are too occupied with self-centered activities to pass through that first stage where we are thinking only of another. We are too busy putting *ourselves* first in our business to put *anyone else* first in our thoughts. We have to put ourselves first to succeed. There are always a dozen ready to take our places from us, you know.

"And more important, we dally almost daily with the most sacred institution in the world—the family and the home. We *play* with the idea of having a family and a home in each different picture. And we play each time with a *different* woman. You can't tell me that this doesn't dull the fineness of marriage as an institution—to us. If I should step up to the altar with a girl, I'd feel as if I were doing a scene that I had already done with Katherine What's-Her-Name.

"You see, marriage is a very, very old story to me, although I have never been married. Divorce is a very, very old story. Everything about marriage is. It can't help but be to any of us—no matter what actors say."

"And that makes love a very, very old story in the same way, Gary?" I asked quietly.

He looked at me for a long moment before he answered. "I fall in love very easily and out very easily," he said. "Out *more* easily!

"Only women still baffle! What are they after? And—don't you see?—that's what makes them interesting! I can't get them. They are still mysterious, at least—oh, Hell, there's something about them that keeps you interested. You can't play in enough motion pictures to make women an old story. You think you've got them all catalogued and then one comes along and proves you haven't!"

Did You Know That--

Gary Cooper, who played a brooding sentimentalist in "One Sunday Afternoon," is playing just the opposite type—a happy-go-lucky sophisticate — in "Design for Living"? He and Fredric March alternately win the same girl (Miriam Hopkins), and can't get jealous of each other!

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Do You Talk Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 55*)

With Arline Judge, almost everything "must be love." If one of her friends is blue and discouraged, she is given to oral proclamation that "it must be love." Let somebody come down with the measles or dandruff and that, too, "must be love." If there is anything at all wrong with Hollywood or the movie industry, to Arline's joking way of looking at it, "It must be love!"

Clark Gable has an odd way of adding "or something" to almost everything he says. It is done without mirrors, as follows: "I've got a cold, or something." Or "My next picture will be 'Soviet,' or something." At night he attends Hollywood parties, or something. During vacations he goes "hunting, or something."

Lupe Velez likes to string words together. You're either her "honey-darling-sweetheart-child" or else you're a "rotten-nasty-terrible-meanie." Ask Lupe a question and you get not one answer, but an entire string of them!

Gary "Wouldn't Know"

WITH her ex-flame, Gary Cooper, it's different! Gary hates to be pinned down to anything from a social engagement to an opinion, and so he has developed a little conversational habit of replying to almost anything brought up: "I wouldn't know about that." Is the Countess Frasso going to get a Reno divorce and become Mrs. Gary Cooper as soon as she is legally free? Gary, he wouldn't know about that. Is he going to sign up with Paramount again when his contract is up? That's another of those things about which Gary wouldn't know—to hear him tell it. That he is the one person who might possibly know about any of these little things makes no difference when Gary gets going on his pet slang phrase.

Columnists sometimes start phrases that attain a raging popularity, particularly after Hollywood takes them up. Consider "blessed event-ing" and "Is my face red?" for example. Ever since Walter Winchell punned the way Sari Maritza pronounces her name (Sharee) with: "Vas you dare, Sharee?" the pretty Paramount ingénue has been the *victim* of one of Hollywood's newest slang phrases. If you are talking like Hollywood now, you can hardly wait to run into Sari at the Brown Derby or the Colony Club so that you can hurl that "Vas you dare?" business at her!

And then think of the expressions that Hollywood, collectively, has started. Such expressions, for instance, as "It" and "S. A.," both meaning sex appeal. And everybody knows what it is "to do a Garbo" or "to go Hollywood." "Sheiking" and "vamping" are other popular expressions that can be directly traced to Hollywood, as can the phrase "yes-man."

Leslie Howard's talk-habit of interrupting his speech to say, "Where were we? Oh, yes!" before he continues inspired his friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to a kidding "play" on the same phrase when he interrupts *himself* with: "Good God! Where am I *at?*"

Lilian Harvey's private-life passion for saying something is "lovely, lovely, lovely" or "sweet, sweet, sweet" has a great many people on the Fox lot running around chirping "sweet, sweet, sweet" or "lousy, lousy, lousy," according to the frame of mind they're in!

As Greta Garbo might say to Lilyan Tashman: "One never knows where these crazy phrases come from—does one?" Which would give Lilyan a chance to answer truthfully that it's all quite, quite "mad."

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BY PATRICIA GORDON

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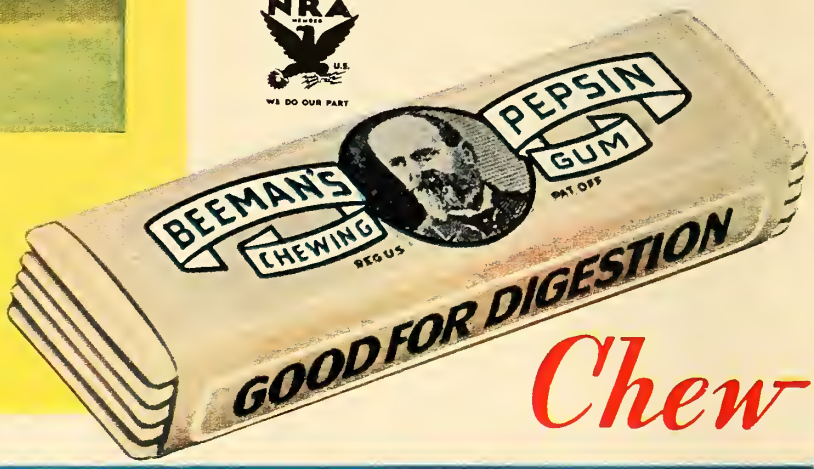

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Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. *Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"*

If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!

Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

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ARE you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

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Motion Picture

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STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
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Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 5

You Can Bet on BETTE!

They had Bette Davis wrong when she first came to the screen. They tried to make her a wistful heroine. But she is far from wistful; she's the type who goes out and gets what she wants. She wanted to be a dancer—so she studied with the famous Roshanara. Then she wanted to be an actress—and won two scholarships in a dramatic school. She wanted a variety of rôles—and she has proved her right to them.

You can bet that now, too, she is out to prove her right to stardom—which she won almost before she was ready for it. Watch her with Charles Farrell in "The Shakedown"!

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Cover Design of Bette Davis Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—the hero of *The Song of Songs* is expected back from abroad soon—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Angel, Heather—scheduled to be the heroine in *Orient Express*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—back from England and starting *The House of Rothschild*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Astaire, Fred—dancing Broadway star recently made film début in *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *By Candlelight*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing with Janet Gaynor again in *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Baer, Max—playing the handsome prizefighter in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *Counsellor At Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—about to be revolutionary in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—making her first musical picture, *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently finished *Little Women* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *Convention City*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Young Hearts*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—now making her second comeback picture, *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, George—recently completed *From Headquarters*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Family Man*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—*The Crowned Head* is in preparation for him—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—recently completed *Only Yesterday*. Is scheduled to make *The Great Ziegfeld*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—scheduled for *Balloon Buster*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, Bill—Jimmy's brother makes film début in small part in *Ace of Aces*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—now exposing another racket in *The Finger Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—up to some more musical tomfoolery in *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—starting new comedy at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—scheduled to make *Mandalay*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—on his return from abroad he will make *The Merry Widow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *She Made Her Bed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—playing opposite James Cagney again in *The Finger Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—again being directed by Cecil De Mille in *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Pardners*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Shakedown*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crabbe, Buster—playing in *Search for Beauty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in Clara Bow's *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marlene Dietrich, back from abroad, has replaced her famous trousers with skirts. She'll be *Catherine, the Great*, no less, in her next picture

Keystone

Did You Know That—

Marlene Dietrich didn't visit her native Germany while abroad and, when asked about the Nazis, says she "never talks politics"? . . . Sylvia Sidney, who left the Chevalier picture, "The Way to Love," has been forgiven and is starting a new film? . . . Charlotte Henry won the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland" over 7,000 rivals? . . . Baby Le Roy gets a salary of $50 a week? . . . Frank James Cooper has legally adopted his screen name, Gary Cooper? . . . Jack Oakie's mother is going on with her screen career, which started in "Too Much Harmony"? . . . Chico Marx is Hollywood's best bridge player? . . . Mae West may call her next picture, now in preparation, "It Ain't No Sin"?

Crosby, Bing—now singing to Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—edges close to stardom in *Broadway Through a Keyhole*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Counsellor At Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *The Shakedown*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—back on the screen in *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—back from abroad and starting *Her Regiment of Lovers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Forever Faithful*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—scheduled to co-star with Jean Harlow in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—recently completed *Take a Chance*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Stingaree*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—recently completed *Walls of Gold*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing title rôle in *Joe Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Forever Faithful*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—making *Symphony in Purple* abroad, to be released through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—starting on new career as producer in England; will release through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The Shakedown*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—now playing in *The Dark Hazard*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—playing in *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—scheduled for *Orient Express*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—playing with Clara Bow in *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—vacationing after *The House on 56th Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recovered from operations and co-starring with Joan Crawford in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing new type of rôle in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William—playing in *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—starting work on *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—appropriately enough, is scheduled for *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—reunited with Garbo as her leading man in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 14*)

♦ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ♦

She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one ... *The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", *A Paramount Picture* directed by Mitchell Leisen.

. . . *Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey ... with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

Your Gossip Test

Acme

By Marion Martone

1. How many of the motion picture players who have gone Hawaiian in the picture above can you name?

2. The son of what world-famous opera tenor was recently signed to a movie contract?

3. What two screen personalities featured in a romantic Mexican elopement and marriage?

4. Do you know the movie producer whose name has been linked with that of Sari Maritza in a romantic way?

5. Which famous stage producer has been signed up to direct and produce pictures for Fox?

6. What red-headed star heatedly denies any divorce plans?

7. Eleanor Boardman's betrothal to what Hollywood director was announced recently?

8. What novel way did Bette Davis employ to get back at the old gossips?

9. Can you name the famous blonde film star who recently married her cameraman?

10. Do you know the girl who was picked for the rôle of *Alice* in the film version of "Alice in Wonderland"?

11. Gary Cooper, according to reports, has a new blonde love interest. Do you know her?

12. What film star may be married to a Chicago millionaire sometime in November?

13. Can you identify the movie girl who married a motion picture director less than a month after divorcing her actor-husband?

14. How did George Jessel admit the fact that he hoped to marry Norma Talmadge some day?

15. What was the amount of the balm verdict awarded in the case brought by Mrs. Marian Read against Claire Windsor, actress?

16. What did Greta Garbo give as her reason for hesitating to make any torrid love scenes with John Gilbert?

17. Whose name has been added to the Motion Picture Hall of Fame in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre?

18. Why was Sally Rand, former screen player, sentenced to a year in jail?

19. What movie star's divorce was kept a secret for three months?

(*Answers to these questions on page 68*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Now from Warner Bros.' glittering

star-ranks blazes . . .

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The *Star* Company"....Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni in "THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MacMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK

And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

Tip-Offs On The Talkies

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By James Edwin Reid

In "I'm No Angel," Mae West doesn't actually need Russell Hopton to ballyhoo her charms as a carnival dancer

Beauty for Sale—Three beauty shop beauties experiment with love—honest Madge Evans, gold-digging Una Merkel, and too trusting Florine McKinney. Only Madge finds happiness, even if Otto Kruger IS married to flurried Alice Brady (who steals the picture). Entertaining, sexy comedy drama (M-G-M).

Berkeley Square—An unusual, sensitive, superlative picture—a delicate fantasy of a young modern who is whisked back into the XVIIIth Century, into a romantic ancestor's shoes, into an undying romance. Only Leslie Howard could have played it. Heather Angel is the girl he can't forget (Fox).

The Bowery—The first picture of Hollywood's newest film company, Twentieth Century—and a vivid, robust, amusing picture it is, bringing back the 1890's in all their glory. Wallace Beery and George Raft are each determined to be the Bowery's "big shot"—and Jackie Cooper joins the fight (U. A.).

Broadway to Hollywood—The most sincere of all the sagas of the show world—telling how the code of troupers is handed down from generation to generation, though times and shows may change. A big cast, headed by Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Russell Hardie and Eddie Nugent, all live their rôles (M-G-M).

Bureau of Missing Persons—An exciting melodrama, garnished with breezy comedy, revolving around police hunts for the mysteriously missing. Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Bette Davis carry most of the action (F. N.).

Deluge—This gets off to a terrific, breath-taking start, showing the world, as we know it, coming to an end—but then it dwindles into regulation melodrama, centering around the handful of survivors, including Peggy Shannon and Sidney Blackmer (RKO).

Dinner at Eight—It has everything—comedy, tragedy, drama, irony, and an all-star cast that IS all-star. It builds up from the idea that a varied group of people, whose lives are secretly intertwined, are scheduled to meet at a dinner. Most prominent are John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe and Billie Burke (M-G-M).

Doctor Bull—An easygoing, down-to-earth character sketch of an easygoing, down-to-earth country doctor, who has to battle not only disease, but his neighbors. Will Rogers, doing the best acting of his career, will cure those blues of yours (Fox).

The Emperor Jones—A tense, unusual picture, based on Eugene O'Neill's drama of a Negro who escaped a chain gang and became a king, but was not strong enough to escape man's primitive fears. Paul Robeson, famed Negro actor, gives one of the screen's greatest performances in the title rôle (U. A.).

F. P. 1—An exciting, melodramatic glimpse into the future, in which your eye is riveted on an airplane stop in mid-ocean (Floating Platform 1). Conrad Veidt and Leslie Fenton never let your interest wane (Fox).

Goodbye Again—A racy, insanely funny comedy about the difficulties of a lecturing author (Warren William), who can't seem to escape from an infatuated Cleveland housewife. Genevieve Tobin, Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert help to make it giddy nonsense (F. N.).

Her First Mate—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville, married again, are comical again. Slim has sea fever and wants to own a six-master; Zasu wants to keep him near home on a ferryboat (Univ.).

I Have Lived—Rising from a speakeasy to the stage, Anita Page has such a struggle that she almost misses love. A trite story that drags (First Division).

I Loved a Woman—The rise and fall of a Chicago financier, whose love for an opera singer makes him super-ambitious, leads to his ruin. A dramatic ironical tale, brilliantly acted by Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis (F. N.).

I'm No Angel—You must come up 'n' see Mae West again sometime—for she is wowing them again. This time she is a curvacious carnival dancer, who becomes a circus queen, puts her witty head in a lion's mouth, and takes wealthy Cary Grant the way that other Grant took Richmond (Par.).

The Invisible Man—A scientist disappears while experimenting with a little-known chemical, after which England is terrorized by a fiend who can turn invisible at will. A Grade A horror epic, in which Claude Rains looks like Karloff's big worry. You'll wonder how they made it (Univ.).

Ladies Must Love—Ladies must also live, which is why showgirls Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess and Mary Carlisle are gold-diggers; but June Knight, their pal, has a job—so when she falls in love with Neil Hamilton, she means it. It's sexy, smart comedy (Univ.).

Wallace Beery protects Fay Wray—and she loves his rival in "The Bowery," Twentieth Century's robust first film

Lady for a Day—Another grand old lady, May Robson, reaches the heights—as an aged apple-seller who has to pretend to be a society queen. Warren William, Guy Kibbee, and Glenda Farrell aid her hoax, which has its complications, both constant and uproarious (Col.).

The Masquerader—In a dual rôle, Ronald Colman plays a drug-racked man of fame and the clever unknown who changes places with him. It works up to some tense moments, with Elissa Landi helping radiantly (U. A.).

Myrt and Marge—The new radio favorites, in person, in a story of backstage life that isn't new. In fact, unfortunately, it is so old that it is dull (Univ.).

Night Flight—A compelling, starkly realistic story of aviation in the Andes, in which the hero is none of the fliers, but the airline manager who keeps up their morale, whose will makes them dare death. John Barrymore has this rôle, supported by brother Lionel, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy (M-G-M).

One Man's Journey—The sentimental, but moving story of an ambitious country doctor, who has to sacrifice his ambition to his humanity all through his life. It's Lionel Barrymore at his best (RKO).

One Sunday Afternoon—Gary Cooper, a small-town dentist in his forties, discontentedly married to Frances Fuller, re-lives the days when he loved Fay Wray and lost her to Neil Hamilton, is tempted to murder, but, instead, gets an amusing lesson in life's irony. Well-acted, if a bit slow (Par.).

Paddy, the Next-Best Thing—Another sprightly rôle for Janet Gaynor, in which she is a fiery Irish lass with a gift for blarney, who tries to keep her sister from marrying Warner Baxter, without realizing she wants him for herself. Amusing and sparkling (Fox).

The Passion of Joan of Arc—A striking French film, with English sub-titles, telling anew the tragic drama of the Maid of Orleans, vividly portrayed by Maria Falconetti (Capital).

Penthouse—The title hardly hints that here is a rousing good melodrama about a lawyer (Warner Baxter) who defends a gangster, is ostracized, and then is helped by the gangster and an underworld girl (Myrna Loy) in solving a society murder mystery (M-G-M).

The Power and the Glory—The movies have found a new way to tell a story, called "narratage." From the lips of Ralph Morgan, and through his eyes, you learn the life-story of Spencer Tracy, who was once a track-walker, married school-teacher Colleen Moore, turned ambitious, eventually became a railroad president, and then met tragedy. It's powerful, memorable (Fox).

The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth—Charles Laughton, of *Nero* fame, brings the English Bluebeard back to life, in a portrait that is both human and bestial, terrifying and amusing, amorous and brutal. It's so compelling that it's worth seeing twice (U. A.).

Rafter Romance—By night, Ginger Rogers lives in the same attic room that Norman Foster lives in by day; each hates his unknown fellow-tenant. Then, outside, they meet and fall in love. A bright little idea, brightly developed (RKO).

Take a Chance—A smart, but sometimes silly musical comedy about a Broadway show in the making and those concerned with it—who are, in order of importance, James Dunn, June Knight, Buddy Rogers, Cliff Edwards, Lillian Roth and Dorothy Lee. It moves fast, anyway (Par.).

Thunder Over Mexico—Art with a capital A—a tragic love story that also tells the tragedy of the peons of Mexico. Made by Sergei Eisenstein, it is unusual, disturbing, beautifully photographed—and acted by natives, silently (Principal).

Too Much Harmony—A breezy comedy of show life, boasting Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher as a ham vaudeville team, Bing Crosby as a crooner who wins Oakie's girl, and Harry Green as a manager with troubles. It has pep and catchy tunes, but its plot has whiskers (Par.).

Torch Singer—Men will like Claudette Colbert, and women will have a good cry over the story, which has her rising from speakeasy depths to radio heights, giving up her child en route, and then desperately trying to find her (Par.).

Tugboat Annie—Marie Dressler pilots a tugboat, with Wallace Beery her no-account husband and mate, who finally turns out to be a hero. It has humor and pathos, and is always human—but it's their acting that makes it what it is (M-G-M).

Turn Back the Clock—Lee Tracy, a small-time storekeeper who has a battle with his wife, goes under ether and gets his wish to live his life over again. He marries the other girl, becomes rich—but his dream turns into an amusing nightmare. Clever comedy (M-G-M).

Tunbridge—London

In "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth," Charles Laughton paints a many-sided portrait of the king with many wives

Again she weaves her Magic Spell!
KATHARINE HEPBURN
in
"LITTLE WOMEN"
by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!
with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR
RKO Radio PICTURES
MERIAN C. COOPER
Executive Producer
Twenty million have read the book...Fifty million will love the picture!

SELECT THIS HOTEL FOR YOUR WINTER VISIT TO NEW YORK!

When you come to the "first city of the world" for business or pleasure or both, enjoy the added pleasure of living in the new, smart center of New York . . . at the modern Hotel Montclair. The Montclair is adjacent to all the railroad and important bus terminals, the better shops and the glamorous theatrical district. It offers you every comfort at rates that are surprisingly moderate.

800 ROOMS . . . EACH WITH BATH, SHOWER, RADIO

SINGLE from $2.50 to $5.00 per day
Weekly from $15.00

DOUBLE from $3.50 to $6.00 per day
Weekly from $21.00

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, N. Y. C.

REDUCE 3 LBS. A WEEK OR NO COST!

No pills or tablets, no starvation diets, no strenuous exercising, no salts. Send for free trial of Dain Tea. Just drink it with your meals. Watch ugly, unhealthy fat disappear. Your request for free trial brings trial supply by return mail and full $1.00 treatment which you may try under our 10 day refund guarantee. Try Dain Tea at our risk.

DAIN TEA CO. DEPT. L, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sudden Change to

COMPLEXION BEAUTY

Amazed Her Friends

But she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Stuart's calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the *cause:* intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

A five day test of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package—sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent to you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 31-G, Marshall, Mich.

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Address .....
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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Write 'Em and Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address the Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$20.00 Letter

They Know Good Plays

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Critical to the point of being a nuisance to my friends, my family and myself, I am yet inspired to compose a eulogy on that recent picture, "Reunion in Vienna" with John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard! The signs of approval in the house where I saw it, one of the large downtown theatres in my city, were proof that the response to this production was general. That response, indicated by chuckles, guffaws, giggles and titters throughout, extended even to some timid hand-clapping at the close of the picture—a spontaneous sign of approval and real enjoyment that is a rare occurrence now.

The reputation made for this play by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne must have carried over for the picture to a greater extent than producers usually anticipate. We in the provinces are not so unaware of what the cosmopolites are seeing and applauding as is generally believed.

And so when we see a picture because of the success of the play that has preceded, it is genuinely satisfying to see it produced with the subtleties of humor, the nuances of feeling, the absence of pointed morals, the sincerity of this one. So, we of the intelligentsia (!) do not find ourselves in the familiar, yet galling position of the dear children—"dear children just everywhere: here's Aunt Polly with a lovely story for you." And for *hoi polloi*, there will yet be some attraction in a humor that is not so delicate as to be sterile, in people and situations that are not so civilized as to be outside the realm of their experience.

Bernice M. Baumgarten.

$10.00 Letter

Too Much of a Good Thing

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—This miracle of moving and talking pictures has become commonplace to the unappreciative through its low price of admission. People who cannot afford expensive recreation sit in comfortable theatres for hours, watching the world pass in entertainment and edification before them.

Most of them could never expect to see great stage celebrities of this and foreign countries, yet George Arliss, Leslie Howard, Helen Hayes and others, whose acting is the very essence of art, create character before their eyes. They could never afford to travel, yet they gaze upon sights and scenes of far away places. Beauty and charm parade before their senses in the picked talent and pulchritude of a vast industry.

Yet one hears unappreciative criticism and carping. "I'm fed up on pictures," they say. "Fed up," is correct. They've had the glorious privilege through cheap admission to *glut* upon the rich, fine fare until they feel satiated. They quarrel with it, but would weep with hunger pains if it were denied them. Then they would realize, in its loss, its wonder, charm, solace, stimulation and education.

Mrs. Chloe B. Ayer.

$5.00 Letter

Katharine's Naturalness

DE KALB, ILL.—I have just seen "Morning Glory" and, although I am a young man of some sense and not given to bursts of enthusiasm, I must confess that Katharine Hepburn's enigmatic beauty and her magnificent ease of performance move me to flights of eloquence. What subtle charm, what poignant emotional appeal, what brilliantly dramatic poise—I am inarticulate. I am convinced that Miss Hepburn's aura of inspiring magnetism motivated the rest of the cast to excel their usual capable acting. Young Fairbanks was never more engaging, Menjou never more blandly urbane, and the rest of the cast couldn't have been more splendidly perfect.

After the fatuous winsomeness of some stars and far too many seasons of the heavy, sensual, posturing of others, what a refreshing relief this calm girl's clean, intelligent naturalness is. Here at last is an actress who appeals to something besides one's physical emotions—her mind is sensitive to all scenes, however dramatic. She invites one's intellect. I feel sure that Miss Hepburn's classic beauty will haunt me for months.

Despite a trite story, Katharine Hepburn raises "Morning Glory" to the heights of great dramatic achievement. I pronounce her far and away the most intriguing star that has graced the American cinema during the past decade.

Frank H. Kennedy.

Honorable Mention

La Rue's Smile

SALEM, O.—Nine times, I went to see John Gilbert shed tears on a loaf of bread; but I thought a series of all-star casts had cured me of spending thirty cents to see one star emote, or a whole flock of stars, for that matter. I had graduated to Broadway Drama, canned—spiced, pickled, or desiccated—in Hollywood. If I went twice to see *When Ladies Meet*, it would be to hear Alice Brady talk. I had acquired sophistication and sense. Oh, yeah? Then somebody put Jack La Rue in the corner of a picture, toting a menacing gun and a mean look; and I started going to all the pictures where Jack La Rue sneaks in to do the dirty work, looking as if he lived on cyanide.

Now if I must see Jack La Rue (which I want to do), I wish they would let him wear, in his pictures, the smile he wore in a snapshot taken when he was strutting down the Boulevard with Mae West.

Ethel E. Headrick.

Wanted: A Sentimental Rôle for Jimmy

HACKENSACK, N. J.—Most people have been sold the opinion that Jimmy Durante is successful in charming his public because he has a ridiculous nose.

I think that you and a few others will agree with me that if our hilarious Jimmy didn't tell us in every picture that his nose is funny, we wouldn't remember to think so, and might even go home after one of his pictures, with his ridiculous self-made smile holding first place in our hearts.

There are no inhibitions in Jimmy. He gives of himself without restraint. I go to every picture he appears in because I want to learn his trick of giving, and because I like his smile.

If they ever take our Jimmy Durante seriously and cast him in a real-life picture, and if he will give to a sentimental rôle as freely as he gives now to slapstick . . . I want to be there.

I don't know him as he lives his every-day life, but it seems to me that I can see something awfully nice and plenty deep, that is being pushed aside for slapstick comedy. *M. I. A. U.*

For Both Leslie and Clark

MIDDLESBROUGH, ENG.—I wonder why it is always taken for granted that an admirer of Leslie Howard has no use for Clark Gable?

I am one of the people who think Leslie Howard has not his equal on the screen, but that does not prevent my seeing every Clark Gable picture shown. And your article ("Is the Future Threatening Gable?") came at a very opportune time, when in England we were just seeing "The White Sister."

Clark Gable is much too good an actor not to give his best to every part, but was ever man so miscast? He was never *Giovanni* for a moment, but his own essentially audacious, modern self.

There is more than enough room on the screen for every type of actor, but they must be allowed to develop their own personalities, and not become merely imitators of each other.

The Leslie Howard "fans" appreciate good acting, and can therefore also be counted on to "root for Clark" in his new fight to retain his own individuality. *Elsie Fraser.*

TO good health and good cheer

Let Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer grace the festive board . . . it's hearty and healthy—sociable and sensible, the best of the better beers. . . . And after you order it once, it will become your standing order—for holidays and other days as well.

PABST BLUE RIBBON

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We Want YOU TO TRY THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

...if YOU DO NOT REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS ...it won't cost you one penny!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy.

"IT MASSAGES like magic" . . . writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense—

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

. . . or it will cost you nothing!

● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement.

● In TEN Short Days You can Be Your Slimmer Self . . . without Dieting; Drugs or Exercise.

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Name.....

Address.....

Use Coupon or Send Penny Post-card

What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 6*)

Haley, Jack—nimble Broadway comic co-starring with Jack Oakie in *Sitting Pretty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—recently completed *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—scheduled to co-star with Marie Dressler in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lillan—now making *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing on New York stage in *Mary of Scotland*. Next picture will be *The Old Maid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Henry, Charlotte—she is the girl who won the coveted title rôle in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—scheduled for *Break of Hearts* with John Barrymore—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—Anna Sten's leading man in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Master of Men*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—scheduled for *Ladder of Men*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopton, Russell—playing in *The Finger Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—back from England and scheduled for *British Agent*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hudson, Rochelle—playing Will Rogers' daughter in *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hume, Benita—vacationing abroad after *The Worst Woman in Paris?*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Horseplay*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—back on the screen in *Wunderbar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Buck—just finished *Gordon of Ghost City*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Little Wild Birds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Miriam—scheduled for *He Knew His Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jory, Victor—playing in Will James' famous Western story, *Smoky*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—scheduled for *The Return of Frankenstein*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—will co-star with Dick Powell in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—co-starring with Zasu Pitts in *Once Over Lightly*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Convention City*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkland, Muriel—giving Anna Sten some competition in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Knight, June—just finished *Take a Chance*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Kruger, Otto—Barbara Stanwyck's leading man in *Ever in My Heart*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *By Candlelight*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—back in England for a Winter on the stage, after finishing *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—romantic young Czech makes his screen début in *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—back in films again, playing in *Pardners* Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—back on the screen once more in *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lindsay, Margaret—recently completed *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—starting work on *The Cat's-Paw*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—plays title rôle in *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—scheduled for *Bombay Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. Scheduled for *China Seas* with Gable—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—with Elissa Landi in *By Candlelight*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—co-starring with Ramon Novarro in *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen—scheduled for *Chrysalis*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—Ed Wynn's leading lady in *The Chief*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—recently completed *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—just finished *Design for Living*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maritza, Sari—just competed with Ann Harding in *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—one of the *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marx Brothers—up to some more nonsense in *Duck Soup*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—scheduled to make *Dance of Desire* with Dolores Del Rio—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McHugh, Frank—playing in *Convention City*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—just completed *The Lost Patrol*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—suave, as usual, in *Convention City*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Forever Faithful*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Douglass—former Kent Douglass resumes own name and screen career in *Little Women*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—scheduled to make *Overland Bus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—scheduled for *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing with May Robson in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—just finished *Dangerous to Women*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Muir, Jean—Broadway actress makes her film début as Paul Muni's leading lady in *The World Changes*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Muni, Paul—recently completed *The World Changes*. Scheduled for *Anthony Adverse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—latest release, *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood Cal.

Nixon, Marian—making *A Song for You* abroad with Jan Kiepura, for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—now making *The Cat and the Fiddle* with Jeanette MacDonald—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Frontier Marshall*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—has title rôle of *College Coach*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—with Johnny Weissmuller again in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Parker, Jean—plays feminine lead in *Malibu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pearl, Jack—the Baron Munchausen of the air comes to the screen in *Meet the Baron*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—looking for a story for a new picture—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing Will Rogers' wife in *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, Dick—about to sing to Ruby Keeler again in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—scheduled for *King of Fashion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—scheduled for *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rains, Claude—famous Broadway actor makes a sensational film début in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—plays opposite Lilian Harvey in *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Dark Hazard*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robson, May—about to star in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Buddy—just completed *Take a Chance*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Rogers, Ginger—recently completed *Chance at Heaven*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—now making *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—recently completed rôle opposite Constance Bennett in *Woman Spy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Roulien, Raul—the Brazilian singing star recently completed *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charlie—playing The March Hare in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—recently completed *To the Last Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Fury of the Jungle*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—back from abroad and scheduled to make *Marie Antoinette*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—also back from abroad and scheduled to make *Reunion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Skipworth, Alison—playing with W. C. Fields in *Tillie and Gus*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Ever in My Heart*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Sten, Anna—Russian star makes her American début in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—playing in *Counsellor At Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stone, George E.—playing with Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Young Hearts*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sullavan, Margaret—young stage actress makes screen début as star of *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Taylor, Kent—Carole Lombard's young lover in *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—back from Broadway and in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing opposite Edward G. Robinson in *The Dark Hazard*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing with Wheeler and Woolsey in *Hip, Hips, Hooray*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—playing opposite Constance Bennett in *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Torres, Raquel—leading lady of all Four Marx Brothers in *Duck Soup*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Advice to the Lovelorn*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Trouble Shooter*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tree, Dorothy—young stage actress makes film début in *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Trevor, Claire—young newcomer gets a big break, playing opposite James Dunn in *Jimmy and Claire*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Dangerous to Women*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Joe Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Vinson, Helen—playing in *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

West, Mae—her next picture may be called *It Ain't No Sin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—just finished *Dangerous to Women*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wieck, Dorothea—the *Maedchen in Uniform* beauty is to make her American début in *Cradle Song*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—scheduled for *Bedside*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing opposite Jack Holt in *Master of Men*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wynn, Ed—he ought to be good in *The Chief*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—expected back soon from abroad—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—recently completed *Beautiful*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

PILLS! Bottles! Messy medicines! Away with them! How different with Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative. Just a bit of delicious chocolate.

And yet, so mild, so gentle and so effective! So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. And so effective that when you once try it you find it unnecessary to use harsh cathartics ever again.

All druggists sell Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. MP123, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth —the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By FRANK MORLEY

THE month sees Hollywood getting solidly behind the NRA, and quite happy to do so, believe you me. The general glee with which the New Deal is being accepted is typified in a crack made by Ted Healy, the comic, when his celebrated stooges rushed up to congratulate him upon the signing of a picture contract.

"NRA—NRA!" shouted Healy.

"What you mean?" asked the dumb boys.

"No Red Apples," replied Ted, ducking.

MAE WEST has her own slant on the situation. She feels that while it is a swell thing, the Act does not go far enough, and that there should be some special provision in it for bachelor girls. "Our hours of work have been shortened by NRA," she points out. "This leaves us with more time on our hands. How to use that time to the best advantage is the problem. Here are my suggestions for additions to the Code:

"*Men friends:* No single woman shall have more than three male admirers, one steady, one "tall, dark and handsome," and one for laughs. (This would sort of pass the men around more, and give deserving girls a break.)

"*Gifts from men:* She shall take no more than she can get. These shall be limited, however, to jewelry, motor cars, flowers, furs and candy.

"*Entertainment:* She shall do what her escort wants her to do, go where he wants to go, except when she wants to do something different.

"*Time for her own family:* She shall devote at least one night a week to her mother and father.

"*Health and exercise:* She shall spend at least six hours a week developing her physique, improving her health, so that she will have her full quota of sex appeal.

"*Beauty treatments:* She shall spend as much time as she pleases beautifying herself.

"*Hours of sleep:* Regardless of the rush of masculine attentions, she shall get at least nine hours' sleep every night. If she doesn't take care of her vitality, she'll lose the men."

Kay Francis, last an opera singer, is now in the center of the "Floradora" Sextette, singing "While Strolling Through the Park One Day." Which gives you a tip-off that "The House on 56th Street" starts with a 1901 setting

TALKING of working conditions reminds us of a startling occurrence in the life of Harry Lillis Crosby: Bing may lose his spot as Crooner Number One. It seems that during an "imitate Bing Crosby" contest, Bing selected two finalists from the hundreds who turned out. The finals were to be heard from a local station, and, as a gag, Bing entered himself as a third and unknown contestant. He sang a song with the other two, then selected the winner.

"And," he admits, "while we got a lot of mail about the contest, there wasn't a single squawk about the decision. The other boy imitated me better than I did!"

AS you've heard, another great radio favorite, Jack Pearl, is coming to the screen in his famous character of the *Baron Munchausen*. But Pearl regards the future rather glumly; it seems his racket is being beset by difficulties.

"My whole business is making up lies," he says, "and making up lies that, while I tell them seriously, are so obviously impossible as to make people laugh. But with every day seeing everything becoming more credible, now when I make up a new lie I'm not sure whether it's going to get a laugh or not. Every day something I think might be a pretty good lie is illustrated by Ripley—with proof that it's true, whether you believe it or not.

"The best one I've made up recently is about Wally Beery flying his 'plane into a flock of ducks. The propeller blew off their feathers and the heat of the engine cooked them! I'm going to spring it quick for fear Wally does that very thing—and makes me a teller of the truth!"

OH, it's not all a bed of roses, this business of making pictures that move and talk. There's Jack Holt, having to spend ten days in a steel mill, stripped to the waist before the furnaces, for his new opus. And even sadder, the plight of Lucien Littlefield, the character-comic, whose part in a recent film called for an egg to be broken over his head for a shampoo. Eighteen times the scene had to be retaken, and eighteen times Lucien got the egg rubbed energetically into his hair.

So you want to go in the movies, eh?

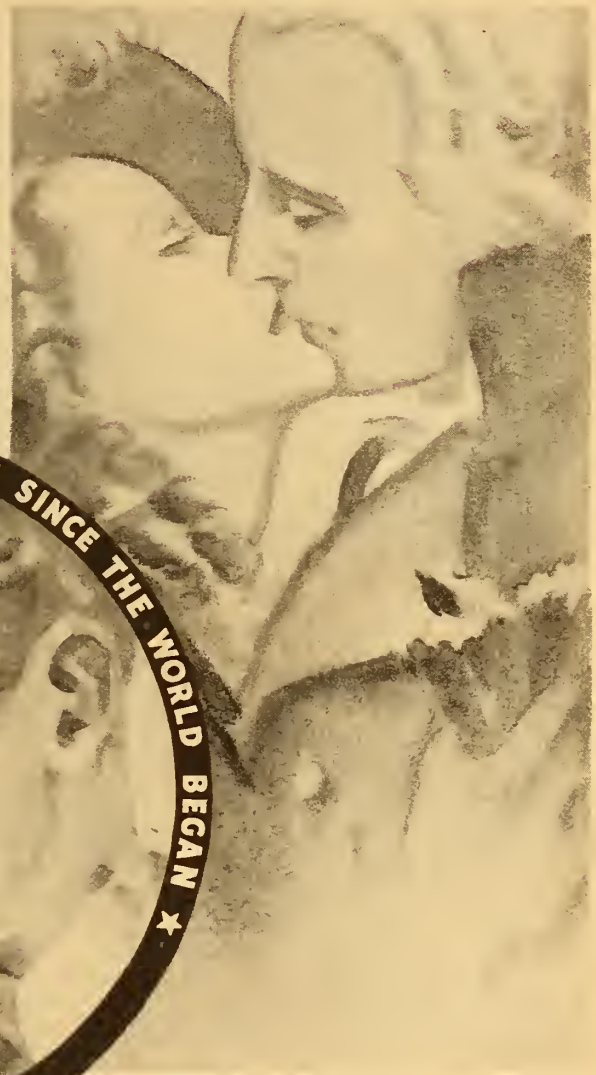
(*Continued on page 77*)

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y. World-Telegram



JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."
—N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at $1.65 admission. *You see it at popular prices.* Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News

"In a class by itself."—N. Y. Times

"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —N. Y. Mirror

Every critic, without exception, *raved! And you will too!*

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"

From the play by John L. Balderston

FOX

LOOK OUT!

don't catch the other fellow's cold
Gargle Listerine at once to kill germs!

After any direct or indirect contact with others suffering from colds, gargle with Listerine as soon as you can.

Active germs that may have lodged in your mouth or throat are killed by this quick-acting antiseptic.

This simple, pleasant precaution may spare you a painful sore throat, a severe cold, and even more serious troubles that often develop as a result of colds.

Listerine fights colds

More important than the emergency use of Listerine, is the habit of gargling with it every morning and every night.

The mouth and throat are the breeding places for all sorts of diseases. Millions of germs grow and multiply there. Included among them are the four types associated with colds and sore throat.

The everyday use of Listerine keeps such germs under control—promotes a cleaner and more healthy condition of the mouth.

Fewer colds for garglers

Careful tests, while not conclusive, have shown that regular twice a day users of Listerine caught fewer colds than those who did not use it.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it attacks all types of bacteria clinging to teeth, gums, mouth and throat surfaces.

Tests have shown a reduction of as much as 99% in the number of germs within five minutes after the Listerine gargle. And reductions ranging to 64% have been noted four hours after the gargle.

In view of such lasting effect, is it any wonder that when sure results are desired, Listerine is chosen?

Listerine is Safe

Get into the habit of using Listerine twice a day as an aid in preventing not only colds, but other infections. Remember, Listerine is harmless and non-poisonous. It is always safe in action.

If you do feel a cold coming on, or your throat begins to bother you, increase the frequency of the gargle to once every three hours. Listerine so used will often check a cold before it becomes serious. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

for SORE THROATS

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
LISTERINE *prices slashed*
BUY NOW . . SAVE MONEY!!

NRA

Fryer

GLENDA FARRELL

THE gold-digger of 1933—that's Glenda. And having a sense of humor, she must sometimes meditate on the irony of it all. For in real life she has "paid her own way" since she was seven. She says she'd like to be "helpless for a change"—but they've dug up some more golden siren opportunities for her in "The Shakedown" and "Dark Hazard"

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Shure, and it looks as if Maureen has a touch of that dreamy autumn fever that you're after havin', yourself. And there's another rumor going the rounds—namely, that "Maureen" is short for "Mavourneen," which is Irish for "Darling." It sounds possible. Anyway, she is being Johnny Weissmuller's mavourneen in "Tarzan and His Mate"

LEE TRACY

From the twisted grin on his face, you'd get the idea that he doesn't believe the report that he has become Gable's big rival. He doesn't want the job. Besides, he says, as an idol of the lovelorn, he'd be a comedian. He's out to show you in "Advice to The Lovelorn," now that he and Jean Harlow have tossed that "Bombshell" at Hollywood

C. S. Bull

MADGE EVANS

She's young, she's sweet, she's sensible. And that's the type that heroes want to marry, after all is said and done. It must be so, or Madge wouldn't be so busy. Wasn't she the only beauty in "Beauty for Sale" who came to a happy ending? Now, with Richard Dix, she'll illustrate what it means to be "Forever Faithful," as only Madge could

Kenneth Alexander

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

These Connies seem to be born ambitious, determined. At least, this Connie was. And she's serious about her dramatics! She went six thousand miles—to England—to play a good rôle. When she married there, she chose a playwright (Benn W. Levy). Now she's a star—beginning with "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and "Trouble Shooter"

LESLIE HOWARD

Leslie is back in his native England at the moment, making a picture called "The Lady Is Willing." But he will soon be facing West for a long, long stay—if the ladies of America are willing. And they certainly will be. For who else could love as Leslie did in "Berkeley Square"? And who else could do justice to "Of Human Bondage"?

ROCHELLE HUDSON

When a girl can be this animated and natural before a "still" camera, what couldn't she be before a movie camera? That's what they're asking about this Oklahoma girl, who was first discovered about two years ago and now has been discovered all over again. Your eyes will be wide open, too, when you see her with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch"

MAURICE CHEVALIER ANN DVORAK AND "MUTT"

He's becoming a family man—this straw-hatted innocent of Paris. In "A Bedtime Story," he was a man-about-town who had a M'sieu Baybee; and this time he is a dreamer, who has a brunette (as a novelty), to help him find "The Way to Love"—and a little dog to keep intruders away. Ann, just back from a year abroad, is appropriately a gipsy

Portrait by Ric

Beauty Contest!

Get a Camay Complexion and You'll be Admired Wherever You Go

"BEAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!

Another Beauty Contest Won! *The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.*

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S Best-Dressed Women *Were Once Poor Girls*

Don't miss this story. It may be worth dollars to you. Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman and most of the other "best-dressed women" on the screen to-day knew poverty once—and had to know how to make every cent for clothes count. Here they tell you how they did it. (P.S. They still have the habit!)

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

"WHAT'S the use of talking about clothes when you haven't plenty of money to spend?"

Carole Lombard (left), than whom there is no one more modish, once had home-made glamour. She says, "The first thing to learn is how to handle a needle, for therein lies the *open sesame* to glamourous clothes." Helen Vinson (above), a new style-setter, once had a small wardrobe—but her few things were "of the best." Joan Crawford (right), the fashion leader of them all, once had to make her own dresses, if she wanted any

That's probably the commonest remark that has been heard this autumn—just when the fashions are more flattering, romantic and exciting than they have been in years. But are you going to sit back and let the procession pass you by, just because you haven't money? Take some tips from Hollywood's best-dressed women, and you'll be dressing inexpensively and well!

Have you ever stopped to think that most of the screen's "best-dressed women" have all come from modest, even poor homes? Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman, Claudette Colbert, Adrienne Ames, Carole Lombard, Alice White and Helen Vinson—a list that comprises several different types of beauty—all had to worry about how to stretch a wardrobe dollar as far as possible, in the days when they were getting their starts. And they have not forgotten how they did it.

No women in the world know more about clothes than actresses do; that goes without saying, for clothes are a large part of the glamour they sell on the screen. In their early days

they had to meet that same problem that is yours to-day —how to dress well on little, and make that little count.

They all consider that early period of struggle as a very valuable experience. To-day they are profiting by what they learned then. So, to every girl who is struggling with a deflated clothes budget, but who longs for that smart appearance so generally recognized and desired nowadays, Hollywood is sending a bag of tricks and plenty of serious advice on the subject of being well-dressed on the least possible expenditure.

Kirk

Alice White (above), who can now afford the best, still remembers what she learned about clothes-shopping when she had to make every dollar count. And Adrienne Ames (right), now a style queen, but once an "extra," does, also

Where Claudette Economizes

LISTEN, for example, to Claudette Colbert, who once had to budget her clothes money, or "do without." She says: "Every woman's wardrobe can be divided into two equal parts—the part that can stand economy and the part that cannot," and then explains what she means.

Claudette Colbert (above) now wears clothes especially designed for her, but once had to know where she could save and where she could not. Lilyan Tashman (left), "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood" to-day, explains it by lessons she learned when poor

"Cheap shoes are always bad economy," Claudette believes. "Unless a wary buyer can find just what she wants at the semi-annual sales, it is not wise to buy cheap footwear. Well-shod feet are of tremendous importance, not only for looks, but for comfort and health. However, I believe that hosiery can be placed in the economy classification. Right now, stockings of excellent quality and smart colors can be purchased at very reasonable prices. If the girl who practises budgeting will take excellent care of her inexpensive stockings (that is, washing them in lukewarm water after each wearing), they will last just as long as the better grades.

"Hats—what life-savers they are! You can always economize on a hat, if you know how to pick out the right kind in a marked-down shop. Gloves should be fairly good. They receive too much wear and too many washings to bear up if made of cheap materials. Get yourself two good pairs and they will last throughout several seasons, with careful cleaning.

"In dresses, again, some can bear up under bargain beginnings and some cannot. The little silk frock or the simple sports wool outfit can be placed on the cheap side. The tailored suit never, never, never is cheap. Invest plenty in one tailored suit and you will

(*Continued on page 86*)

Mtehle

Why was Pert Kelton, the newest picture-stealer, removed from the cast of "Nana"? There are three possible answers!

The Answers to TEN QUESTIONS *That Baffled* HOLLYWOOD *This Month*

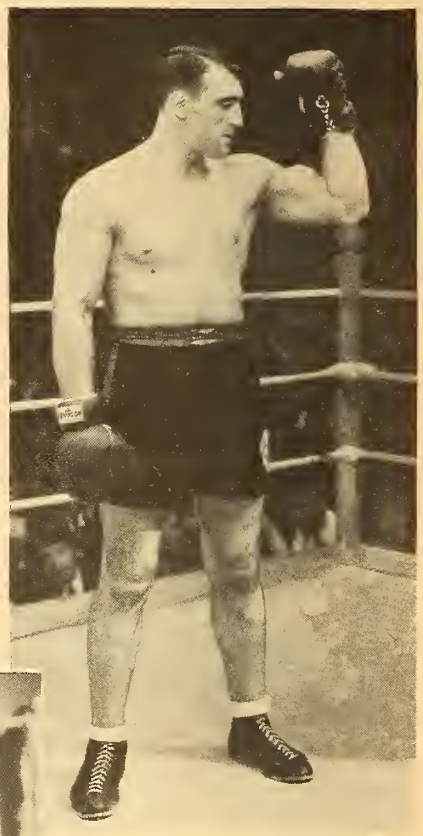
How much truth is there to the report that Garbo refused to make scheduled "torrid" love scenes with John Gilbert for "Queen Christina"? You'll find the answer here—along with answers to nine other big, puzzling questions!

You and Hollywood ask the questions; MOTION PICTURE answers them. We began last month, continue this month, and shall keep on indefinitely. We're out to fulfill a need. We're out to end stories about stars that gossip has started, and tell you in a few words just how much truth—if any—lies behind certain persistent rumors. Keep up-to-date on this question-and-answer series, and you will be keeping up-to-date on the Hollywood topics of the day. You will have some real information, reliable information.—*Editor.*

This is the second in a monthly series of answers to baffling questions about stars. More are coming—to keep you up-to-date about Hollywood topics of the day!

Ray Jones

How was Janet Gaynor (left) able to spend four weeks at a Wisconsin lake resort without being recognized? And why has Mimi Jordan (below) changed her name back to Miriam and let her hair grow?



MORE huddles take place in Hollywood than on all the football gridirons in America. Wherever two players meet, there's a huddle—and a huddle is a signal for an attempt to break through somebody's "line." One player asks another: "Did you hear the latest about So-and-So? What do you make of it?" And then the fun—and the rumors—begin.

Hollywood huddles, in other words, are gossip meets. Hollywood is more interested in its own townsfolk and their puzzling actions than is any other community in the world. But there are Hollywood mysteries that even the movie colony cannot solve. There are questions that baffle Hollywood, and these same mysteries are equally puzzling to the rest of the world.

Perhaps you may find, among the ten questions that have been baffling Hollywood this month, a number of topics that you and your friends have discussed to no conclusions. Read James M. Fidler's summarized answers—and you will have "inside" information, obtained from the most authoritative sources:

1. *Are Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich "at war"?*

While no direct ultimatum has been issued by either

By JAMES M. FIDLER

star, there exists a secret rivalry that eventually may explode into open warfare.

When Garbo returned to resume her film career, she looked at the Dietrich picture, "The Song of Songs," and immediately asked her studio to employ its director, Rouben Mamoulian, to produce "Queen Christina." While "The Song of Songs" was hardly Marlene's most exciting picture, director Mamoulian had created photographic effects that gave her more glamour than ever before.

Marlene perhaps regarded this move as a direct challenge, for she shortened her European visit to return to Hollywood and commence work in "Her Regiment of Lovers," which also is about a queen—Catherine of Russia. This production is destined to reach the screen shortly after the release of Garbo's film. The two are bound to be compared.

Did Greta Garbo actually refuse to play torrid love scenes with John Gilbert in "Queen Christina"? Fidler says "No"—and gives you the "inside" facts about what happened

2. *Why was Pert Kelton removed from the cast of "Nana"?*

Agent for Samuel Goldwyn, producer of the picture: "Miss Kelton is a typical American girl. She was not properly cast in the guise of an Eighteenth Century Austrian street-walker."

Is it true Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald (above), co-stars in "The Cat and the Fiddle," have had a feud? And why will the bout between Primo Carnera and Max Baer (left) in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" influence future bets?

Official of RKO-Radio, which studio holds Miss Kelton under contract: "When production on 'Nana' was halted after several weeks of work, we requested the return of our player because we needed her for another picture, and could not spare her for the time necessary to re-make 'Nana'."

Hollywood rumor: "Pert Kelton was stealing the picture from the others in the cast. 'Nana' marks the introduction of Samuel Goldwyn's new Russian 'find,' Anna Sten. It would have been suicidal to permit Miss Kelton to steal Miss Sten's début picture."

There are three answers. Take your choice.

3. *What is the foundation for the report that the movie, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," will influence betting odds when Primo Carnera and Max Baer meet for the world's championship?*

Betting odds on this bout, which may occur next Spring, were in favor of Champion Carnera. When the Man-Mountain first appeared in Hollywood to box Max to a pre-arranged draw in the big scene of "The Prizefighter and the Lady," the stars were more certain than ever that he would "tame that Baer" in the ring.

But when the cameras actually started grinding on the big fight scene, Baer was so much the faster, and he so easily eluded the thrusts of his Goliath opponent that many stars now believe he will defeat Carnera—and will bet accordingly.

4. *Why has "Mimi" Jordan changed her name back to "Miriam"?*

A great exploitation campaign accompanied the initial change of Miss Jordan's name from "Miriam" to "Mimi." At the time, she bobbed her hair. It was all for the purpose of making her more American.

However, Miss Jordan's broker-fiancé in New York objected both to the bobbing of mane and of name. To please him, Miss Jordan is permitting her hair to grow, and has already restored the shorn letters to her name.

5. *For what reason are motion picture stars turning down fabulous radio salary offers?*

You will hear many answers to these questions, such as: (A) Joan Crawford, for one, is afraid of the mike; (B) the stars regard radio as competitive to their own business, and they prefer to remain loyal to the movie studios; (C) stars fear that their voices, *without their faces,* will disappoint the public and thus lower their movie box-office value.

But the most truthful answer is that credited to Mae West: "I'm offered $65,000 for thirteen weekly programs. I demand twice that figure, or I will not sign. If such a radio

(*Continued on page 90*)

Short on *Sight*, But Long on Sex Appeal

A Wide-Open Letter to the Editor from DOROTHY SPENSLEY

DEAR EDITOR: I would have reported to you sooner on my Hollywood field work in regard to the important discovery that near-sighted persons have more Sex Appeal than far-sighted persons, but I've been having difficulty in isolating those stars who really suffer from myopia, as we scientists call it. So many of them wear glasses—dark glasses—just for the publicity!

Also, practically all of Hollywood has suddenly discovered that it is near-sighted and, therefore, has excess Sex Appeal, which makes it almost impossible to tab the real myopes. Again an honorable profession is ruined by amateurs.

So far it looks as if the only genuine myopic Sex-Appealers are Joan Bennett, Laura LaPlante, Roland Young, Theda Bara, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Sari Maritza, Lilyan Tashman, Virginia Cherrill, Ivan Lebedeff, Leslie Howard—and these are subject to change without notice. There will probably be others as soon as the outlying precincts are heard from, and it is with regret that we do not include Mae (Glamour) West in the list. Any girl as canny as Mae is about story, cast, production, and who can write, act, talk percentages and collect diamonds, is not near-sighted. She's far-sighted.

All of this ocular to-do is the result of the statement by the distinguished Eastern professor, connected with one of the bigger colleges, who made public the startling discovery. We can be pretty sure he is distinguished because he'd have to be to get into the news columns with a statement like that.

To date practically everyone I've asked with the exception of Franchot Tone, who vehemently denies that he has either myopia *or* Sex Appeal, has modestly admitted to the popular defect. These days, if you recognize anyone three feet from you, it's a confession that you're weak at the box office, and, synonymously, in Sex Appeal. It looks like a New Deal for lorgnettes and jolly times ahead for the oculist.

Picture Peggy Hopkins Joyce (above) and Theda Bara (right) registering s. a. with glasses on! But even as they are magnetic, both are near-sighted!

Sari Maritza has reading glasses—and the girl has sex appeal. And Leslie Howard, who wears glasses in private life, is the new "Great Lover." Sooooo?

Couldn't Prove It by Garbo

OF course, there were a few like Ralph Morgan, Helen Vinson and Gary Cooper, who had their doubts about their visual peculiarities—but what really delayed the report was Greta Garbo. It occurred to me that if I could determine whether or not the voluptuous Viking was near-sighted, I might prove the myopia-Sex Appeal theory for the glory of science and the personal triumph of this Eastern scientist whose name I don't remember. Besides, the technical name of the condition is "myopic aphrodisia," and no Aphrodite of the screen is going to object to being aligned with a Greek goddess who symbolizes Love and Beauty.

But you know Garbo—accessible as a savings bank on Sunday. And after reaching her, if she says more than "One never knows what time will bring, does one?" you are lucky. She wears dark glasses, but that is no more token that she is short-sighted than it is that she is hypermetropic, as we professors laughingly call far-sightedness.

If prize-fighter Max Baer could be deputized into the cause, he might bring

The *sex-appealingest* people, says a professor, are the near-sighted ones. Some squint, and some have a big, wide-eyed look. Some wear glasses, and some don't. So it's hard to spot 'em, offhand. But our special investigator tried hard to find out which stars are happily myopic!

Wide World

Joan Bennett (above), who once carried a lorgnette, wasn't being snobbish. She needed "four eyes"

results. He is the only visitor in years to crash the Garbo set while she was working, without being chased off. It would be a man-sized job to shoo away Maxey (height: six feet two and one-half inches; weight: two hundred and twelve pounds; drafted from the ring by Metro for picture work), and that's the reason he'd be valuable in the present research.

Aside from lending additional Sex Appeal, the myopes are pretty much bothered by their annoying imperfection. The condition is really that in which the lens of the eye is too high or the ball of the eye too long, and the rays of light are brought to a focus before they reach the retina, causing circles of diffused light to form. Clinically speaking, the antero-posterior of the eyeball . . . But let's talk about Ivan Lebedeff, monocle-wearer, often considered snobbish because in his boulevard-promenading he fails to greet all acquaintances. It's myopia, my dear editor, not hauteur.

Virginia Cherrill (above), Chaplin's sex-appealing leading lady in "City Lights," is, naturally, a happy victim of myopia

Laura La Plante wears tortoise-shell specs. She's short on sight, long on sex appeal. Ivan Lebedeff sees more with a monocle

Theda Bara an Example

THEDA BARA, all-time Queen of Screen Vampires, proves the Eastern scientist's contention, if report is right. Old-timers recall that Theda seldom traveled socially without her sister Lori at her elbow. "Bow to the right, Theda," Lori cautioned. "Not so cordially to the left, dear." And Theda, regulating the warmth of her greeting, bowed right and left.

"Who was at the right, Lori?" she would ask later. "And who to the left? . . . Heavens? I didn't want to be too friendly to *her* . . . !"

Joan Bennett Markey, sitting in the library of her Beverly Hills home, smiled. Her horn-rimmed glasses sat pertly on the bridge of her small nose.

"I've had the same thing happen to me," she laughed. "When I went to New York by way of the Canal, I relied on my secretary, Dorothy Watkins. She'd tell me to bow this way and bow that way. And to smile to this person and that, calling him by name.

"Sitting here, if I remove my glasses, you look like a red blur of lips with eyes, but I couldn't identify you. Oh, I love my glasses. They are life-savers. You have no idea, because you have normal sight, how insecure a short-sighted person feels without glasses.

"My husband loathes them. When I was under contract to Fox and would mention that I had seen Mr. Sheehan in a story conference that afternoon, Mr. Markey always said: 'Did you leave your glasses on?' And when I answered 'Yes,' he would shake his head regretfully. I think he thought they destroyed my sex appeal.

"I once carried a lorgnette, but I didn't like it. Near-sightedness is so easily mistaken for snobbishness and a lorgnette is too suggestive of it. No, I simply adore my glasses, and you'll probably laugh at me for it," as she patted the shafts of her spectacles.

About a year and a half ago, editor, the American Optometrists held a convention in Cleveland and after serious consideration they gave forth a statement that the "It" girls

(*Continued on page 75*)

If what Victor Jory (right) says is true, he needs a great big pair of glasses. Ask him if he has sex appeal, and he replies, "I'm nearly blind!"

HOLLYWOOD *Takes Care* of its WAR VETERANS

THIS is the story of the War veterans of Hollywood—the veterans to whom Hollywood is a refuge, a friend in need. This is the story of the town where "forgotten men" are remembered, where they are actually preferred above other men, because of the parts they played in the tremendous, cataclysmic drama of the World War.

Fifteen years ago! The world threw its hat into the air and jumped up and clapped its heels together. It shouted, laughed, and cheered. It sang lullabies with a new, sudden peace, it sang ribald songs with a new lusty vulgarity, it got on its knees and prayed, it got drunk, it went crazy, it trembled with a clean, sharp joy. THE WAR WAS OVER! The Armistice was signed!

Men in the trenches threw down their bayonets, their hand grenades, their machine guns. They scraped the mud off their boots, they got a bath, a bottle of cognac, and a boat home. That is—those who were left—came home.

They marched up Fifth Avenue, they were showered with cheers, kisses, confetti, and rolls and rolls of ticker tape; they were fêted, honored and made much of. They were heroes! The world went mad. THE WAR WAS OVER!

Then, after a while, things quieted down, and they went back to the cities and towns and farms they had left, and these heroes got their old jobs back again, or they got other jobs, or they couldn't get any jobs at all, and had to keep marching on.

Here is a story that has never been told before—the story of the "forgotten men" whom Hollywood has remembered. To the movies, the marching men of fifteen years ago are still the world's best soldiers—on the screen, as well as off!

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustration by JOHN FULTON

Things They Tried to Forget

BUT whatever they did, they had a double task. They had to keep their minds on what they were doing, and—they had to forget. They had to forget that bloody miracle of rage in which they had lost themselves and become savages; they had to forget the thin, cruel flight of shrapnel, the mechanical thunder of winged death in the air, the excruciating sound a bayonet makes when it slices through human flesh.

They had to forget the white ironic calm of a curved moon over a red field of hell, the glassy surprise in a dead comrade's eyes, the stiff, patient resignation in the legs of a slaughtered horse, the sick incredulity in the face of a blond boy-enemy whose young grip on life they were ordered to snap with a bitter bullet.

They had to forget mud and vermin and beastialities and pain; they had to forget the creepy crunching of rats; they had to forget horror and insanity and shrieks and DEATH.

Fifteen years ago!

And Hollywood, the celluloid capital, the land of extravagant make-believe and tinsel sets, of pretty props and fantastic moods, of emotional tricks and tricky emotions, does not overlook the tremendous debt that the world owes to those men who towered above that giant threat of death.

Hollywood does not wear its gratitude on its sleeve. It just does something about it. Hollywood does not talk about much of anything but the pictures it has made, the pictures it is making and the pictures it will make. It has no time to talk of its kindliness, its hospitality, its charities. It never lets its left hand know what its right is doing.

The Movies to the Rescue

BUT Hollywood has proved to be a strong cliff against which these men may lean when they need a borrowed strength. Hollywood, the effete, the hypocritical, the cynical, the blasé, is just an understanding, soft-hearted, sentimental, and, incidentally, profitable place of refuge for the War veterans.

They knocked, and the doors of the motion picture studios were opened. They FLEW open—wide. Five, seven and a half, sometimes ten dollars a day, these veterans make. An army twenty-five thousand strong, they have invaded the film city, and it is their very comfortable billet.

Andy told me all about it.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Andre Prevost, disabled veteran, working as an "extra" in an early war film, saw that most of the men didn't know what war was like. He told the director so, and asked the men how many of them had fought. Those, he said, were the only ones who could portray war. Every studio heard!

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

UNDER ordinary circumstances, Garbo productions are surrounded with the utmost secrecy. Where Garbo works seldom becomes public property. In the case of "Queen Christina," however, the procedure has been entirely reversed. The reason, of course, is that, in this picture, Garbo and Gilbert are re-united. The stories of the reunion are the talk of the town.

They say that when Garbo and Gilbert met on the set for the first time in several years, Gilbert approached Garbo with these words, "Greta, I can never tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for me." And the Queen's reply was equally as gracious. "I owe you," she said, "more than I can ever repay."

In all respects, Gilbert is treated as her co-star, not as her leading man. Asked by technicians if a sequence satisfies her, she says, "It is all right with me, if it is with Mr. Gilbert."

An orchid to Joan Blondell! Her frankness isn't limited to the screen. She admits she wears curlers, and prefers comfort to glamour, between scenes of "Convention City"

THE most amusing party of this or many other months was the one given by Donald Ogden Stewart. His guests came as the film personalities whom they most liked—or disliked. But they weren't allowed to tell which. A replica of the entrance of Grauman's Chinese Theatre was erected in the Vendome Café and as the people arrived, they were announced as at a première.

Mary Pickford came as Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise," Gloria Swanson as Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," Kay Francis as Nita Naldi and Sharon Lynn as Marlene Dietrich. It is remarkable that no one came as Garbo. Sam Goldwyn did an Ivan Lebedeff while Lebedeff did Jack Oakie. Edmund Lowe came as Lionel Barrymore's *Kringelein*, William Powell as John Barrymore's *Svengali*, Doctor Martin, husband of Louella Parsons, as Charles Laughton's *Nero*. Laughton, by chance, planned to go as Louella, but desisted.

John Gilbert came as Lionel Barrymore's *Rasputin*, Virginia Bruce Gilbert as Vilma Banky, Fredric March as Harold Lloyd, Florence Eldredge March as Jackie Cooper, Gene Markey as his wife, Joan Bennett, in "Wild Girl," Charles Butterworth as George Arliss, Mrs. Ralph Bellamy as Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson," Countess di Frasso as Marion Davies and Groucho Marx as Rex, King of Wild Horses.

But the prize of the evening went to Adrian, the designer, for his Chic Sale as *The Specialist*, inside of one of that character's famous buildings.

IT remained for Gary Cooper to solve the problem of stopping his front doorbell from ringing continuously. Solicitors with something to sell, uninvited guests, and other front-door nuisances are confronted by a little slot by his doorbell that only a dime will fit, and only a dime will cause the bell to ring. Of course, his guests also have to face the same gadget—but they're willing. He donates the dimes to charity.

The romance of Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland in "Woman Spy" is so realistic that gossips started rumors—which her Marquis promptly squelched

GARBO may be Garbo in Hollywood, but on a dude ranch she is just another guest. Reservations were made at a ranch near Victorville, California for a mysterious party which turned out to be the Swedish star, her maid and chauffeur. Rouben Mamoulien, the director, of "Queen Christina" (he also directed Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"), accompanied the party.

The manager was notified each time Garbo wished to take a walk or a ride. He was asked to clear the halls of other guests and keep them out of the way until her return to her quarters.

The first few times, he was agreeable to the demands—but finally he rebelled. If Miss Garbo cared to remain, he would treat her with the same consideration as other ranch guests. But he would not inconvenience all the others for her whims. She could go elsewhere.

She did.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

SALLY EILERS' "secret" Mexican divorce from Hoot Gibson was not so much of a surprise; but no one was prepared for her elopement with director Harry Joe Brown. The very day she was married, a New York newspaper printed a story to the effect that she and James Dunn might soon wed each other. And the marriage occurred before MOTION PICTURE could get on the newsstands with a story entitled "Sally Denies She'll Marry Jimmy." In that interview, Sally said, "I don't want to be married again for a long, long time." Why couldn't Sally have come through with the real story in this interview, which she knew would be published after the elopement? *Why* can't stars be frank?

In "Roman Scandals," Eddie Cantor is not only a Roman, but a No-Man. Back in those days, women pleaded to be men's slaves—and here are all the Goldwyn Girls, dressed in silver mesh and Claudette Colbert bobs, chanting "We want Cantor," but Eddie is saying "No" with both hands. The old kidder!

CHAMPION hard-luck picture, now that "Only Yesterday" has at last been completed, is Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady." The difficulties included a long search for a leading man, which finally ended in the decision to wait for Clark Gable's recovery from his illness; numerous production troubles, including the strike; and then Joan, herself, had to sprain her ankle just as Gable was able to work again. Clark started to work sooner than his doctor said he should and paid for it by collapsing the first day on the set. Joan's injury incapacitated her for three weeks, which sent the "Dancing Lady" company into its fourth month of production. Joan's ankle, by the way, was weakened years ago and is subject to severe sprains. A broken bone healed improperly and she will have to have it broken again some day so that it can be set right.

Bachrach

After Katharine Hepburn turns him down in "Little Women," (Kent) Douglass Montgomery finds it easy to get idealistic about Joan Bennett. Joan, after doing the best acting of her career, is temporarily retiring for a Blessed Event

AFTER separating from his wife, Esther Ralston, George Webb opened offices in Hollywood as an actor's agent. The first client he signed was Esther. After all, he has been her manager for years. Why stop now?

THEY call them "the crutch brigade" out at Fox, where Clara Bow has started "Hoopla." Frank Lloyd, the director, broke his leg three weeks before shooting began. He was joined on crutches by the chief sound engineer, who shattered a knee-cap. Then the "still" cameraman fell and broke his ankle. After the third accident, the company breathed more easily. These superstitious actors, you know, believe disasters come in trios.

Dyar

"The Worst Woman in Paris?"—note the question mark—is a rôle every girl in Hollywood wanted. Benita Hume won it

Dyar

Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres, so chummy in "My Weakness," are still chummy. But no romance rumors, please. Lilian's boy-friend, Willy Fritsch, is due soon from abroad

MAE WEST'S "She Done Him Wrong" has set records for return engagements. To date, seven hundred and eighty-six theatres have booked Mae's first starring vehicle twice. One house has shown "She Done Him Wrong" on ten different engagements. To the manager, Mae sent a diamond-studded garter as a remembrance. Asked what she would do for the exhibitor who booked her film twenty times, Mae replied, "Invite him to come up 'n' see me sometime—and spend a week." To every showman who replays "I'm No Angel," Mae will give an autographed copy of her book, "How to Misbehave"—and the one who puts on the best advertising campaign will get a free trip to Hollywood as her guest!

WHO-CARES-FOR-WHOM Department: Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, of football fame, ended their long engagement with a wedding ceremony in Mexico . . . Eleanor Holm, who won a movie contract after victories in Olympic swimming events, married Arthur Jarrett, the radio crooner . . . Lenora Bushman, daughter of Francis X. (remember?), and Dr. Webster L. Marxer, local physician, obtained a marriage license . . . Ruth Hall and Lee Garmes, the cameraman, married quietly. These cameramen seem to get their gals, as witness Harold Rosson and Jean Harlow, George Barnes and Joan Blondell . . . Fifi Dorsay announced loudly that she may marry a wealthy young medico from Chicago and retire . . . Mary Duncan did marry Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, polo star, society man and heir to twenty million . . . Edward Sedgwick, director, and Ebba Havez, scenarist, wed. Sedgwick was recently divorced . . . The Cary Grant-Vivian Gaye affair still blazes. She is Sari Maritza's manager . . . So does the Glenda Farrell-writer Robert Riskin romance . . . Benita Hume, after rushing back to England to marry sportsman Jack Dunfee, decided to postpone the ceremony three months . . . Mervyn Le Roy will marry Doris Warner, the boss's daughter, almost any day now . . . Charlie Chaplin has reopened his studio and started work on his new picture, in which Paulette Goddard, his new romance, will be his leading lady.

MORE than seven thousand girls were considered for the rôle of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland" before little Charlotte Henry was chosen for the plum part. Originally, the plan was to find an inexperienced miss through nation-wide tests, but Charlotte so ideally fitted the studio's conception of *Alice* that her professional experience was waived. You may remember her in several juvenile pictures, including "Huckleberry Finn," or in "Courage" on the New York stage.

Charlotte is being publicized as seventeen. She is actually nineteen, five feet in height, weighing one hundred and four pounds, and has a fair complexion, blue-green eyes and light brown hair, which photographs blonde. Her hair is long, nearly to her waist.

After the contract was signed, Charlotte's mother, with whom she lives, made a startling announcement. She was not, she said, going to become a "movie mother" and, to prove it, would never accompany her daughter to the studio or visit her on the set. Such unorthodox procedure on the part of a mother has not occurred in Hollywood since Mary Brian entered films, and her mother made a similar resolution.

In Walter Winchell's screen yarn, "Broadway Through a Keyhole," the Broadway chorus girls are the real thing. In fact, they're Texas Guinan night-club girls—and if Texas pulls her usual stunt, she'll be asking you to "give these little girls a hand." They're gathered outside the office of Darryl Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century, Hollywood's newest film company, to see if he likes them as well as they like California. If he does, they are likely to be staying

STILL Courting Department: Adrienne Ames hit the trail to Reno to divorce Stephen Ames, young New York broker . . . Aileen Pringle went to Jamaica to give Charles Pringle a second divorce. The first, obtained in Mexico, was not recognized in Jamaica . . . Zita Johann severed the marital knot between herself and John Haussman, playwright . . . Mae Clarke sued Phillips Holmes for $21,500 damages, as a result of auto accident last Spring in which her jaw was fractured . . . Claire Windsor will appeal that jury verdict of $75,000 against her, awarded to Mrs. Marian Read in her alienation-of-affections suit . . . Gary Cooper went courting to have his screen name legalized. He was originally christened Frank James Cooper . . . Charlie Chaplin asked explanation of certain expenditures of Lita Grey Chaplin for the support of his two small sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney . . . Evelyn Brent filed a voluntary petition of bankruptcy . . . "Baby Peggy" Montgomery lost her $500,000 breach-of-contract suit against James Gleason, et al . . .Kathryn Carver Menjou attached Adolphe's bank account for $2,500, allegedly due her on their cash settlement . . .

Evalyn Knapp, who fractured her hip in a fall two years ago, recently took a spill from a horse, injuring her shoulder. So now Robert Allen, her leading man in the revived serial, "The Perils of Pauline," is suggesting that she travel by rickshaw

Cold weather may be topical, but Carole Lombard is tropical in "White Woman," her first picture since her recent divorce

BLESSED Event Department: Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, a boy . . . Stork sighted over the house of Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan . . . Same bird still hovering around the beach home of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey . . . Bebe Daniels may sue the columnist who printed a false B. E. rumor. Claims it cost her a rôle.

SPEAKING of columnists and such rumors, Joan Blondell was surprised to read in Walter Winchell's column that she was expecting a Blessed Event. She promptly wired him to this effect: "Scallions to you for scaring me. It was a double scare, because previously I have believed you infallible. Perhaps you remember publishing an item before my marriage in which you said George Barnes had given me a large, square-cut diamond. This item was also news to me, for I had received no ring from George. Yet four hours after I had read your column in the paper, George came along and actually gave me that square-cut. Despite your being right about my ring, you are not right about my baby. So scallions to you for the scare!"

WITH "The Way to Love," Maurice Chevalier's contract with Paramount is up. Sailing for France for a brief vacation, he was given a big testimonial luncheon by Paramount in New York, in appreciation of his "cooperation at all times." Maurice, in a little speech, echoed the assertion that there had never been any friction. But from now on he wants to be free to make pictures wherever he wishes and whenever he wishes—in his native France, as well as in Hollywood; and he wants to be able to pick his stories and supporting cast, himself. He has signed up with M-G-M to make "The Merry Widow."

It will be changed considerably from Victor Herbert's original operetta to fit Chevalier, and if many more changes are made, says a wit, it will be released as "The Merry Widower." His agreement with M-G-M calls for Joan Crawford as co-star and if Joan does not accept (and she won't, if the play remains a light comedy), Chevalier has the absolute power to choose a leading lady. He is quoted as saying that under no circumstances will his choice be Jeanette MacDonald, nor will the director be Ernst Lubitsch. In their company, he scored his greatest success—but he feels that he must break away from both of them in order to retain his own "identity."

EVERYONE who could beg, borrow or steal invitation tickets was present on the M-G-M set of "The Prizefighter and the Lady," when Max Baer and Primo Carnera faced one another in

(*Continued on page 79*)

Lee Tracy may talk fast, but he hasn't talked himself into matrimony yet. When he does, the girl will be Isabel Jewell, who's with him in "Bombshell"

Five Comics Tell What's Wrong with the Movies

Harold Lloyd, Walt Disney, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and Jimmy Durante tackle a serious question —and come out with some serious answers. You can't afford to miss what they say. Hollywood can't, either! For they offer remedies!

By SONIA LEE

HAROLD LLOYD

This is not a humorous article. Fun-makers can be serious, you know. And none was ever more serious or frank than Harold Lloyd, Walt Disney, Laurel and Hardy, and Jimmy Durante in pointing out what the movies need, if they hope to draw YOU to the theatres more often. Are they right? It's up to you to find out!—*Editor.*

WALT DISNEY

WHAT'S wrong with the movies? That is a pertinent, searching question. The half-vacant theatres and the rising tide of losses are destroying the morale of this vast business. Producers are frantically resorting to the fantastic, costly remedies of all-star casts, of stimulating jaded public taste by ballyhoo and sensation, in their desperate effort to aid an anemic, ailing business. Certainly, Hollywood does not lack the vision, the creative ingenuity to produce paying pictures. Yet the industry finds itself in the most critical phase of its history. What, then, IS wrong with the movies?

JIMMY DURANTE

OLIVER HARDY STAN LAUREL

Harold Lloyd, Walt Disney, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and Jimmy Durante—five of the outstanding makers of comedies (which have held their popularity best of all)—point out a disturbing number of evils in the industry. And they suggest remedies:

Do away with the necessity for producing a definite number of pictures during a definite period. The driving need for pictures to meet releasing schedules is responsible for mediocre stories, inadequately prepared and hastily translated to celluloid.

Disclose the weaknesses in pictures through a *succession* of previews before typical audiences, which would approximate the try-out period of stage plays before they reach Broadway and face big audiences.

Make a concentrated effort to revive the weekly movie habit.

Produce less sensational pictures, and give special attention to the making of pictures suitable for children.

Re-establish the eminence of the motion picture as a major entertainment, rather than as an adjunct to a vaudeville show.

Have different studios specialize on different types of pictures.

Abolish the present system of "chain booking," whereby exhibitors have to buy the less desirable pictures produced by a studio, if they wish to show its more worthy product.

Let there be more truth in the advertising of pictures, so that the public may repose confidence in the word of producers. Too many pictures are being over-adjectived, over-sold and over-ballyhooed. The consequent resentment of fooled audiences is detrimental to fine pictures that are shown later.

"You can't grind out pictures as you would sausages," declares Harold Lloyd, who has maintained an enviable position with his clean, exciting, invariably funny comedies.

(*Continued on page 80*)

"I gave myself a certain length of time to wait for that old 'break' to come along," says Pert. "It's funny, but I had just one more week of my self-imposed sentence to go. . . ."

She's PERT, the FIRST —Not Mae, the Second

Pert Kelton "burns up" when anyone insinuates that maybe she's imitating Mae West. And you'd do likewise, if you had been around as much as Pert —and were just the same now as you had been before the movies discovered you!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

PERT KELTON, the girl with the *Sadie Thompson* figure and the confidential voice, who wrapped Connie Bennett's picture, "Bed of Roses," around her hesitatin' hips and walked right off with it, can tell a life-story that extends from Montana to London, Paris, South America, Australia and points East and West. En route, she was brought up to meet 'em, greet 'em and leave 'em with a laugh. That's why she's single and famous to-day!

Laughter and gags have been her life-work ever since she was old enough to toddle on the stage in the vaudeville act of the Four Keltons —the other three being mère, père and sister. "Knowing the answers" was just like money in the bank. Wisecracks came as easily to Pert, juvenile trombone player, as the ABC's did to most youngsters, and that's why that amusing, insinuatin' lady of Connie's picture and the sweet-and-lowdown dancer of "The Bowery" is the talk of Hollywood right now.

She's gotta way of talkin' that may remind ya of Mae West just a little bit—but all this gossip about her imitatin' Mae burns her up! Pert modeled her hard-boiled screen character from a shady lady she once knew in real life and not after Mae's professional shady lady, *Diamond Lil*. It's just possible, of course, that Mae knew the same dame!

Also like Queen Mae, Princess Pert is an authoress. At the present moment she is writing the dialogue for a new picture she will make with Zasu Pitts, now that she has returned to home-lot RKO from United Artists, where she was in "Nana" till it was scrapped and a new version started. She began the RKO dialogue between scenes of the Goldwyn picture, which is what Pert calls "doubling in brass," or catching them coming and going.

Two Girls in One

SHE'S a peculiar personality, this tall, slender-hipped, red-headed girl with the mask-white face. One moment she seems as sophisticated as her famous screen character. The next moment she's as naïve as a child. The waitress who served us lunch in the outdoor beer garden across from the studio, called her "honey"—which shows that she is "a girl's girl," too.

"Gee, that's a pretty white suit you're wearing, honey," remarked the vision with the menu. "Didja buy it, or have it made?"

"Made," said Pert, pertly. "Made in Hollywood . . . the town slogan."

She lighted a cigarette and the smoke curled like incense about her white face and brilliant hair.

"I get an awful kick out of being interviewed," she said with unexpected frankness. "It's swell to know you've clicked enough so that the public wants to hear something about you. It has been a long time coming to me. I'm not exactly the overnight Hollywood sensation those nice publicity boys would have you believe!

"The first picture I did was 'Sally,' with Marilyn Miller; that was several years ago. But no one seems to remember me in that—which is a pretty good thing. My part was chopped to bits and when the finished picture came out, I had little more than a bit. I was pretty discouraged after that.

"I didn't want to go back to Broadway and the show busi-

(*Continued on page 82*)

August 25, 1933.

I hereby testify that this story reveals a secret never before published in any publication.

Joan Crawford

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of August, 1933.

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
My Commission expires Feb. 11, 1935.

1. JOAN CRAWFORD tells something about herself that she has never told before—the story of her first love, the influence it had on her career, and the one friend who has never failed

By GLADYS HALL

SECRETS *of the* STARS

Here is something brand-new and sensational in stories about the stars—another MOTION PICTURE "scoop." A series of stars, in a series of monthly articles, will reveal well-cherished "secrets," will tell you dramatic stories about themselves that they have never told before. They will swear, before notaries, that these stories are true and never before published. Reading them, you will have a guarantee that you are learning something new about your favorites. This revealing first-person story by Joan Crawford will show you what we mean. We are proud to present it.—Editor.

JOAN CRAWFORD said, "I have never revealed this to anyone before. I have never felt able, until now, to talk about Ray Sterling. I have, in a Life Story, mentioned his name. But I've never even begun to tell all about him, about his influence on my life.

"It is amusing, as well as amazing, that Douglas"—meaning Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—"has been credited with 'making a lady out of Joan,' with giving me my first impetus to read, to study, to improve myself, with firing my ambition to do more worth while and dramatic things on the screen. For none of it is true.

"There is, there always has been, another man. He has stood back of me, a patient shadow, asking nothing. He has been a wise adviser, an unfailing friend. He was the first person in my life to have faith in me. It was *he* who gave me my faith in myself. He gave me more than this—he gave me my faith in other people. He has made me know that in a world where a devotion such as his is possible, anything is possible.

"I may as well tell you the whole story, from the beginning. I met Ray first while I was still at the Convent of St. Agnes in Kansas City. I was about thirteen, and mature for my age, I suppose. Ray was five or six years older. I met him first at a country club dance while I was home for the week-end.

Before that night, I had never once thought of doing anything *but* dance at a dancing party. Wasn't that what parties were for? It had never occurred to me to sit out a dance and just *talk*. The first boy I ever sat out with was Ray.

"And something happened to me that night. A tiny thought was planted. I didn't know it then, but that seed was the beginning of all I have tried to do and all I have tried to be; all that I have accomplished and learned and still hope to

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In "Dancing Lady," as in real life, Joan is a dancer who climbs to dramatic heights

Mlle. Jeanne Aubert looks very charming in a black tulle evening gown, with flounced sleeves and taffeta belt with gold buckle, created for her by M. Jacques Worth, shown in inset •

Gloria Swanson, below, is wearing a Chanel model, especially designed for her. Mlle. Chanel, pictured in inset, says that many stars, like Gloria, appear in Paris styles

PARIS *Answers* HOLLYWOOD!

So Hollywood claims to be the new fashion capital, setting the styles of the world? Paris denies it! Here are such world-famous designers as Chanel, Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Paray and Worth saying that Hollywood may PRESENT new styles, but Paris DESIGNS them!

By LAURA BLAYNEY

In this space, for several months, we have published "Clothes Gossip from Hollywood"—the town that claims to be the new style center of the world. But this month, giving *Marilyn* a brief rest, we are presenting a timely, composite interview with the greatest designers of Paris, who dispute Hollywood's claim—and tell why. This other side of the story is worth hearing!— Editor.

HOLLYWOOD challenges Paris! First it looked like competition, then a threat, and now it is an open boast. Current numbers of women's magazines and fashion monthlies point out that women are turning to motion pictures for style suggestions:

The 1933 Winter mode imposes the return to femininity. Severe and masculine lines, feigned simplicity, as well as audacious and facile eccentricities, have disappeared. Velvets, lames, brocades, lend new luxury to fashion. The use of these noble materials naturally implies the return to the great traditions of the French taste, which are distinction and elegance. The Winter of 1933 entitles women to the right of elaboration, sumptuousness, to grace of form and attitudes, and this seems noteworthy to me because often the mode brings forth styles, and it appears that the moment for a change has arrived.

Chanel

I found new friends on every hand in Hollywood, and everywhere, I saw gowns that seemed like very old friends, indeed.

Elsa Schiaparelli

Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli (above) was the creator of the stunning satin negligée that Gloria Swanson is wearing in the picture directly above her

that Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford are more copied and, therefore, are influencing fashions even more than Paris designers—whether they are Chanel, Schiaparelli or others! "Look at the much-copied Letty Lynton dress," they say, "at Garbo's Empress Eugenie hat and her slouchy sport coats, at Dietrich's coque feathers and severely masculine trousers, and at Mae West's Naughty Nineties mode!"

This, Paris feels, has been going on too long! The city where, centuries ago, a pretty milliner's assistant, who was later to become the great Du Barry, carried the latest creations of the milliners to court ladies, is not going to take any more boasts from a mere chit of a town barely forty years old. After a long, aloof silence, Paris answers. And, remember, Hollywood asked for it!

(*Con't. on page* 74)

Constance Bennett (left) is wearing a flowered Molyneux frock. The stylist himself, Captain Edward Molyneux, is pictured in inset

We're to be adorably old-fashioned this season—even while we sleep. "Naughty Nineties" nightie from R. H. Macy & Co.

Walking shoes (right) of calf, trimmed with lizard and smartly perforated. Shoes and stockings from B. Altman & Co.

Appropriately called the "Money Bag." Soft, pouchy and deep enough to hold all your gadgets without spreading bulges. From Plymouth 53rd, Inc.

NOVELTIES—WEARABLE FROM BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD

Antelope hat, gloves and bag (above) add unusual distinction to the Winter costume. From R. H. Macy & Co.

And that rare something so new and different as to be positively thrilling. Gleaming metal mesh fashions this hat, cape, cuffs and belt (left). The slippers are silver kid combined with mesh. All very flattering!

Mesh by Whiting and Davis

Hooded evening wraps are new and grand for keeping the coiffure under control. From B. Altman

[illegible] adore these [illegible]. Of real silk and cob-[illegible] this one also has [illegible] embroidered eyelets. From the Trousseau Shop

Why didn't they think of this sooner? Panties or girdles with buttons instead of garters, and stockings with well-made buttonholes. They're by Kayser

Just such accessories as this shoe and bag ensemble (right center) will be seen at many informal holiday parties in Hollywood. Stockings are clear and sheer and the correct shades. From I. Miller and Son

Lovely slippers (right) especially designed for gay, exciting evenings. Black satin with gold or silver piping and jeweled buckles. From I. Miller and Son

Sheer linen hankies with hand-embroidered distinctive monograms are perennial favorites with the smartly-turned-out screen star of either sex. From McCutcheon's

With his elbow on the mantel, Warren William is in a position to relax without the danger of falling asleep and missing something—something like the piano-playing of Dick Powell, whose idea of relaxation is making some more music. But the brothers of "Gold-Diggers" aren't resting much. Warren is busy now, living up to the title of "King of Fashion." Dick just wooed Joan Blondell in "Convention City," and now is to be "Sweethearts Forever" with Ruby Keeler

THIS IS WHAT WARREN AND DICK CALL RELAXING

Bull

"I Don't Believe in Marriage!"

JEANETTE MacDONALD reveals, for the first time, why you haven't read any wedding news about her. She's human; she would like to get married. But she doesn't believe that marriage works out for actresses. She's afraid of it. And there's no telling when Robert Ritchie can change her mind

By CRUIKSHANK

"I DON'T believe in marriage!" Such is the sensational announcement of Jeanette MacDonald! Jeanette, the gorgeously, *naturally* Titian-tressed star, who has been the center of more matrimonial rumor than any of Hollywood's movie meteors. Princes, potentates, playboys, dozens of highly eligible swains have figured in pre-nuptial headlines, with Jeanette as party of the first part. On three Continents, reporters have fired a barrage of marital interrogations at her. But never until now has the girl-who-plays-Queens been smoked sufficiently into the open to state in five little words the reason for her continued single blessedness.

"I don't believe in marriage!" Thus, with a phrase, she lays low the ghost of gossip that would make her Mrs. Robert G. Ritchie. A ghost, incidentally, that caused Walter Winchell to print that "$5,000 will get you $10,000" on the proposition that Jeanette is already wed. Jeanette accepted the wager. But Walter didn't put up—or shut up, either.

If she lunches with Lubitsch in Hollywood, there are headlines in Hindustan. If she gets roses in Chicago from Chevalier, it's a wire story. Her engagement to Bob Ritchie, athlete, college hero, stevedore, actor, broker and manager, was hurried by cable and radio through seas and skies. Her mere denial of marriage is good for Page One. Should she wed, there'd be an "Extra." But she says, "I don't believe in marriage!"

Mind you, she doesn't say "romance." She doesn't say "love." She doesn't include any of the words that express the world-revolving emotion. Just marriage, that's all. And, oddly enough, while she radiates the spirit of romance, it *is* difficult to imagine Jeanette as "the little woman"—

(*Continued on page* 83)

HEATHER ANGEL

The little English girl with the unusual name (and it's her real name) is proud of her mount. And if the mare has any of that much-vaunted horse sense, she's proud of her rider. For here is a coming star, if there ever was one. First, as the heartbroken French girl in "Pilgrimage," and then as the girl who lived forever in Leslie Howard's heart in "Berkeley Square," she made herself someone YOU couldn't forget. In "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," her future looks as healthy as she does

Explaining JEAN'S "*Surprise*" *Marriage*

You already know how La Harlow surprised everybody when she "eloped" to Yuma with Harold Rosson, ace cameraman, sixteen years her senior. But you haven't yet read the intimate, "inside" story of their romance. Here it is—as told by Jean, herself!

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

"THIS marriage means to me just what marriage means to any girl in the world—my present and future happiness, my peace of mind, and the protective companionship of the man I love. I believe that bitterness and heart-break are behind me forever. I am truly and humbly in love. . . ."

Jean Harlow spoke these words exactly seven hours after that sensational elopement to Yuma, Arizona, where she became Mrs. Harold G. Rosson in a dawn-wedding that rocked Hollywood on its collective heels. Just a moment before, the last car of the reporters' caravan had swerved down the steep drive of her Holmby Hills home, bent for telephone and telegraph wires that would spell headlines within the hour.

For the past two hours she had been answering the rapid-fire questions hurled at her by an assortment of newshawks, literally gaping with the "sudden surprise" of her elopement. Completely surrounded by writers and photographers, she had sat on the edge of the swimming pool, with Hal at her side, admitting: Yes, it had all been very sudden, and, No, her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, had not been present at the ceremony in Yuma. Of course, they had known about the wedding plans and had given their full consent.

Yes, it had been a hurried, hectic affair. She hadn't even had any flowers to wear or carry. The pilot of their elopement 'plane had served as one of the necessary witnesses. Judge Earl A. Freeman, "the marrying Justice," had joined her hand with that of the cameraman who has photographed four of her latest M-G-M pictures. They had eaten their wedding breakfast at a lunch counter—the only café open in Yuma at that hour.

What Were Her Emotions?

TEN times, a hundred times, she had patiently told and re-told this story. Now they were all gone, hurrying with the "big story" of the hour to their respective editorial offices. On the other side of the pool, Jean's mother and step-father were supervising the activities of excited servants,

(*Continued on page 64*)

What Do Movie Stars Want Their *Children* to Be?

Do Hollywood parents have complexes about their offspring? Are they going to try to influence their careers—either toward the screen, or away from it? Six of them tell you!

IN the heart of every mother and father, there is some particular hope for their child's future—what he or she will do; what he or she will *be*. This is as true in Hollywood as in your home-town. And what do some of the screen stars hope for their children? Do they hope that their offspring will follow in their own stellar footsteps, or decidedly *not?* Do they have complexes on the subject?

Most mothers and fathers, when asked, "What do you hope your baby will be when he grows up?" will answer, "Oh, we want him to be just whatever he wants to be, of course. We wouldn't dream of forcing him." But upon being further pressed, most of them will admit to some very special dream or ambition that they would never urge upon the child, of course, being modern parents and wisely aware of the futility of trying to compress a round baby into a square hole. They dream their private dreams, none the less.

Acme

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon (above) are emphatic in hoping that their Barbara Bebe, now two, will imitate them and love acting. To them, it's the world's most colorful profession. But Louise Fazenda Wallis (right), whose small son Hal seems to have her sense of humor, wants him to be a doctor

I asked several Hollywood mothers and fathers their parental ambitions. I began with Wallace Beery, whose devotion to his little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, is one of the tenderest things in all picturedom—and all parentdom, besides. You don't know Wally unless you know about it.

Wally said, "My first hope for Carol Ann is that there will be just as much freedom in the world for women when she grows up as there is to-day. More, if possible. I take her with me everywhere I go right now, little as she is. I take her to the studio with me, onto the set, into the commissary to lunch with me. I want her to begin life with the idea that she has a right to go anywhere I go, anywhere any man or woman goes.

Wally Hopes She'll Like Law

"I WANT her not to be afraid of life, in any of its aspects. And I believe that the best way to prevent fear, inhibitions, complexes, frustrations and all those other bogie-men that Freud talks about is to introduce a baby to life right off the bat.

"Sure, I want her to enter the professional world when she grows up. But I do *not* want her to be an actress. I haven't seen enough *happy* ones. The life is too unsteady and uncertain. Too brief. Too dependent on the momentary whim. There is too much burning ambition—and burns leave scars. There are too many broken hearts and broken hopes. I want a *sturdier* thing for Carol Ann.

"I'd like her to be an attorney, a woman lawyer. Yep, this is my real wish for her. There is a field not overrun by women. It's a field, too, where a woman's special insight, commonly called instinct, and special understanding of human nature ought to stand her—and justice—in good stead. It's a satisfying work because it means untangling the tangles of troubled human beings. It's a building process, secure, steady. It doesn't depend on the whim of the amusement public, who may go mad over kiddie cars to-day and turn to roller skates to-morrow.

"It is to this end that I take my baby with me everywhere I go—even into the garden, where the life-cycle is complete and the sound and fundamental laws of Nature operate. This is why I talk to her, man to man, introduce her to all kinds of people under all kinds of circumstances. I want her to have a background of experience that will make her a wise dispenser

By GLADYS HALL

of the law to the Daniels and the Doras who come to her for judgment."

Helen Hayes (Mrs. Charles MacArthur), who has some very modern ideas on child-raising, sends small Mary MacArthur to a nursery school and watches her with an experimental, as well as a maternal, eye.

She said to me, "I *suppose* that Mary will be an actress. Lor, lor! Most girls dream of being actresses and, with the slightest encouragement, most of them would *be* actresses or break their hearts to bits in trying. And Mary will have more than encouragement—she will have an Example. Right here in the home. Right in me, her mother. The stage and talk of the stage will come to her through her playwright-father and through the talk of most of the people who come to our home. It will be natural for her to copy us because all children learn by imitation.

"I have two real dreams for her, though. The first one is a professional one—if she must be a professional. And it is that I would like her to copy her father's work, rather than mine. I would prefer her to write plays, books, *anything*—rather than act. I am trying, gently, to influence her in that direction right now. I talk to her about 'Daddy's writing.' I do *not* talk to her about 'Mother's acting.' I surround her with books and make the reading of books her most precious treat, her greatest delight. I do believe that influences may be brought, very persuasively and unobtrusively, to bear.

"My other hope for her is, really, the *real* one—that she will be a normal, happy, every-day girl, who will marry a nice, normal, every-day man and have a nice, normal home and nice, normal babies. I want this for her more than I want anything else in the world, because I do really believe that the happiest women in the world are the women who live in little suburban houses on little suburban streets and stand out on the front porch at night and call the children in from play. Folksy, sweet-smelling, *safe* lives.

Helen Hayes hopes that little Mary MacArthur will follow in the footsteps of her writing father, not of her acting mother. But her "real hope" is that Mary will have a normal, happy, *quiet* life

International

Harold Lloyd hopes Harold, Jr. (above) will also be a comic. But Helen Twelvetrees hopes Jack Woody, Jr. (right) will be a lawyer

"Girls on the screen are not happy, you know. They're not happy because they are fighting their natural instincts, most of them. They are making their work on the screen the end, and not the means to the end. Mothers who are on the screen are certainly not happy. They can't be. They are *torn* people. They are torn between two fundamental things—their work and their children. I know that there are innumerable times when I suddenly stop dead-still in the very middle of a scene and think to myself, wildly, '*What am I doing here?* What is my Mary doing at home? Why am I not there with her? Why am I away from her so much, missing these precious, flying childhood days and hours?'

"And so, when this Mary-of-mine grows up, I'd like her to marry, like her to have a home and husband and babies and make them her life-work. Or, failing that, I'd like her to be a writer and have the home and the husband and the babies, too. Either way, she would not be the torn type of person. In both ways, she could be happy—which is, of course, the dearest wish of all."

Harold and Mildred Lloyd frankly and happily admit that they would like the rotund and robust

(*Continued on page 72*)

Bull

Wallace Beery emphatically does not want his little adopted Carol Ann to be an actress. "I haven't seen enough happy ones," he says. "I'd like her to be a woman lawyer . . .It's a satisfying work—secure, steady. It doesn't depend on the whim of the amusement public"

Paul Muni Interviews Himself

He didn't intend to do it. He started out to tell what questions he would ask, if he were an interviewer—and then he revealed how he, himself, would answer such questions. The result is a clear, unretouched portrait of a star—the most revealing Muni close-up ever made!

By Faith Service

"If I were an interviewer," said Paul Muni, "I would *know* my man—without benefit of grease-paint, pose or artifice."

Paul Muni is one of those rare souls. He doesn't conform to any pattern. He has the genius-touch. He has that inner fire that distinguishes and sets apart those few imperishable workers in art, in letters, in music or in the sciences. When, a hundred years from now, the history of the stage and screen is written, the name of Paul Muni will be there. History is kind to forceful idealists.

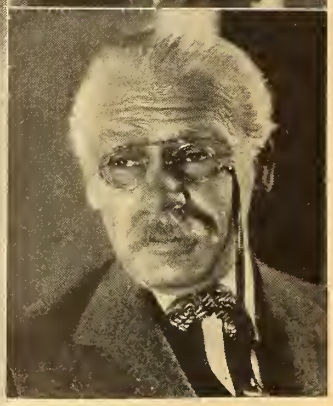
He doesn't conform to any interview pattern, either. You couldn't ask Paul Muni about his love-life, for instance. One reckless reporter tried it once and Muni rose in his wrath and verbally flayed her. He has been married, and happily, to the same wife for thirteen years. That, he considers, is sufficient for you to know about his private emotional life.

You can't ask him about fame. He detests all of fame's handmaidens. He shrinks from public recognition as from a plague. He never goes to parties, premières or public places. In the five years that he and Mrs. Muni have been commuting to Hollywood, he has gone to the Cocoanut Grove just once. And that once was upon the insistence of Mervyn LeRoy, director of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and "The World Changes."

You can't ask him about clothes. He doesn't know anything about them. He cares less. He likes to roam about in flannel trousers, none too well creased, hatless, and wearing a sweat-shirt.

You can't ask him about golf, polo, tennis, country clubs or any of the so-called "gentle-

(*Continued on page 88*)



At the left and in this self-interview, you have close-ups of the real Paul Muni—one star who never plays himself on the screen. In "Seven Faces," he played seven different characters. At the top, you see close-ups of three of them—*Shylock, Papa Chibou* and *Franz Schubert*. Directly above, how he appears in "The World Changes," his latest picture. Far left, as *Scarface*

Ending the *Mystery* about KARLOFF

Boris Karloff—who is about to chill you again as *Frankenstein's* Monster—is the mystery man of the movies. What is he like, away from his rôles? Even Hollywood doesn't know. But here is a writer who does know—and tells you. You're in for a big surprise!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

SO *The Monster* of "Frankenstein" is to return, in a sequel to the picture that inaugurated the recent horror vogue. And again this most horrible of movie monsters will be portrayed by Boris Karloff, "the mystery man of the movies." For there is no doubt about it. Karloff, the weird, the fantastic, is something of an enigma. It is strangely difficult to dissociate the man from the rôle he plays. Now that he is again to appear before us—to haunt us—as *Frankenstein's* terrifying creation, it would be well to settle the matter once and for all. The horrific Karloff in real life is a person who must be described as wistful, thoughtful, shy and reserved!

I told him one day that, in the interests of showmanship, he had better go to work at creating a legend for himself—something mysterious and glamourous and romantic. He roared with laughter. The idea, to him, was ridiculously preposterous. That's the kind of man he is.

Romantically-inclined reporters have created the only mystery that surrounds this man. They have deduced, from his name and his dark skin, that he is of Russian or Hindu origin. But his real name is William Henry Pratt, and his birthplace was England. And nothing will ever make Boris anything but an Englishman of the most plum pudding and sentimental variety.

You should have seen him as I saw him several months ago, just before his departure for England where he was to make a film called "The Ghoul." To say that he was happy would be putting it mildly. I have seldom seen a man so overjoyed. For Boris was "going home!"

He had not glimpsed England since 1909, and twenty-four years is a long, long absence for a son of that little Isle. England never loses her hold on people. Absence, apparently, merely intensifies their Britishness. It is one of the things that makes England so great.

Planned a Sentimental Journey

BORIS knew before he left exactly what he would do with every moment of every hour he would spend on his native soil. He was relishing to the full the anticipatory delights of his trip. Mrs. Karloff was to accompany him and she had never visited her husband's England.

"Suppose we dock at Southampton," Boris said, dreamily. "I shall charter a little car and point her nose toward Suffolk. We shall wander, dawdle over the lovely, fresh, green English countryside.

"We shall stop at little inns and we shall take walks. You do walk, you know, in England. People have tea at four or thereabouts, and then everyone gets out into the air. You can hop over a hedge and walk for miles over green, green fields that are almost like lawns. You should, of course, have a dog and a pipe and an old jacket.

"It is part of English life to take time to enjoy the quiet things."

(*Continued on page 96*)

You Look Swell—But How Do You Sound?

That's what Hollywood would say to you, if you ever won a movie chance. Make-up and clothes and lights can work wonders with anyone's appearance, but you are the only one who can work wonders with your voice. Read how the stars have made THEIR voices what they are—and try out some of their hints in your own life!

By MACK BROWNE

THIS being a democratic country, every American boy has a chance—in theory, at any rate—to become President of the United States some day. And since the motion picture is a thoroughly democratic form of entertainment, in which the "vox populi" really has something to say, any boy or girl in America has a similar chance of becoming a star of the screen. It may not be a very big chance. Say one in five million. Nevertheless, it's a chance you know exists. Let's suppose that, some fine day, Opportunity were to knock on *your* door in the shape of an invitation to take a screen test for a Hollywood motion picture studio.

If you want a good clear speaking voice, take singing lessons—that's the advice of sound experts! Joan Crawford (above) made a hit with the microphone by doing just that!

After you've recovered from the first shock and surprise, you take an inventory of your assets. You are of average height, well built, and graceful, let us say. You have been told that you wear clothes with distinction and smartness. If you're a girl, you may be the cynosure of the beach in a bathing suit. Perhaps you've even won a beauty contest or two.

So far, so good. You look all right. You'll photograph agreeably. But—*how do you sound?*

When you face the double-threat of the camera and the microphone (had you forgotten that this is an age of *talking* pictures?), is your voice going to be your friend or your enemy?

Silence may be golden everywhere else, but not in a Hollywood studio. You may not get far with nothing but a voice—screen success is, after all, a complicated composite into which many elements enter—but you'll get nowhere without one.

A voice that was weighed and found wanting toppled John Gilbert, you remember, from one of the loftiest pedestals in stardom. It has taken him most of the intervening years to make himself ready to climb back to his old eminence, or an equally conspicuous one. Those who know him best are sure he'll do it. But that's what a voice—or lack of it—can do in pictures to-day.

The Commonest Vocal Faults

"WHAT are the commonest faults you have found in the voices of newcomers to the screen?" I asked one of the best sound engineers in Hollywood. "I mean, young hopefuls without any previous stage training."

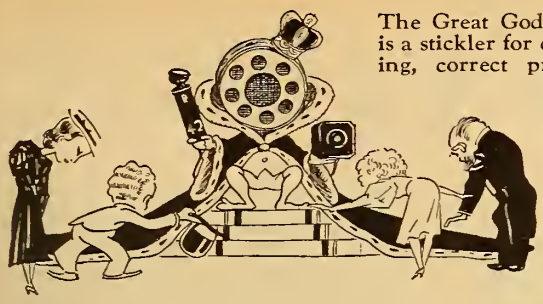
He considered a moment. "Slovenly pronunciation, a tendency to declaim, and flat nasal tones," he said, "in just that order.

"When I say slovenly pronunciation, I mean slovenly enunciation as well," he went on. "They have good enough voices, but they haven't learned to use them. They mangle and mouth words, instead of uttering them clearly and cleanly. It's a form of laziness, I suppose.

"You remember Hamlet's advice to the players: 'Speak the speech as I pronounced it to you, trippingly upon the tongue, but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke your lines.' It isn't long before these youngsters find out that Shakespeare's injunction is just as true in Hollywood to-day as it was in London under Good Queen Bess."

"What about the other faults?"

"The second one isn't serious," he said. "Most beginners,



The Great God Microphone is a stickler for correct speaking, correct pronunciation. That's why Conrad Nagel (right), for one, is a great collector of dictionaries!

especially in screen tests, read lines as if they were speaking a piece. It's usually the result of nervousness and an over-anxiety to please.

"Flat tones," he explained, "are nearly always the result of a habit of talking through the nose, which is a fairly common American fault. You can trace it directly back to bad breathing habits, and a lack of training in using the voice.

"Stage experience, of course, takes care of that—or the candidate for theatrical honors finds himself suddenly back in private life for good. Singing lessons are a sure cure for flat tones, even though you never become as much as a passable singer. In learning the correct mechanics of singing, you learn to breathe properly, to use your voice properly, and consequently, you find yourself speaking properly, so that it becomes a matter of second nature."

Singing Helped Joan's Voice

IF you have any ambition to sway other people with your voice, here is a hint you can't ignore. You'd be surprised how many stars and prominent players have resorted to singing lessons, not to make themselves singers, but simply to improve their speaking voices and enhance the value of them. Joan Crawford is one brilliant example. Voice culture has played a decisive part in John Gilbert's preparations for the recapture of his lost laurels. Dick Powell has studied for months under one of the finest voice teachers on the Pacific Coast, and has not only transformed a creditable singing voice into an impressive one, but has enriched the qualities of his speaking voice by so doing.

Which reminds me of Edward G. Robinson's telling me, a short time ago, how he had taken singing lessons for an entire season, several years before he came to Hollywood, and regarded it as one of the most valuable additions he had ever made to his artistic resources. Robinson, I might add, is considered to have one of the most musical voices on the screen to-day. Do you want people to comment on the charm of *your* voice, no matter what your profession? Here is another hint you might well take to heart:

"After all, the mechanics of correct speaking and correct singing are identical," Robinson told me. "The only difference is that, when you sing, you are carrying a tune; you are talking rhythmically and in the tempo of the musical composition.

"Good speakers, like good singers, produce their sounds from the diaphragm. I can't imagine any better training for a young actor, or for any man who expects to do a great deal of public speaking, than a course in voice culture under a singing teacher who knows his business."

The microphone won't let you eat heavy, rich foods. They aren't good for your voice. So after Constance Bennett has spaghetti, which she relishes, she'll diet for days!

Diets Good for Voices, Too

AND has it ever occurred to you that what you eat—and especially how much you eat—has a very

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Picture

MY WEAKNESS

Good Entertainment Any Way You Look At It: Here is a musical that does not deign to go back-stage to alibi its musical interludes. It is presented as an out-and-out fantasy to be taken or left as entertainment on its own merits.

Harry Langdon, a comic Cupid, tells the story of a tough case he once had. It is a Cinderella yarn of a slavey whom our hero, on a bet, trains to be a charmer, assisted by eight lovely playgirls. He finally falls in love with her but not until he has given Cupid a hard battle. The affair is packed with gorgeous comedy, gorgeous girls and lilting tunes. If you are not too literal-minded, you should have a grand time. We did.

This is Lilian Harvey's second American picture, although the first to be released. She is a distinctive personality, so no comparisons can be made. We believe you will like her. Lew Ayres is her leading man and Charles Butterworth and Sid Silvers deliver smashing comedy hits. (Fox.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY

Zasu and Slim as Funny as Law Allows: As Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville comedies go, this is a winner. For the first half of the picture, it is none too funny. But the slowness of its beginning is more than compensated by a whirlwind finish that will leave your sides aching from laughter.

Slim is a shyster lawyer. Zasu, to whom he is engaged, decides to help his career by framing her vegetarian boss with a phony breach-of-promise suit. They don't seem to have much of a case until Slim finds a way to make references to carrots and spinach in the man's letters sound like violent expressions of love. It is all very ingenious.

Zasu and Slim turn in their standard performances, aided by excellent comedy situations. Verree Teasdale, in support, is a fine farceur. George Barbier, Donald Meek and Lucille Webster Gleason play their rôles to the hilt. Maybe the American Bar Association won't enjoy the satire, but you will. (Universal.)

STAGE MOTHER

Just Misses Being A Honey: Like the little girl who had a little curl in that nursery rhyme, Alice Brady when she is good is very, very good. In "Stage Mother," she comes a bit of a cropper. It is not a sympathetic part, this embittered woman who seeks for her daughter all of the success which she, herself, could not win. The fault is in trying to breathe sympathy into it. Therefore the ineffectual result.

You will love the intensely human person Maureen O'Sullivan makes of the girl forced into a theatrical career by her mother's ambition. You will be amused by the early back-stage atmosphere of small-time vaudeville and Ted Healy, its song-and-dance man. You will enjoy the one elaborate musical number. But the production as a whole will slightly disappoint you. It just misses the greatness of its predecessor in theme, "Mother Knows Best," because the central rôle is not as well drawn. (M-G-M.)

GOLDEN HARVEST

Fine Picture With Real Drama: Giving more coherence to the problems of the farmers than farmers themselves have succeeded in doing, "Golden Harvest" does not allow its serious theme to interfere with its value as entertainment. Treating of national emergencies on the screen frequently results in heavy preachments. Not so in this picture. It is pure drama, relieved by natural comedy; presented with sympathetic understanding, sincerity and intelligence. Even the hardened city dweller cannot fail to be affected by this simple, fine story of the soil.

Chester Morris and Richard Arlen are brothers. Arlen stays with his father, Berton Churchill, on the farm and marries Julie Haydon. Morris goes to the city where he becomes an operator in the Chicago wheat pit and aspires to the hand of wealthy Genevieve Tobin. Between them the brothers attempt to stave off disaster for the wheat growers by a gigantic coup. The acting is irreproachable. (Paramount.)

ANN VICKERS

Rather Confusing—Reads Better Than It Films: Far from the best of the Sinclair Lewis novels, "Ann Vickers" reads better than it films. Despite a beautiful performance by Irene Dunne, it remains an episodic biography of a none-too-interesting woman. In the book, she was a person of confused emotions, one who allowed a near-fanatical zeal to rule her life. She is even more confusing on the screen. The always lovely Irene Dunne as *Ann* seems completely out of her *metier* as a prison reformer. The *Ann* of whom Lewis wrote lacked such outward charm. She was a plainer person.

The two men in her life are Walter Huston and Bruce Cabot, the former playing with his usual finesse, the latter a bit miscast for his brief romantic interlude. Edna May Oliver, Conrad Nagel and Kitty Kelly handle their rôles capably. But it is Irene Dunne who dominates the proceedings. Yet you can't help wishing her talents had better opportunities. (Radio.)

S. O. S. ICEBERG

Ice And Snow Spectacle—Has Some Thrills: Gorgeous photography and scenes of the frozen North you will not soon forget do not make up for the absolute absence of a worthwhile plot. An expedition, headed by director Tay Garnett, spent months in the Northern wastes to film a breath-taking spectacle of ice and snow such as few of us dreamed existed. Unfortunately, they were not provided with a story before they departed on their trek.

Rod La Rocque, long absent from the screen, makes his comeback in this picture. He does very well with what he has to do, but most of his acting is confined to lying unconscious on an iceberg. Major Ernst Udet, who flies recklessly over and between icy crags and mountains, is really the star, sharing honors with Sepp Rist, whose swim through freezing water would be unbelievable if not actually witnessed. Leni Riefenstahl is the inevitable girl. A foreword from the producer guarantees the authenticity of the film. (Universal.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

Stirring Drama Straight From Life: As timely as your morning newspaper, this picture is a cross-section of a true sociological condition that faces America to-day. There are actually wild boys, thousands of them, roaming the country, homeless and jobless. While this is a stirring fictional account of a handful of such lads, the condition is not fiction.

That remarkable boy actor, Frankie Darro, plays the leading rôle. His pal is Edwin Phillips, a newcomer from the New York stage, who turns in a great job as the crippled kid. Dorothy Coonan is excellent as a wild girl. Other neat performances are contributed by Grant Mitchell, Rochelle Hudson, Sterling Holloway and Minna Gombell.

In case you may doubt any of the scenes in this depiction of the wild boys of the road, it is well to remember that most of the "extras" appearing in the production are tramp youngsters recruited from Hollywood freight yards. (Warners.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE

Mystery That Keeps You Guessing: For the third time, the bland, smiling Chinese detective takes his bow to solve, for your entertainment, two baffling murder mysteries. If you are a mystery fan, this is your meat. *Charlie's* beloved Honolulu is the locale of the action. A strong box has disappeared and is believed to have been thrown overboard into the Pacific. The clues are plentiful—and honest—to give you an opportunity to solve the crime before *Charlie Chan* does, if you can.

Warner Oland seems to improve with each appearance as *Charlie*, muttering amusing Oriental epigrams and parables. Heather Angel is a lovely heroine and lends charm and beauty to her rôle.

As far as this reviewer is concerned, they can continue turning out these "Chan" pictures as long as the supply of the late Earl Derr Biggers' stories lasts. That's a frank admission of a weakness for them. (Fox.)

THE SOLITAIRE MAN

Unique, Suspenseful Crook Drama: Six people are crossing the English Channel by airplane. There is Herbert Marshall, "The Solitaire Man," a thief, who, having made his stake by a final robbery, is planning to retire and marry Elizabeth Allan. She has been one of his partners in crime, as have May Robson and Ralph Forbes. The latter, jealous of the love match, has double-crossed Marshall and is responsible for the presence aboard the 'plane of Lionel Atwill, a crooked police informer. Mary Boland, an American tourist, is the sixth passenger.

The unfolding of the plot takes place during the flight to England. How everything is worked out we shall allow you to discover for yourself. It is engrossing and intense drama, splendidly performed. Oddly enough, you are not mindful of the absence of physical action, so intent are you upon the situation. This is one of the most unique films of the year, guaranteed to keep you guessing. (M-G-M.)

ACE OF ACES

Not Much To This One—But Dix Is Okay: The title tells you all you need to know about this picture. It comprises a series of stock situations that you have seen time and time again, often to better advantage. The hero is a mild-mannered artist. Comes the war as once came the dawn. His sweetheart believes him a coward for not enlisting. So what does he do? Joins the aviation corps—Aside: Why are there always so many cowards in aviation? For the rest of the plot you are referred again to the title. Write it yourself.

Richard Dix, handicapped not alone by the familiarity of the theme, but by some very bad dialogue, should have taken to his parachute when the assignment was first handed him. Give him credit, at least, for trying a three-point landing. Elizabeth Allan does all she can to help, as do Ralph Bellamy and Anderson Lawler. A bit is contributed by Bill Cagney, brother of Jimmy, in his screen début. (Radio.)

THE WAY TO LOVE

Chevalier In Slim Story—Not Up To Standard: If this is Maurice Chevalier's idea of realistic characters, he would be wise to return to Smiling Lieutenants and others less real, but more entertaining. A slim love story has Chevalier proposing to Ann Dvorak who, for his own good, refuses him when she learns he can make a more advantageous marriage. She runs away and he chases her. That's all there is to it. The rest is padded with gags, only a few of which are funny.

This isn't the Chevalier his public wants. He does much better as a prince with many loves than as a French guide with one. The camera is not always kind to Ann Dvorak, whose performance of the carnival knife-thrower's girl is an in-and-out affair. Edward Everett Horton is the one shining light, although Minna Gombell, Blanche Frederici, John Miljan and Nydia Westman score briefly.

Back to the boudoirs, Chevalier. Let the others go realistic. (Paramount.)

THE WOMAN SPY

Connie Bennett In Grade A Spy Yarn: Don't pass this by just because you are tired of war and spy stories. We hasten to announce that it is far better than average. For one thing, it does not waste time by showing us the same old battlefield and trench shots. The War is simply a background that makes more dangerous the love affair in which a Russian woman spy and a dashing Austrian officer find themselves involved. The excitement is by no means lessened by the fact that you are sure that both will escape sudden death and that the Armistice will bring about a fulfilment of their romance.

Constance Bennett is at her glamourous best as the woman spy. Gilbert Roland plays the officer with commendable sincerity and a welcome lack of over-dramatics. Their love scenes together fairly sizzle. Edward Ellis is also outstanding. The excellent dialogue is made more noteworthy by introducing talk only when there is something to say. (Radio.)

Fredric March *Gambled with Death*—and Won

Never, until now, have you heard how doctors condemned him to stop all work, soon after "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," because of an ailing heart. To go "on with the show" would be to gamble with death. He took the chance. To-day he is well. Here is the whole inspiring story!

By Sonia Lee

FREDRIC MARCH had his choice. He could give up the screen, follow the advice of the physicians, and gently and inevitably sink into inactivity, into obscurity. Or he could take a chance—gamble with death, continue his work on the screen, find the courage to forget the specter at his side. He gambled, and won.

He sat very quietly that day, as he listened to the grave voice of the eminent heart specialist, and to his words of foreboding cushioned in "if's." *If* he gave up his career. *If* he rested. *If* he didn't worry. *If* he relaxed completely. *If* he did all this, then perhaps he would live to a ripe old age. But Fredric March didn't want to live to a ripe old age if it meant inactivity, if it meant abandonment of the success so dearly attained.

Audiences throughout the country were shuddering at his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and rapturously applauding his artistry. Critics were hailing a new star, a great star in the motion picture heavens. Fredric March and his physician alone knew the price he had paid for that amazing interpretation—for that hideous metamorphosis that robbed him of strength, that taxed his heart beyond the safety point, but brought him glory.

Another eminent cardiologist was called into consultation. He substantiated earlier findings. There was no question that March had paid a tragic price for the greatness that was his in the screen-translated epic. He was faced with the necessity for a decision about his future plans.

He weighed the possibilities carefully. He had beaten death before. When he was a youngster of eight, he was desperately ill with pneumonia—so ill that he was out of school for fourteen weeks, so ill that he had to learn to walk all over again. Then there was that appendicitis operation. He had missed a ruptured appendix and peritonitis by a matter of minutes.

Those First Dark Days

SOMEHOW, he felt that now, too, he was destined to live. But for days he had that feeling of helplessness, that feeling of self-pity which a sudden maladjustment in our lives produces. The Marches had a small beach cottage at Laguna, not far from Hollywood. They had saved a little money—not enough to live extravagantly, but sufficient to enable them to live quietly and comfortably, away from the huzzahs and the demands of Cinematown.

He wasn't afraid to gear the practical things into low. He was only afraid of being no longer useful, of no longer creating, of no longer seeing some fine, charming character come to life through the alchemy of his understanding and his abilities. The material sacrifices were of no consequence. But those inner spiritual compromises that were necessary for an active man, who must suddenly step away from work, offered obstacles.

His wife, Florence Eldridge, with whom he had played in stock, and who had forsaken the stage when Fredric went to Hollywood, urged him to follow the advice of the physicians.

"You mustn't take a chance with your life," she pleaded. "You can't. I won't let you."

She was recognized as a fine actress. She knew that there was a place for her on the stage or on the screen. Fredric could rest a year, two years, perhaps three. In the meanwhile, she would become the breadwinner. She was gallant; she assumed a mask of gaiety for his anxious and probing eyes. Her courage buttressed his.

He was a trouper—he had met other problems, had faced other situations and found a formula for their solution. But always he had fought. He decided to fight this insidious enemy—this heart of his that didn't mind its p's and q's, that went off into strange and terrifying flutterings. He couldn't look down the vista of years and see narrowing horizons for that unflagging urge to be useful.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Now smile . . . *we dare you!*

Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick—it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile—and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth's beauty

Your teeth are *stained*—discolored by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with *two* cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate's Dental Cream has *two* actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and *washes* away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it *polishes* away the stains that are left.

No more "dull" teeth

You *can* do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Smile and see the difference!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

For a limited time, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth: 1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke . . . Colgate's removes all 7 stains . . . Use it after every meal . . . See your dentist regularly.

"I was cheating myself of loveliness

till I learned about Sally Eilers' beauty soap"

says Cynthia Wills, of New York

"Nobody will ever know how I wanted to have beaux the way my sister did. So often I just sat home alone! Yet I knew my features were good."

"Now I'm using Lux Toilet Soap every single day and now my skin looks positively radiant."

"I've *proved* what a difference a nice complexion makes! I get compliments on my lovely skin all the time. Parties, telephone calls, dates galore! No more blues—now that I've found this wonderful complexion care!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap. You see a few of them here. Left to right: the popular Fox star, Sally Eilers; lovely Lola Lane; Leila Hyams, Universal star; Minna Gombell.

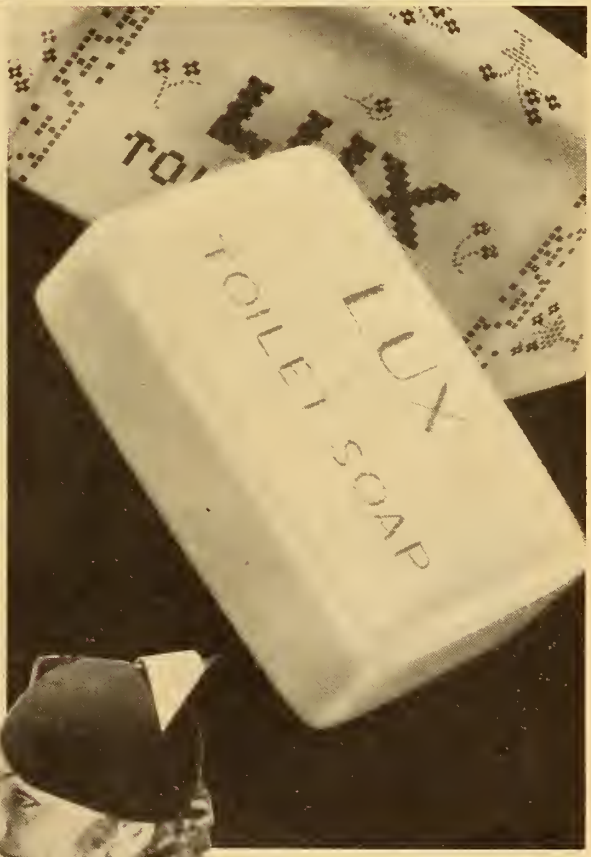
Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements nature puts in skin to keep it *youthful.* Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin. *For* every *type of skin . . . dry, oily, "in-between."*

"Then one night I was in the movies, alone. A close-up of Sally Eilers came on the screen. How very lovely she was! *It's really her exquisite skin that makes her so enchanting, so irresistible,* I realized all of a sudden."

"Think how delighted I was to discover in a newspaper the secret of Sally Eilers' lovely skin! *She uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly,* I learned."

Screen Stars depend on this soap for greater loveliness .. *Now Scientists tell you WHY*

SKIN GROWS OLD-LOOKING THROUGH THE GRADUAL LOSS OF CERTAIN ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN TO KEEP IT **YOUTHFUL**. GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP, SO READILY SOLUBLE, **ACTUALLY CONTAINS** SUCH PRECIOUS ELEMENTS — CHECKS THEIR LOSS FROM THE SKIN.



NRA
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Explaining Jean's Surprise Marriage

(*Continued from page 51*)

clearing away the remains of sandwiches and beer that had been served to the press. Inside, Hal Rosson was talking to New York on one 'phone and Chicago on another, attempting to tell the story to two newspaper editors. Only Jean and I remained in the colorful deck chairs at the side of the crystal-blue pool.

Hollywood's prize "bombshell" ran a tired hand through her famous long bob. "Whew!" she breathed. The brand-new Mrs. Rosson leaned back and closed her eyes for the first time in thirty-six hours. This was late Monday morning. She had not had a wink of sleep since Friday night. She opened her eyes, reached for a cigarette. She said:

"I don't know what to say. My head's in a whirl. I feel dizzy. I never felt less like trying to analyze or explain my emotions. I'm terribly happy . . . and exhausted. We didn't finish 'Bombshell'"—her newest picture, in which Lee Tracy and Franchot Tone appear with her—"until four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Then we went to the Colony Club for dinner. We made our final plans. A few hours later, we boarded the 'plane to Yuma and staged this little bombshell of our own!

"There really isn't any particular story to tell, except the old one—we love each other. I've known for the past six months that Hal was terribly important to my happiness. I think I first realized just how much he meant to me during the filming of 'Hold Your Man.'

"Of course, I have known Hal well for more than two years. He and Bello have been close friends ever since I first came on the M-G-M lot in 'Red-Headed Woman.' Hal and Bello were together three or four nights out of the week. They went on fishing and hunting trips together and, in time, he became one of our closest family friends."

It must be amusing to both of them to look back now over those "early days" when Jean, barely twenty years old, stepping out with some new beau, would stop by the den to say "Goodnight" to her stepfather and Rosson, sixteen years her senior. Hal would often say: "The close-ups we took yesterday were swell, Jean." Or: "I don't believe I'd use so much make-up on my mouth, if I were you; it picks up too much."

Became Her "Best Friend"

HE always seemed to want to help and advise her. Perhaps Hal Rosson fell deeply in love with the flaming Harlow girl long before anyone realized it—even before he would admit it to himself. He knew that she had been married during finishing-school days to Charles McGrew, II, of Chicago, and later divorced, but he always thought of her as just a gorgeous youngster. He used to tease her about her long list of continually changing escorts. If Jean thought of Hal personally at all, it was merely as a swell friend and the best cameraman who had ever photographed her.

Paul Bern was courting Jean persistently at that time . . . and finally came that fateful day in June, 1932, when she married him. If Hal knew a bitter pang of loss as Jean and Bern were pronounced man and wife, no one was ever to know it. Jean moved away to that tragedy-marked home of Bern's in Beverly Canyon; Hal's close friendship with the Bellos continued.

Two months elapsed before that tragedy that was to rock all Hollywood—the mysterious suicide of Paul Bern and his pitiful "Forgive me, dear" letter, which were to drag Jean's name through the headlines of two continents. Jean had been working on "Red Dust" with Clark Gable at the time of the tragedy. Hal Rosson was photographing the picture.

His heart ached for the girl he "spotted" through the camera lens every day. Knowing Jean and her family so well, he realized the terrible ordeal that this was to them. "At a time when it seemed that all eyes were unkind and cruel," Jean told me, "I would look up and meet Hal's and find the greatest sympathy and understanding there." When the picture was finished, he began asking Jean to play golf with him. He thought, in the beginning, that his interest was purely sympathetic, that he was merely trying to keep her mind occupied and off herself and her trouble.

Soon Knew It Was Love

LATER (the day of their marriage) Hal told me:

"As the days and weeks and then the months went by, I realized that my interest in Jean was not wholly that of a sympathetic family friend. I knew I was falling deeply in love with her. Her happiness became the most important thing in *my* life. Of course,

Though Jean "eloped," her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello (at right) approved—for Hal Rosson (behind Jean) is an old family friend

I could not speak of it . . . not then!"

More and more frequently, Jean was seen in the company of the studio's "ace" cameraman. The gossip columnists began to comment on it. One of them wrote: "Hal Rosson, M-G-M cameraman, is the Big Moment in Jean Harlow's life right now. Strange, the general type resemblance he bears to the late Paul Bern." Another remarked: "Hal Rosson shot the bankroll for a big sparkler for Jean Harlow. Begins to look serious!"

Some of these stories made Jean angry, as she did not then realize that she loved Hal. Particularly, she didn't like the story about the diamond ring. "If Hal has bought a ring, it must be for some other girl. He didn't give it to me," she commented. She wasn't trying to stall, or throw reporters off the track, either. Rosson had not given her a "sparkler."

She continued to see him frequently, and she also had engagements with many other men. But it was gradually beginning to dawn on her that she liked Hal best.

"The story that our romance grew 'cold' at one time was ridiculous," she explained. "Of course, I went out with other men because I didn't really fall in love with Hal until we were making 'Hold Your Man.' I knew I liked him better than anyone else. But I hadn't recognized it as love, until the gossip columnists, who seemed to know more about our romance than I did, had us in love and 'tiffed' and made up again—all before I actually realized I loved him."

When He First Proposed

HAL proposed to Jean the first time during the making of "Hold Your Man," as they dined at the Colony Club one evening. And he kept on asking her about every twenty-four hours after that. She knew, that first time at the Colony Club, that she was eventually going to accept him. But just *when* was what presented the problem. She had hoped for a vacation that would allow for time to shop for a trousseau.

It wasn't until the "Bombshell" company went on a two weeks' location trip to Arizona that they definitely made up their minds not to wait any longer. They wired Mrs. Bello of their plans and asked her to come down immediately for the ceremony. She came—but prevailed upon them not to marry until the picture was finished. However, Jean and Hal motored over to Yuma and made all arrangements for their wedding before they ever left Arizona. The Judge and airplane pilots and a couple of witnesses were "standing by" a week in advance. At 4:20 on the morning of September 18, they eloped—and you have read the rest of the story.

"Hal and I have one great incentive toward making a success of our marriage—we have both had enough bruises from life to be thinking of the other fellow, not of ourselves, and trying to make each other happy," Jean told me.

Three years ago, Hal Rosson was divorced from Nina Byron, former "Follies" girl, and it is known that he took the separation "hard." Until the time he met and loved Jean, his name had not been rumored with that of any other girl.

About That Age Disparity

"OF course, the difference in our ages will not make a particle of difference," Jean said. "If anything, it will help. Hal is thirty-eight, which is just the beginning of the prime of a man's life. He is just old enough to guide and advise me—and yet young enough to be the most wonderful play-fellow and companion I have ever known. He has a gorgeous sense of humor, and the greater part of the time we carry on like a couple of hoodlums!"

Seven hours after their sensational marriage, their plans for the immediate future were necessarily vague.

"We thought we'd spend at least one week of our honeymoon in Mexico City," she explained. "Hal was leaving for there almost immediately to film 'Viva Villa,' which stars Wallace Beery. I was to stay down there with him until the studio summons me home for my new picture with Marie Dressler, 'Living in a Big Way.' But the studio may take pity on us newlyweds and transfer Hal to some picture being made here—so we won't even have to think of being parted. Where we will live, and all those other important little details haven't really been settled. Hal has a lovely home out in Brentwood and no doubt we will make that place our residence.

"Still," Jean laughed, "after taking a year to complete *this* place as a perfect background for my personality, as the decorators assured me, it will seem kind of tough to give it up. But where we live isn't truly important. The only thing that matters is having Hal with me!"

A strange discovery— an exciting test

Faded skin blooms again with life

Women have proved what a scientist believed: that a natural substance in Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin.

YOUTH at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has departed from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance —a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin awakened.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol. Sebisol* is part of the chemical substance of your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol.* That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

Gently apply Junis Cream to your face.

Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream.

Junis Cream contains no wax. Many leading creams do. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

We ask you to try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream, we think, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have tried it. Please cut out the coupon and mail it for a free 10-day supply.

See what this new facial cream can do when you put it to a beautifying test on your own skin. Fill out the coupon today and mail to

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Free—send this coupon for 10-day supply

10-DAY SUPPLY FREE

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

The Pepsodent Co., Dept. J-1212, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
This coupon is not good after May 30, 1934.

Name _____

4308

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NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.

Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

accomplish and learn. I saw, that night, that life had more to offer me than I had ever realized.

"I met Ray, after that, at a number of dances here and there. And the first thing I knew, I had done what I had never done in my life before and—curiously—have never done since. I poured out my heart to another person. I told him of all my dreams and ambitions and hopes for myself. I told him of my vast desire to dance, to be in the theatre, to amount to something. I told him about my stifled feeling at school, at home, of my great desire to run away, to try my wings elsewhere . . .

"I discovered, to my great amazement and with a thrill of pure delight, that he didn't laugh at me. He believed in me. He believed that I could do the things I thought I could do. He believed that I would become the person I wanted to become. His ambition for me matched my ambition for myself.

"It was Ray who first taught me to love big words. He was enormously ambitious, himself. He had read everything. He would talk to me about books, about people, about history and legend and science and the accomplishment of fine aims and ambitions. And I would go home and look up all the big words in the dictionary and I would read all the books he had told me to read. I would listen to the music he had advised me to hear. I would try to practise the virtues and accomplishments of those great and successful and immortal persons of all the ages.

Gives Him All the Credit

"IT was Ray who, for better or for worse, made me what I am to-day and hope to be to-morrow. It was Ray who opened the door for me—Ray, and no one else.

"It was Ray who encouraged me to run away from home. *He* knew I had to go. He wasn't afraid for me. He *believed* in me, you see. And when I went, almost two years later, he was the only one who knew that I had gone, and where I had gone.

"And from the day I ran away, when I was fifteen, up to this present day as I sit here talking to you, he has written me beautiful letters—letters of sound advice and wise counsel that have never once proved to be wrong.

"He didn't even fear for me because I was so young. He told me that fifteen would be too young for most girls, but not for me. He said, 'Your age doesn't matter. You know at fifteen what some girls will never know.'

"When I arrived in New York, he would write me not to do the things that everyone thought chorus girls did do. I didn't. I didn't want to, anyway. But if I ever had, his letters would have protected me. I couldn't fail a faith so absolute, a devotion so unswerving and so beautifully faithful.

"Of *course*, I thought I was desperately in love with him—and perhaps I was. Who knows? I treasured every one of his letters. I slept with them under my pillow. I tied them up in little packets, with pink ribbon. The dream of him kept me safe—if I needed keeping—from many of the silly, venturesome, young-girl-alone-in-New York things I might have done. He made his presence, even in absence, so strong, so vivid and so near that I couldn't feel alone or unguarded.

"He dreamed his dreams, too. We planned our life—together. We never thought that I had gone to New York to make an individual career for myself or that he was staying home, working out a career for himself. We believed that we were working, separately for the time, toward a common goal.

Then She Married Doug

"HIS letters continued unfailingly, following me from New York to Hollywood. He advised me to save my money, and how to save it. He never forgot a Christmas or a birthday. He never forgot or overlooked anything that might in any way contribute to my safety, my well-being, my success, both as a person and as an actress. Never once did he force his advice.

"Then—then I wrote Ray that Douglas and I were to be married.

"I can't tell you how it all happened as it did. I suppose it was simply that, in all those years, two fiercely ambitious persons—each working in a separate medium, each building into a life of his own—had failed to meet again. I was young, I was far away, I—I fell in love with someone else, that's all . . .

"And after I wrote that letter—the hardest letter I ever had to write in my life—I didn't hear from Ray for *three months*. That was the first and only time that he had failed to write me.

Joan doesn't mention Franchot Tone here—perhaps because it's no secret that they are Good Companions off the screen, as well as in "The Dancing Lady"

"I felt a terrific sense of loss when his letters ceased to come. I felt lost, let down, as though someone very precious to me had suddenly and tragically died. I finally wrote to him again. I told him that even the thought of his never writing me again was almost killing me. Douglas wrote to him, too. I had told Douglas of our long friendship and correspondence. I had told him everything about Ray. I had told him how fine he was. For over a year Douglas and Ray corresponded, too.

"Well, he started to write to me again after that. He wouldn't fail me, you see. It had taken him three months to adjust himself to the thought of my marriage. And then he wrote. *But something was left out of his letters.* Something that had been in them before was there no longer. He didn't give me the counsel of a friend any longer. Instead, he would end his letters with some such flippant quip as 'Don't forget to watch for traffic lights' or something of the sort.

"Didn't Know One Another"

"HE was, in these new letters, as sensitive to the situation as he had been to every situation concerning me. He could never, even slightly, intrude beyond the point of good taste.

"During the three years of Douglas' and my marriage, we went East together a few times. Each time we stopped over for two hours or so in Chicago and there, for the first time after those many years, Ray and I met again. But I was married, life had gone on, and so many things—so many dreams—so many people had passed us by—we didn't know one another.

"Only once, in all that time, were Ray and I ever alone together and that was for about three minutes in the living room of our suite. And then he said to me, 'You haven't changed, have you, Billie?' and I said, 'No, Ray, I haven't changed.' It doesn't sound like a very comprehensive question and answer. But he knew what he meant—and so did I. I knew that he was thinking of the thirteen-year-old child, who had poured out her heart to him, letting him see her heart with all of its bright dreams and young ambitions and clear hope. He had asked me if that child was still here. I had told him that she was. That was all.

"I have never known such devotion in my life—not anywhere—from anyone.

"And then, when I knew that Douglas and I were to part—when I realized that if we stayed together and the years crept up on us, we would be living with *nothingness*—I wrote Ray about it.

Now They Will Meet Again

"THE night my separation became public property, Ray telephoned me from Chicago. He wanted to know whether or not I would like him to come on. He asked if there were anything he could do, any help, any comfort he might give. He asked me if I were sure of what I was doing, if I had really wanted it this way. I told him that I had made my own decision; I said that there was nothing he could do . . .

"And then, and now, he has begun to write me again *as he used to write me.* That something has come back into his letters again. He isn't flippant any longer. He isn't afraid of infringing on a third person's sensitivities.

"I have written him, now, that when Clark Gable is better and we are able to get on with our production and finish 'The Dancing Lady'—then, in November, I hope, I shall go to Chicago. I have asked him to show me the Fair. I think he is a little bit afraid of this meeting, the first real meeting we will have had since I was fifteen. I think he is frightened for fear that that little-girl Billie is gone and a stranger fills her place. *I* am not afraid. I've never been far enough away from Ray to feel a stranger to him . . ."

What will be the sequel to Joan's frank, vivid, never-told-till-now-story of the friend who has never failed her?

I suggested to her, "Perhaps you will marry again sometime, Joan . . ."

"NEVER!" Joan replied, seeming to spring from her very chair in violent negation of this question. "Never! Does a child, once burned—?"

"Perhaps, some day—wouldn't it be like a story," I said, "if you should, after all, marry Ray?"

Joan was silent. An enigmatic, sphinx-like smile was her only answer.

YOUTH'S CHARM

may be yours if you keep that schoolgirl complexion

YOU may bring romance closer ...you may hold youth's charm and appeal as years go by, if you'll keep youth glowing in your skin. And this simple daily treatment is priceless, for it is based on youth-protecting olive and palm oils.

These oils are blended, by secret process, in the making of Palmolive, *the soap of youth.* No other blend, in all the world, is like this. It has made Palmolive first of all beauty soaps.

Nature's own beauty oils

Olive oil—soothing, enriching—gives Palmolive a velvety lather. This mild lather *penetrates* the tiny pores, freeing them of accumulations easily, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Olive oil, too, gives Palmolive that wonderfully rich, olive-green color, your assurance of purity and safety.

Begin this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after you've done that regularly for a month, see how easy it is to hold youth's charm, in spite of birthdays.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and *keep* their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy it, if you prefer, at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists.

. . . *Send for free copy of the Inecto Rapid Notox Beauty Analysis—and for name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write to Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 87, 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid

NOTOX

COLORS HAIR INSIDE WHERE NATURE DOES

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 8*)

1. The picture on page eight shows (from left to right) Herbert Marshall, Claudette Colbert, William Gargan, Mary Boland and Leo Carrillo, principal members of the cast of Paramount's "Four Frightened People," which Cecil B. DeMille is filming in Honolulu. They were honored with the Hawaiian *leis* by the native movie fans, who met them on their arrival.

2. Enrico Caruso, Jr., who resembles his late famous father, has signed a screen contract with Radio Pictures and will begin his motion picture career in "Flying Down to Rio." It is a musical picture and Enrico, Jr., has been studying voice, but you will not hear him sing in this picture.

3. Although he has been in Hollywood only a few months, Bill Cagney, screen actor and younger brother of Jimmy Cagney, proved there is nothing slow about him by wooing and winning one of Hollywood's popular beauties—Boots Mallory—in record time. They eloped to Agua Caliente.

4. According to all reports, Sam Katz, the producer, is paying ardent court to the motion picture player, Sari Maritza, and wedding bells are expected to ring soon.

5. George White, the "Scandals" producer, has been signed by the Fox Film Corporation to produce a yearly film edition of the "Scandals" for five years. This will be George White's first adventure into the movie game, having in the past restricted his talents to the stage.

6. A New York tabloid headlined that Clara Bow and Rex Bell were about to tell it to a judge. "Isn't it silly that Rex and I can't even have a family quarrel without people saying we are separated?"

7. The engagement of Eleanor Boardman, motion picture actress, and Harry D'Arrast, motion picture director, was announced recently. They plan to be married in the Spring. Miss Boardman was formerly married to another well-known director, King Vidor, from whom she was divorced last April.

8. Fed up with the rumors that she and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., were about to separate, Bette Davis thought up the bright idea of giving the gossips something worth talking about by attending a recent première with eight male escorts, which included most of the rumored boy-friends. If Bette's stunt had no other effect, she profited plenty in a publicity way by stealing the limelight at the opening.

9. Jean Harlow of the platinum blonde locks eloped with Hal Rosson, her studio cameraman, by airplane to Yuma, Arizona. This is Jean's third matrimonial adventure and Rosson's second marriage. Jean was widowed by the suicide of her second husband, Paul Bern, a little more than a year ago. If you want to know more about Jean Harlow's "surprise" marriage, be sure to read the story on Page 51 of this issue.

10. A comparatively unknown 19-year-old Brooklyn girl, Charlotte Henry, was chosen from more than seven thousand aspirants for the title rôle in the screen version of Lewis Carroll's classic, "Alice in Wonderland." Charlotte has had very little stage or screen experience, having played a minor stage rôle several years ago and only obscure parts in two or three movies, but with the rôle of *Alice* she becomes a star.

11. Carole Lombard, screen star, who recently returned from Reno after divorcing her husband, William Powell, also of the screen, is the beautiful blonde they say is the handsome Gary Cooper's latest heart interest. Both deny that there is any truth to the reports and claim they are just old friends.

12. Not very long ago, both Pola Negri and Harold F. McCormick, the 61-year-old Chicago millionaire, denied that they would be wed, but according to their friends they have admitted to them that they are planning a November wedding. Pola is the ex-wife of Prince Serge Mdivani, who was recently sued for separation by his operatic wife, Mary McCormic.

13. On August 28, Sally Eilers was granted a divorce from her cowboy actor-husband, Hoot Gibson, via the Mexican courts and on September 24, less than a month later, Sally became the bride of director Harry Joe Brown in Yuma, Arizona. Her marriage to Brown puts at rest the rumors that Sally and Jimmy Dunn were romantically inclined.

14. Recently George Jessel said that he hoped to marry Norma Talmadge, if and when she divorced her producer-husband, Joseph Schenck. Norma has been estranged from Schenck for a number of years.

15. Claire Windsor was found guilty by a jury of stealing the love of Alfred C. Read, Jr. and a verdict of $75,000 of the $100,000 damages asked was awarded to his estranged wife. Miss Windsor's attorneys will move to fight the alienation-of-affections verdict and Miss Windsor said she was at a loss to understand how Mrs. Read could collect that amount when she (Claire) didn't have more than seventy-five cents to her name.

16. The hot love scenes for which Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were once famous will not be repeated when they appear together in "Queen Christina." Garbo did not refuse to make them, but believed they might create false and harmful impressions—since John is now married. Gilbert's wife is Virginia Bruce, who retired from the screen after her marriage; they have a baby daughter, born in August.

17. Jean Harlow's excellent work in "Dinner at Eight" won for her the honor of being among the "Immortals of the Screen" in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame of Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. As is the custom, Jean placed the imprints of her hands and feet, together with her signature, in a block of cement.

18. Sally Rand, who has been away from the screen, has had some legal difficulties because her exotic fan dance at the Chicago World's Fair was deemed indecent by the courts, which sentenced her to one year in jail. Sally is an artist with the fans and does her dance while wearing nothing more than two plumed fans. Following her sentence, Sally was allowed sixty days in which to file a bill of exceptions and in the meantime, Sally went right on filling her engagements and doing her dance, which she calls "artistic interpretation."

19. Richard Dix's wife, the former Winifred Coe of San Francisco, was granted a Mexican divorce on June 29 and the news of the decree did not become known until late in September, three months later. By mutual consent, the custody of Mary Ellen, their ten-months-old daughter, was awarded to Mrs. Dix.

Beauty... to have and to hold

created and guarded by Woodbury's two unique new creams which stay *Germ-free* as long as they last

The first beauty creams approved by dermatologists!

All the well-known beauty creams are perfectly pure and safe when first they come to you. But once opened, you cannot protect them from the germs that are everywhere. Once the lid of your cream jar is lifted, germs are bound to enter the cream. In its fatty oils they flourish, multiply.

If your skin is sensitive, thin, dry, has only a tiny scratch or blemish, germs from the creams may get under it. And then! The risk of infection—blemishes, pimples!

But now you may have two beauty creams that practically banish this risk. For, yes, it's true—Woodbury's has done it again! First they introduced Element 576 into Woodbury's Cold Cream to overcome Dry Skin. Now they bring forth another new ingredient which *keeps* Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams germ-free to the last dab in the jar!

Dermatologists welcome the new Woodbury germ-free creams as a great advance in the cause of beauty. "For the first time," they declare, "beauty creams we can safely recommend."

They agree on the superiority of Woodbury's Creams, because they know that these germ-free creams are vital aids to fine, supple skin texture, firm muscle tone, good fresh color. Vigor! Loveliness!

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams are as low in price as ordinary creams. 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes. Now on sale at all drug and department stores.

She strides along in high November winds! Fearless for the lovely texture of her skin! Because it's secure, protected, healthy, strong—thanks to Woodbury's two revolutionary germ-free beauty creams!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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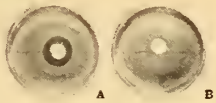
109 Leading Dermatologists Heartily Welcome the New Woodbury Creams

109 dermatologists of high professional rank in 38 states — under the supervision of Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Georgia) Hospital—tested the new Woodbury germ-free creams on their patients... family... friends... in their laboratories!

One said: "I have given them to patients and to members of my own family for experimental use. They have been delighted with the creams."

Another: "I have carried out experiments with these Woodbury Creams in comparison with other creams, as to effect on various skins, normal and otherwise. I find the Woodbury Creams are sterile under ordinary conditions, and decidedly antiseptic."



A B

THE PROOF IS IN THESE AGAR PLATES!

Plates spread with nutrient agar jelly, seeded with poisonous germs. Woodbury's germ-free cream in Plate A surrounded by a clear dark ring, where germs have been destroyed by it, proves active resistance of this cream to germs. Plate B, with a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no dark ring, proving this cream has no germ-destroying power.

TRY THE NEW GERM-FREE CREAMS!

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Please send me free sample tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams from the new germ-free formula.

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CAROLE LOMBARD, GLAMOROUS PARAMOUNT PICTURES PLAYER

ENTICING EYES *win Love!*

● Eyes hold mystery and glamor *only* when they are set off by rich, dark, long-looking lashes. Such lashes are enticing to men.

Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, skimpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness.

Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffens into coarse, ugly beads. Always looks completely *natural*.

Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, tear-proof.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new **Winx Eye Shadow.** It is not greasy.

WINX

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 12-M 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Fredric March Gambled with Death—and Won

(*Continued from page 60*)

The Resolution He Made

"I'LL beat it. I won't let this thing overcome me. Others have done it before me. I'll do it, too." He made his resolution in a thin dawn, after a night of sleeplessness.

And so he began a regimen that would conserve the strength of his heart. He slept on his back with arms outstretched, and with no pillow. He rested an hour every afternoon. He watched his diet.

After a few weeks, he went back to work. And he worked with the same intensity, with the same unsparing energy he had always given his rôles. He was taking no odds from death.

"After all," he says to-day, "life is not only a matter of breathing. It must be defined by a multitude of emotions and reactions, by an accumulation of those small experiences that give light and shadow to our daily pattern. I couldn't see myself sitting on the sidelines, listening to the tick of my heart, centering every mood, every want, every need in a physical tyranny. I felt that it was better to go out suddenly—if Fate so willed it—rather than to nurse along a spark of life, which, without activity, would be only another phase of death as far as I was concerned.

"I took a few weeks of rest. And during that period I was a slave to the edicts of the doctors. But I made my body a servant to my mind, after that. I shamed my heart into health.

"I knew a great pianist who was told that he must cease all his concert work, must no longer impose burdens on his heart. It had faltered, refused to meet the demands made of it. But that man laughed at doctors. He modified his usual program only slightly. Always he told himself—until he believed it, until he knew it without question—that he would be strong again. To-day he is well. His heart is sound. I decided to do the same thing. And I did it."

Not Sorry He Was an Actor

FREDRIC MARCH evolved new values in those times when he gambled with death. Ambitions, ideals, hopes have a habit of crystallizing themselves under the white light of a crisis.

During the years when he attended the University of Wisconsin, when he primed himself for a banking career, his acting ambitions were vague, made up largely of inclinations, rather than of the substantial fabric of certainty. It took that appendicitis operation to clarify his vision. During his convalescence he decided that he wouldn't go back to the bank, that even the foreign fields for which the National City Bank of New York was training him didn't hold sufficient allurement.

He hitched his star to the stage—and it brought him far. Not even when he learned that acting had impaired his health was he sorry that he hadn't stuck to money-changing. Rather, it confirmed his belief that in nothing else would he ever find happiness.

It was this heart condition that showed him that acting was his life and his love. He had no regrets. He held no yearning for that easy, less-demanding life of banking. He had chosen rightly—that he knew now.

Fredric March is one of the few actors in Hollywood who limits his acting to the time when he is before microphone and camera. His intelligence detects subterfuge and front. His sense of humor guards him against it. He has retained that simplicity which characterizes men of achievement.

He might well have gone into an act when he heard those fateful words of his physicians. He might well have publicized his unhappiness and his grief to the advantage of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and his stature as a serious actor. But no one knew of his desperate dilemma—and no one knew of his unhappiness.

Would Miss Work, Not Fame

FOR Fredric March *was* unhappy. Yet he knew that whatever the day brought, his unhappiness would decrease. He knew that men adjust themselves to conditions, that power and glory have a habit of decreasing in importance. So it wasn't the fact that he would no longer be in the public consciousness that worried him. It was rather his feeling that no man served his purpose by taking the knocks of Fate lying down—without fighting back.

"This was a big problem," he declares. "I faced it as such. Our little problems we permit to accumulate, because we don't concentrate enough on them to find a real solution for them. That's why the average person rises above himself—or rather, what we suppose is above himself—when faced by a crisis. Then, and only then, does he call on his reserve mental and spiritual and physical courage to cope with it.

"I've never been afraid of death—not death with my boots on. I've only been afraid of its coming slowly and inevitably and hideously. I would rather go out like a light, than burn with a flickering and uncertain flame. Mrs. March finally saw my point of view. She agreed that perhaps work would be best for me, and might be my salvation. It was all of that and more. It was a cure."

Fredric March chose to gamble with death. He won. To-day his heart is as strong as it ever was. To-day there is no vestige of that weakness. And he can smile about—and remember without fear—those dreadful days of doubt.

He's One of Several

MOTION picture audiences little know the physical demands made on the strength and the fortitude of their divinities. Other stars besides March have laughed at death.

Some day the Saga of the Stars will be written. It will not be a story that will deal with success or progress or wealth, or even the defeat of circumstance and difficult beginnings. Rather, it will be a tale of conflict against the limitations that physical endurance imposes.

Periodically, there is news in the daily press of this star or that star being rushed from the studio set to an operating table, or to a hospital bed. Most of them hang on to the last minute, for none of them recognizes a foe—even the enmity of their own bodies.

A famous producer said recently, after looking over production schedules thrown entirely out of gear by sudden illness of stars:

"When I sign stars in the future, I'm going to make darn' sure that their appendixes are out, that their tonsils are out, that their wisdom teeth have sprouted, and that I'm not going to be left in the lurch with a quarter-of-a-million production."

Unfortunately, this executive minimized the inexorable demands on the physical strength of his stars. Stars have beaten and will beat the sort of illness which, in the ordinary routine, will down any individual. Their unflagging courage makes it possible.

Fredric March is an example. He gambled with death—and won!

WHY DO WOMEN WITH $25,000 COATS BUY THIS 25¢ TOOTH PASTE?

ONLY ONE ANSWER . . .

QUICK, BEAUTIFYING RESULTS

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several small midwestern cities.

Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of the wealthiest people.

Certainly the 25¢ price could not possibly attract women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—permeates every crevice.

See how quickly it erases unsightly tartar, stains, and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking.

Observe the flashing brilliance and luster it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Lastly, reflect that these benefits cost you about half of what you ordinarily pay. The saving of $3.00 a year is a worthwhile one in these thrifty times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

At Last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢

Carrie Comfort

Helps Out an Old Friend

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Trial Box Free!

For free trial box, postpaid in plain wrapper, clip and mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St., N. Y.

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OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31st

What Do Movie Stars Want Their Children to Be?

(*Continued from page 53*)

Harold Lloyd, Junior (late of the incubator), to be—*a comic*. It will be all right with them if Harold, Junior should, when of age, put on his father's famous horn-rimmed specs and "carry on."

Harold, Senior, said to me, seriously, "Why not? Probably people will be tired of the horn-rimmed specs by that time, but there are other ways of being a comic. And I'd like to see the boy be one. It seems to me that a comic helps the world just as vitally as does any other professional man. He has a Mission in Life, too, the maker of laughs. He makes the whole world laugh—and I can't believe that the time will ever come when the world will not need laughter. Perhaps it rates next to bread and shelter in order of importance.

"Of course, the baby may not tend that way at all. If not, he certainly will not be forced in that direction. He will be encouraged in any way he tends, of course. He will go to public schools, meet and mingle freely with his fellow-men, be allowed a wide range of interests and be given a free choice. But I have every reason to believe, now, at his age of under three years, that he will be a comic. He *is* one, right now.

"He does imitations of people that anyone can recognize. He did them all over the map of Europe, by the way, and has already laid the foundations of an international fun-maker. He makes you laugh just to look at him. He has his own gags, without benefit of gag-men. If I open my mouth like a fish, for instance, he instantly opens his mouth like a fish and his 'business' is funnier than mine."

(And this is not just one of those boasts of a proud parent. Because, taking his cue perfectly, Harold Lloyd, Junior bumbled into the room at this instant and Harold, Senior promptly opened his mouth like a fish, whereupon Harold, Junior instantly did likewise—and *I* couldn't tell you which was the funnier of the two, father or son.)

Helen's Son a Future Judge

HELEN TWELVETREES WOODY'S small son looks, I assure you, more like a judge than any wigged judge who ever sat on a bench. His expressions are benevolent, but judicial. His eyes seem to weigh you in the balance. And it is as a judge that Helen hopes, some day, to see him. Her first hope is that he will *not* be an actor. She says that she knows all about the psychological dangers, so-called, of infant suppressions and things, but that she is certainly going to take the chance of suppressing any grease-paint leanings on the part of her small Jack Woody, Jr.

Perhaps the circumstances of her unhappy first marriage color this violent reaction of hers. At any rate, she hopes fiercely that he will *not* be an actor and hopes just as fiercely that he *will* be a judge. She would like to see him begin as a criminal lawyer. She says that being a criminal lawyer will give an outlet to his dramatic abilities, if he has, indeed, inherited any. And he will be, at the same time, of inestimable service to the human race.

She is beginning, right now, to surround him with "atmosphere." She is collecting a legal library that will be second to none in the country by the time she is done with it. It contains reports of famous cases, famous legal battles, biographies and autobiographies of famous judges and jurists. Young Lawyer-man Woody will graduate from "Mary had a little lamb" to "Jackie had a little case" in almost no time at all. Helen says that she hopes that those of us who plan to be in difficulties some twenty-odd years from now will not forget to look up Judge Jack Woody!

Barbara Bebe Will Act

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon were the only ones who told me, very emphatically and whole-heartedly, that they would like their Barbara Bebe to be an actress when she grows up. They believe the acting profession to be the finest, the most colorful, the most remunerative and the most personally satisfying profession in the whole world. Believing as they do, why shouldn't they want their daughter to enter it? they ask.

Bebe said to me, "If she does want to be an actress—and I both hope and believe that she will, because children do imitate and she has both Ben and me to copy—then we shall do everything in our power to make her a superlatively good one. We'll try to see to it that she is the best there is—star-stuff.

"Her horoscope, I must tell you, says that she will be a writer. We'd like that, too, but it would be second choice. Our one complex on the subject is to make her pre-eminent in whatever she elects to do. A first-rater is happy in any field of endeavor. Only second-raters really suffer. We decidedly do want her to have a profession. We feel that the day of women as wives and mothers only is gone. And if the world wags on along the lines it is going now, a woman without a profession will be a curiosity when Barbara Bebe grows up."

Louise Fazenda's Big Ambition

WE conclude our parents' meeting with one of the newest babies of them all—small Hal Brent Wallis, son of fun-maker Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, Warner Brothers executive.

Louise said to me, "Before he was born, I used to write, over and over again, 'Dr. Hal Brent Wallis—Dr. Hal Brent Wallis.' I was trying, of course, in my feeble and unscientific way, to exercise some pre-natal influence over him. I imagine I must have written that 'Dr. Hal Brent Wallis' five hundred times a day.

"I didn't much care what kind of M.D. he became—either a general practitioner or a surgeon would have been all right with me. But now, after my Blessed Event, I want him to be an obstetrician. I want him to be one exactly like *my* obstetrician, Dr. Emil J. Krahulik. I can't imagine a greater calling for any man to follow.

"Before the baby came, when I didn't know whether 'It' would be a *he* or a *she*, I even planned to give a girl a very masculine name. Then, I figured, she could be a professional, too, very suitably. A doctor. A woman doctor.

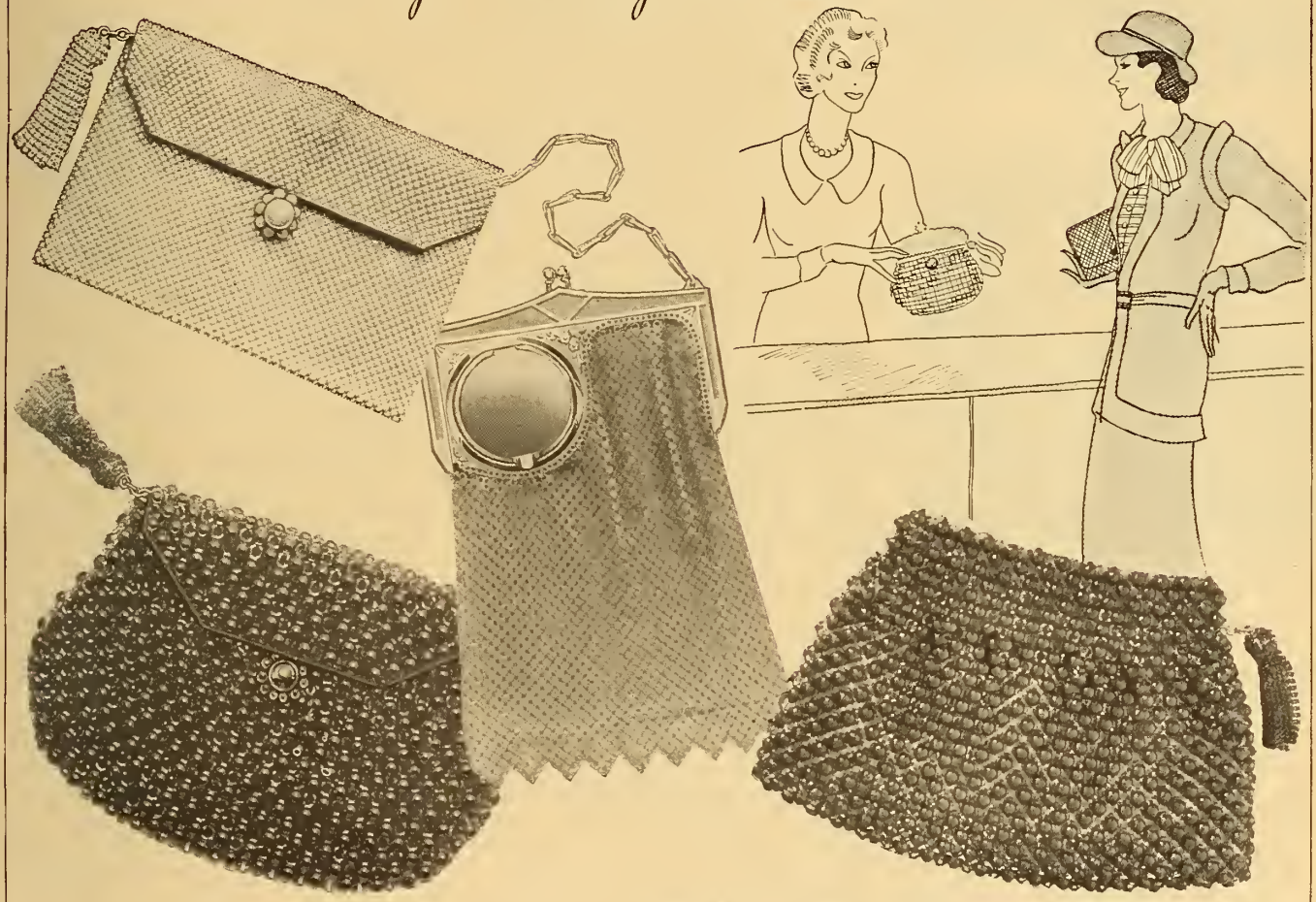
"I also read 'The Magnificent Obsession' when I was expecting the baby, which probably intensified *my* magnificent obsession. I was thrilled and moved by the character of that man in the book, by his marvelous operations, his indifference to money, the great good he did. I was thrilled by the way he said he wanted to be paid only by his creditors' doing a good deed to some other human being, who would, in turn, pass the good deed on so that an endless chain of kindliness would be perpetuated. That seemed to me, then, and seems to me now, a beautiful life to live.

"And so, this is my hope—that we may be able to leave our son enough money to be a great altruist like that and that somewhere within him is the *will* to be like that.

Christmas gifts you will choose joyously . . . and relinquish jealously!

BAGS in METAL MESH

by Whiting & Davis



Upper left: No. 3583. Evening Bag, envelope style in Pearlized Beadlite Mesh.

Lower left: No. 1984. Envelope Pouch Style in Hobnail Mesh, with zipper and ball clasp.

In center: No. 1369. Picadilly model, four inch frame, with convenient outside compact.

At right: No. 1986. Large envelope, pouch and flat shapes, six, seven and eight inch frames, Talon fastener, double pocket, mirror, back-strap.

One of the few gifts of which no woman can have too many! The holiday remembrance whose duplication brings joy to the receiver! You will give them proudly to others . . . hoping others will give them to you.

"Hand in Hand with Fashion" . . . in harmony with the brilliant vogue of Metal . . . you may choose from roomy practical bags in Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh for everyday; smart styles as formal or semi-formal accessories; and beautiful creations in many types of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh to enhance the glamour of evening gowns.

Simplify your Christmas shopping by the brief memo: "Whiting & Davis Bags in Metal Mesh." Then list the lucky friends for whom you will make these acceptable selections.

A few suggestions are illustrated. Your jeweler or department store will show you very many more. But—shop early!

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HANDS of 20

. . at 41

Despite officework, housework or weather—your hands can be satin-smooth and *youthful* in appearance.

Too good to be true?—Skeptical? Give Campana's Italian Balm a few days' trial. Let it show you why it has become the largest-selling skin protector in Canada and thousands of cities in the United States.

Surely a toilet preparation that gains nation-wide approval in 6 short years—*bears investigating!* Surely any product that achieves such popularity is different and genuinely good! And Italian Balm—invention of an internationally famous, Italian skin specialist—*is* good. It is guaranteed to conquer rough, dry and chapped skin *more quickly* than anything you have ever used. Bottles, 35c, 60c and $1.00; tubes, 25c—at drug and department stores.

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ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in tubes, 25c

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2712 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

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If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., MPU-12 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Paris Answers Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 45*)

It was only fair to start with someone who has been in Hollywood, and knows what they are doing in that city of incalculable romance and beautiful women, where nothing seems impossible. So first I called on MLLE. CHANEL. It was she whom Sam Goldwyn invited to Hollywood two years ago to design clothes for his silken stars. Surely, you haven't forgotten Ina Claire's ravishing frocks, or Gloria Swanson's sculptured creations?

Calls Screen Styles Exaggerated

WHEN I asked her if she thought the screen could dethrone Paris, she was pensive for a moment. Then she said, "Motion pictures have discovered and developed an expression of style that has proved excellent for photography—a *cinematographic* mode. Such a mode must be highly specialized, because truly ravishing gowns may be a complete failure when photographed. Again, some frightful concoctions are adorable on the screen. Even a successful frock for the screen must be adapted to several attitudes. For example, a dress that I designed for Gloria Swanson was effective only when she stood, and had to be considerably changed for scenes where she sat down.

"I would say that Hollywood has created a dramatic mode, designed to perfect the personality of the star; to flatter her good points and—luck!—to hide her bad ones. The American screen is, indeed, past-master in seductive styles, since all Americans make their screen stars seductive. Further than that, the special rôle that the actress is assuming must be impressed upon the minds of the audience without waste of time. *Immediately*, her gown must cry, 'This is a good woman, this a bad woman, this a "dangerous" woman.' Therefore, the mode of motion pictures must be exaggerated and extravagant. Often it's a false extravagance. One, then, can see and copy only the obvious things, which in real life would be in bad taste.

"You see, the true mode is not ostentatious. As George Brummell once said, the well-dressed woman 'ne doit pas être remarquée.' The theatrical mode is *designed* to draw attention. The two are separate and distinct—each excellent in its own place.

Difference Between Two Cities

"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS once remarked to me, 'One simply *breathes* theatre in Hollywood.' And in Paris one simply breathes the mode. No, Hollywood cannot replace Paris, but it can, and does, help greatly in *presenting* styles."

"Then you think Hollywood is influenced by Paris?" I asked.

"Yes, fashions of Paris inspiration are always being intelligently copied and admirably adapted for the screen. But the theatregoer must be careful to avoid that exaggeration of which I spoke, if she desires to copy a frock for personal wear. The 'much-copied' Letty Lynton dress that you mention was a Paris fashion of five years ago that was abandoned."

Asked if she felt that Hollywood was influenced by Paris through the stars, themselves, she said that it was quite likely. Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and Lili Damita all choose gowns in Paris for their personal wardrobes. Gloria Swanson selects both personal and screen costumes. I asked Mlle. Chanel if she thought the stars were good models, if they did justice to her frocks.

"The American stars are all beautiful women, and when did beauty not know how to dress? Then, too, they are artists and know how to carry their clothes to perfection. Does that answer your question?"

As I was about to leave, I suddenly remembered that you might be interested in her opinion of masculine attire for women. The subject was dismissed with one expressive adjective. "Horrible!"

Schiaparelli—Why Paris Leads

ON the Rue de la Paix are found many monarchs of the mode, whose least word has been women's law. I was positively cowed by the spacious mirrored elegance of MADAME SCHIAPARELLI'S salons. So I was not in the least prepared to find what appeared to be a quaint, little—very little—girl, curled up in her Daddy's big office chair. And this was the most copied couturière in Paris!

"Yes," she told me, "I've been in Hollywood. I've just returned from a completely delightful trip. They took me everywhere—in their very fine shops, to their studios, to their parties. I found new friends on every hand, and everywhere I saw gowns that seemed like very old friends, indeed.

"But—Hollywood replace Paris? They haven't the atmosphere, or the materials, to create. Here, everyone is working with you. From Lyons come the most beautiful fabrics in the world. Artists bring us silks, brocades, laces, feathers, jewelry and handwork, created of every conceivable material. Paris gets them first. Inspiration would not be enough. There must be concrete things to make our ideas into a reality.

"Nor am I saying that talent for creating styles does not exist in Hollywood. I was very much impressed by the designers' marked ability. In Paris, they would undoubtedly give the world really new fashions as original as any designers' models here. But Hollywood is too closed in; the scope is too limited. Actually, all Hollywood is given over to motion pictures, not fashions. Just as no place in the world can equal it in that respect, in all honesty we must admit Paris is the world's fashion leader."

Four times a year, she pointed out, Madame Schiaparelli creates on an average of one hundred models. They are not designed to display the sex appeal of a Harlow or the exotic personality of a Garbo. Each year, out of these four hundred creations, any woman might choose the model which, in her opinion, would best express her individuality.

Screen Stars "Ideal" Models

COULD Hollywood be so summarily dismissed as this? Where there's smoke, there must be fire. Women must be taking ideas from the movies. Madame Schiaparelli heartily agreed.

"My, yes, I find motion pictures a powerful aid in launching new fashions. For my own models, I work under the conviction that the true foundation for beautiful clothes is a beautiful body. That means the healthy, athletic body. And Hollywood has collected the most beautiful women in the world. I look to the American star as that ideal around which any creator can best work. Therefore, she makes the ideal medium to introduce Paris creations."

Madame Schiaparelli was convinced that they were Paris-inspired creations, whether they found their way indirectly to Hollywood through shops, or directly, through the stars, themselves. The very fashion "influencers" whom Hollywood cites—Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Lilyan Tashman, Constance Cummings and Katharine Hepburn—all are as much at home in Rue de la Paix salons as on Hollywood lots. And you'll see them wear-

(*Continued on page 76*)

Short on Sight, But Long on Sex Appeal

(*Continued from page 33*)

(an antiquated term, meaning full of "Mmmmmmmm" and "why-doncha-come-up-sometime?") had "large, limpid, luminous eyes" because they were near-sighted and had to keep their eyes wide open to catch as much light as possible. When a girl leaned toward you, as if in adoration, they said, it was merely "because near-sighted persons have a tendency to lean that way."

With the utterance of this profundity, we can understand a lot of things, including the wide-eyed, fatal-to-men look of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, a Sex Appealer *par excellence.*

Alan Dinehart's optical difficulties are strange, indeed, for he claims to be near-sighted in one eye and far-sighted in the other, which makes it about fifty-fifty on the preponderance of Sex Appeal. As for Lowell Sherman and that monocle. . .

"Nothing doing!" said Robert Montgomery, when I asked him if he were near-sighted. "*Noth*-ing doing. It's one of those I.Q. tests and I always rate zero in them."

But when we had convinced him that it was not one of those Intelligence Quotient Tests that a certain type of hostess likes to hurl at her guests in the guise of after-dinner entertainment, he broke down and admitted that his sight was entirely normal.

They See the Point, Anyway

NOT so with Director Sam (Handsome) Wood: "I'm going to fall over everything within six feet from now on," he said. Which is one way to imply delicately that you are victim of the popular affliction, so replete with magnetic attraction.

"My dear," said Lilyan Tashman, blue eyes twinkling under two twinkling strass stars in her flaxen hair, "it is *strange*, but I *am* nearsighted. Frightfully so."

And so, if history has not failed us, was Charlotte Brontë, Nineteenth Century English authoress, which makes everything exceedingly cosy.

Adrienne Ames, Lee Tracy, Jason Robards, Warner Baxter, Arthur Lake, Bruce Cabot, Johnny Darrow, Betty Furness—none of these admitted to near-sightedness, becoming modesty prohibiting it. It took a brash newcomer, editor, to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Are you near-sighted?" we asked Victor Jory, the new Fox white hope.

"A very little," he answered. "Why?"

"If you are near-sighted, it means you have excess Sex Appeal," we informed him.

"Yeah? Say, I'm nearly blind! I can't even see you standing there . . . "

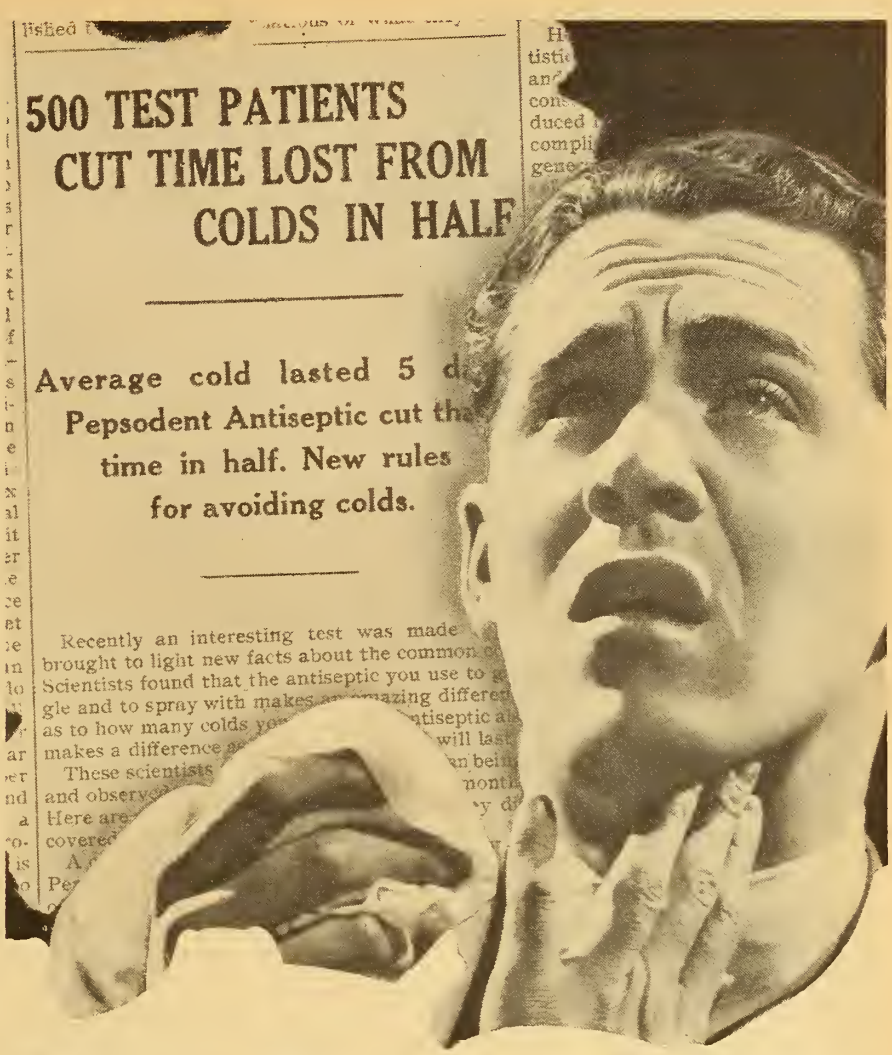
It has not been possible to check up on Marlene Dietrich, Elissa Landi, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Harvey, Benita Hume, Kay Francis, Estelle Taylor, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Marion Davies, but as soon as the field-workers report, I shall forward their findings. In the meantime, do not let a long silence fret you. No nudes is good nudes, as the anti-Nudists say.

Did You Know That--

Your own vision will have to be pretty good to recognize all of the all-star cast in "Alice in Wonderland" — because many of them will be wearing masks?

No "short" in screen history has ever made such a hit as Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs"—and that he may get an Academy award for it?

Pancho Villa, Jr., son of the famous Mexican revolutionary, plays his father as a young man in "Viva Villa" in which Wallace Beery will portray his later years?



Make $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. *And remember,* $1 *worth of Pepsodent equals* $3 *worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.*

"YES," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

3 noteworthy results

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had *no colds all winter.*
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds.

Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind *cannot* kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind —Pepsodent Antiseptic—does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes $1 *equal* $3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health, and save your money.

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Isn't it maddening to have to miss a wonderful party because of periodic pains? Embarrassing, too, when you can't tell friends the reason. But now you can dress up and go, with the aid of Kalms.

Call up the drug store for a box of Kalms, the quick-acting tablets developed by Johnson & Johnson especially for the relief of periodic pains, such as headache, backache, neuralgia and other customary disturbances.

One Kalms tablet is enough for most cases. Kalms are safe. They do not affect digestion or heart action, and are not habit-forming. Your druggist has them in convenient, purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. If you would like a free sample, use coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms.
M-2
Name_____
Address_____

Paris Answers Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 74*)

ing many of their own frocks in pictures.

What did she think of the masculine mode *à la* Dietrich?

"Horrid! Simply horrid. Trousers for women, yes, but in the proper place. I hate them, except for the beach and for games. Then, skirts are impractical and cumbersome. As for the collar and tie, I think they are ugly."

Now, for a man's point of view. Some of the greatest stylists are men—Molyneux, Worth, Patou and others. Not far from the Place de la Concorde, CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX is busy thinking up new and devastating ways to help you dazzle the male of the species. Man-like, he gave me a short, direct answer to send back to Hollywood:

"No Place Like Paris"—Molyneux

"HOLLYWOOD makes charming designs for the theatre. But no other place in the world exists which seems to be meant for creation, like Paris. The artistic sense, the very foundations of design are right here. We have our salons in England, too, but all original models are done here. If any other place could be substituted for Paris, it would have happened long ago, before Hollywood ever came into existence. Paris fashions do influence, and always have influenced, the whole world. It's a tradition that has come down to us through the centuries."

As I walked through the ancient grandeur of his Paris establishment, I understood what he meant. These great rooms date back to the time of the XVIIIth Century kings. The very walls whisper of elaborate court scenes that we never tire of hearing about. But Captain Molyneux seemed more inclined to talk about the stars.

"There's no question about their setting styles. They do so most admirably. Many of them buy their frocks here and wear them on the screen. I give the Hollywood stars every credit for showing and, in that way, influencing the use of sound, tasteful fashions.

"Constance Bennett, for example, can be copied with complete confidence. She knows what she wants, and it's always infallibly good taste. With the sure stroke of an artist, she determines the correct line, the right length and the ideal proportions for herself. We also dress Norma Shearer, Peggy Joyce and Constance Cummings. They have every right to their reputations as smart women. Jeanette MacDonald chose (would you say stacks?) of frocks to take back to America. Hers is a more expensive taste. She likes paradise feathers on her hats, for example. Still, it's good taste, and she looks charming in everything she wears. The American stars are showing the public the styles, but don't lose sight of the fact that they're *Paris* styles."

I thought I might as well find out the man's point of view about this Dietrich trouser business.

"What could be more charming than the feminine Marlene Dietrich in very feminine flowing gowns, which express her true personality?" was his comment.

Paray Says Only Paris Inspires

MADAME PARAY shares Captain Molyneux' sentiments. She says, "If we send out couturières, even only to other parts of France, and they do not return often for fresh inspiration, they lose their original richness of ideas. But the creative side is not the only one that makes Paris the fashion dictator. It is the artistic sense of the Parisian woman who wears our creations. We, the couturières, merely suggest; it is she who selects and approves the best that we have to offer—and thus sets the mode.

"Hollywood has started a specific photographic mode. I have seen only small ideas of detail come out of there. Fundamentals of fashion are Parisian. The American woman who is very chic and elegant adopts these fashions intelligently. The American star is more than a good mannequin, because her beauty and personality add glamour. It is very satisfying to see our creations handled so well."

Mme. Paray does not admit that masculine clothes for women even exist. "They are disguise," she said, "and they break the first law of good taste, because they attract undue attention."

JEAN PATOU does not care to enter into the discussion. He seems to think that Paris has established her position after all these centuries. However, the general sentiment of *chez* Patou is that the American star can spread the original Paris fashion to the great masses of women who may never see them otherwise. By emulation, they may be assured of good fashions—especially by copying simple costumes, such as afternoon frocks or suits, which would be equally good off and on the screen.

Worth Cites Paris' Past

M. JACQUES WORTH was away, but he was good enough to send me, in writing, his answer, which I reproduce here:

"There is not an art in the world that seems at first sight to be an art of improvisation so much as that of the mode. Improvisation does have a great part in it. But a careful observer will realize that improvising is permitted only on condition that it is grounded on an elaborately acquired experience and a sure taste which, through centuries, has grown more and more refined, as in Paris.

"I am far from meaning that it is in Paris only that such artists as fashion designers, painters, sculptors can be found. But, while in the industrial line, for example, other nations are winning the prize—one having constructed the biggest steamer, another the fastest engine, a third the most stable airplane—what happens if, in Japan, Australia, Europe, a man feels he has a gift for art? He is then irresistibly drawn to Paris.

"Sooner or later, we see him come and settle down here, in this atmosphere where the past brings to the present the treasures of its culture and gets mixed up with it, where he will be most able to realize his aspirations. But he also realizes that these richnesses must be enjoyed where they are, and any attempt to transplant them would be futile.

"It is possible to rob an inventor of his discovery, but not to deprive him of his past, should he be so generous as to invite you to make it your own. One cannot discard the past, and to consider the present in itself is equivalent to sentencing it to death. This is the reason why I trust that Paris shall continue in the future to be a center for art in general and for the art of fashion in particular."

On the whole, therefore, Paris does not admit competition with Hollywood. She was mildly surprised at the idea. But what really astonished her was the very recent realization in America of the growing power of stars as fashion dictators. Paris has known it for a long time, and silently rejoiced. For now the millions of women who could never hope to own an "original" could see and be sure of the best fashions by going to the movie, "just around the corner," and studying what clothes their favorite stars were wearing, and how they were wearing them.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

ALICE WHITE is another who may advise you against it. Recall the punch Cagney gave her in "Picture Snatcher"? Something went wrong and Jimmy actually landed. Just yesterday Alice was supposed to get punched again for a scene. "Just a minute," she yelped to the director, "have him hit me on the other jaw. This one is still sore from Cagney's sock!"

BUT the grease-painted people aren't the only ones with tough jobs hereabout. There are the mailmen, for instance. It seems as if people lay awake nights trying to think up odd ways to address the letters they mail to their favorites in Hollywood. The post-office recently received a trio labeled "Why Don't You Come Up and See Me Sometime," "Queen of Sin," and "You Can Be Had." All three were delivered to Mae West.

One addressed "Girl Without a Name" was sent to DeMille's new discovery, who has been variously known as Marie Elliot, Mari Coleman, Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg, and Judith Allen.

James Cagney gets the letters addressed "The Public Enemy," and Eddie Robinson those "Little Caesar." Anything with "crooner" on it goes to Bing Crosby—much, it must be said, to Bing's annoyance, in that he contends he sings his songs out loud and doesn't croon 'em.

THE town's other fast retorters have been at it some more. Chico Marx was right in the middle of a scene when he suddenly turned on the cameraman with "Say, are you using a Culbertson Lenz?"

And Lionel Barrymore, getting ready to enact a new rôle, cracked out, "Anyhow, I'd rather play a doctor than pay him."

While La West ho-hummed, "Oh well, life with me is just sex of one, half a dozen of the other."

MAE then went serious for a mo-ment with an observation on her favorite topic. "Almost any woman to-day can fascinate a man, but can she hold him? Statistics show that she cannot. In my opinion, getting married is easy. It's staying married to the same man that is the real problem."

BUT just to show you that with the return of good times it's fun, rather than philosophy, which engages the attention of most Hollywoodians these days, we offer as evidence the fact that even usually sober Gary Cooper has gone a bit gay.

"What's the word," someone asked him, "which means that a husband has only one wife?"

"Monotony," flipped Coop, and started hunting up his new interest, Carole Lombard.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH DEPT.: . . . Miriam Hopkins seldom wears a hat and is always fussing with her hair . . . Joan Crawford is not afraid of mice, but bees and flies give her the jitters . . . Jean Harlow's new husband resembles Paul Bern . . . Lionel Barrymore once was knocked out by John L. Sullivan . . . Gloria Stuart was a philosophy student in college . . . Rod LaRocque always bathes in ice water . . . Chevalier's greatest ambition until he was nearly grown was to have a franc (twenty cents) a day for reckless spending . . . and a lot of actors now are having the same wish!

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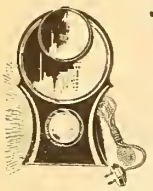

HOLLYWOOD Make-up Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5½"x8". Compact and portable. Beautifully finished in Black Enamel and Striped with Silver. Complete with bulb and cord. Only $1.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

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Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery **"Shampo—Kolor,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 21, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.**

Hollywood Takes Care of Its War Veterans

(Continued from page 35)

Everybody calls him Andy, but his name is really Andre E. Prevost. He hails from the Rainbow Division, the division that lost more men in the War than any other. They went into the War fifty-three thousand strong and they came out minus twenty-seven thousand.

Andy is head man of the Glendale post of the American Legion, and he is the self-appointed contact man between the Hollywood studios and the twenty-one posts in Los Angeles county.

"It was this way," he explained to me. "I had a quarter of a million dollars once. I was an engineer. Then there was the War, and afterwards—well, I was among the disabled. Couldn't work. So no money. What about bumping myself off? Yes, I was one of those. But nix! I had a wife and a couple of kids. So I got work as an 'extra.'

Only Veterans Knew About War

"IT was in one of the first War pictures ever made, and they had about four hundred 'extras' on the set. As I watched the director and his assistants trying to make a war scene with that bunch, I got to thinking, 'What right have those bozos got to wear those uniforms? They don't even know how to put on a Sam Brown belt.'

"So I stepped up to the director. 'Listen,' I said. 'Is this a comedy, or are you supposed to make a war picture?'

"'This is a war picture,' he said.

"'Oh, no, it isn't,' I told him. 'Let me talk to those guys for a minute, and then you'll get a war picture.'

"So I got up and said to those four hundred men, 'Listen, you guys! How many of you were in the War? All right, stay right there where you are. The rest of you go 'way back and sit down.' So about two hundred dropped out of the ranks. 'All right,' I said, 'how many of you fellows are combat men?' About a hundred stepped forward.

"Then I turned to the director. 'Those are the guys you want,' I said, 'and they are the only ones who'll be able to give you a war picture. And *besides*,' I told him, 'they are the only ones who have the right to wear that uniform!'

"So we made the picture. The men I picked out weren't 'extras'; they weren't actors. They were just *living* the picture. I was technical adviser."

And that is how Andy appointed himself contact man between the veterans and the studios. After this picture was finished, he made the rounds of the studios, and, as he says, "bawled the hell out of them."

What He Told Studios

"THEY couldn't stop *me*," he said. "I told them that they needed veterans for these war scenes, and I told them to get the guys through me. Every one of the studios came through handsomely. Every studio has been wonderful, and I can't say enough for the way they've treated us.

"Well, the boys began to come to me—down-and-outers—fellows with good War records. They'd say, 'I need bread. The pantry's empty. What t'hell is this picture business?'

"So I'd send 'em out on the next call from a studio, and they'd work around in the mud and slush and they'd come back to me and yell, 'Is this what I've got to do? I want to forget all this!' Then after a couple of days, they'd have so much fun in the studios that they'd forget all about repeating the War and begin to enjoy themselves."

Andy has organized all the veterans who want work in the movies. They have all made out their cards for his file, stating what they can do, their physical condition, their War records, and promising to submit to a strict army discipline. No veteran who is a hospital case or is suffering from shell-shock is accepted for film work, because the other fellows have no desire for any mishaps on the set. Hospital cases are taken care of through the regular government channels.

Soldiers on Short Notice

ANDY can raise an army of five hundred men for a studio in three hours, and fifty per cent of the men will have their own uniforms. Andy's organization has its own rolling stock—wagons, kitchens, cannon, et cetera.

The men who play officers get from seven and a half to ten dollars a day. The "privates" get five dollars a day. If a man plays an officer on Monday, he is demoted to a private on Tuesday, and a private becomes the officer. Andy keeps a strict watch on his filing system, and he takes good care that the film work is distributed evenly among all his members.

There are men in the posts on call for movie work who held commissions up to that of Colonel in the War. There are men who have Distinguished Service medals, there are men who have more medals than any one human chest can carry. They all take their turns with the unsung privates to work for those five-dollar tickets.

Andy has a crack marine drill team; a crack navy organization; a bugle and drum corps. He can supply any kind of drill in nine different languages. He has American captains, French colonels, Austrian generals, German lieutenants—officers from all over the world on his call list.

"Sometimes our own boys play German soldiers, and sometimes we have enough Germans on call to play the parts, themselves. We don't care. If he's a clean soldier, if he has a good record, what if he is a German? He's a buddy—now."

Wants Work for Women Now

ANDY has one more task to accomplish in Hollywood. He is trying to get work for the women, the American Red Cross, the K.C. and Y.W.C.A. workers.

"There are lots of men flat on their backs, you know," he said. "They're just death rattles, but they're not dead yet. They have wives. They have children. The kids are grown up now, and so the women can leave them and go to work. There never has been a picture made yet that gives the real lowdown on the nurses and the wonderful part women played in the war. So far I haven't been able to get the studios to engage these women, but I will."

And he will, too.

"Don't forget to say what grand eggs the studio people are," he warned me. "I don't know where we'd be without 'em."

When he had gone, I looked at the filing card he had left with me. On the back of it was the preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion:

"For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to concentrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

the ring. Despite the fact that the fight was being staged for a motion picture and was scheduled to result in a "draw," terrific interest was aroused in seeing in action the heavyweight champion of the world and the outstanding challenger for his title. Sport authorities came from cities up and down the West Coast, actors played hookey from their own stages, and the press attended in a body.

The spectacle was well worth its distinguished audience, who, for the purpose of picture-making, were enrolled as "extras." Baer made no secret of his pleasure of being the cynosure of all eyes, and even the giant Carnera entered into the fun. It was noted, however, that after several attempts at rough-housing the big fellow, Baer turned his attention to Jack Dempsey, who acts as referee in the film. Carnera had the distressing habit of picking up Maxie in his huge arms and making him behave.

It is inevitable that some day these two men will again face one another, but it will be for the championship proper, and not merely movie glory. When they do, there is little doubt that their encounter in Hollywood will have some bearing on the final result. In each was born a healthy respect for the other's prowess—Maxie for Carnera's gargantuan size and strength, and Primo for Baer's speedy footwork. He is greased lightning.

Noted in the audience who watched the bout were Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Jeanette MacDonald, Walter Huston, Lew Ayres, William Bakewell, Adrienne Ames, (escorted by the inevitable Bruce Cabot), Buster Collier, Polly Moran, and many others. Both fighters won scores of supporters, and the betting was about even as to which will conquer when they meet in earnest.

CAROLE Lombard vigorously denies she is planning a reconciliation with ex-hubby William Powell. At least, not at the moment. Carole is very much taken up with her new home, which is nearing completion.

"Bill Haines is doing the interior decorations and they look grand," she enthuses. "The living room is to be done in three shades of blue and two of yellow. Very formal—so formal that I shall have to invite my friends to come in sweat-shirts and slacks."

Carole goes places occasionally with Powell, to the delight of gossipers. She is also seen about with Gary Cooper.

IT may be on account of the new N R A movie code or it may be for other reasons, but the fact is that there has been a veritable stampede by the studios to sign new players to long-term contracts. More than two hundred names have been added to studio rosters in the past month. The NRA code has a clause, you know, that will prohibit the loaning of actors by one studio to another. Apparently, the studios are building large stock companies to make sure future casting will be accomplished with as little difficulty as possible.

CASHING in again on a topical question, Bryan Foy, who produced the featurettes that explained Technocracy and allowed David Hutton to expound his side of his break-up with Aimee Semple McPherson, has interested himself in nudism. Going to a near-by nudist camp to make scenes

(*Continued on page 94*)

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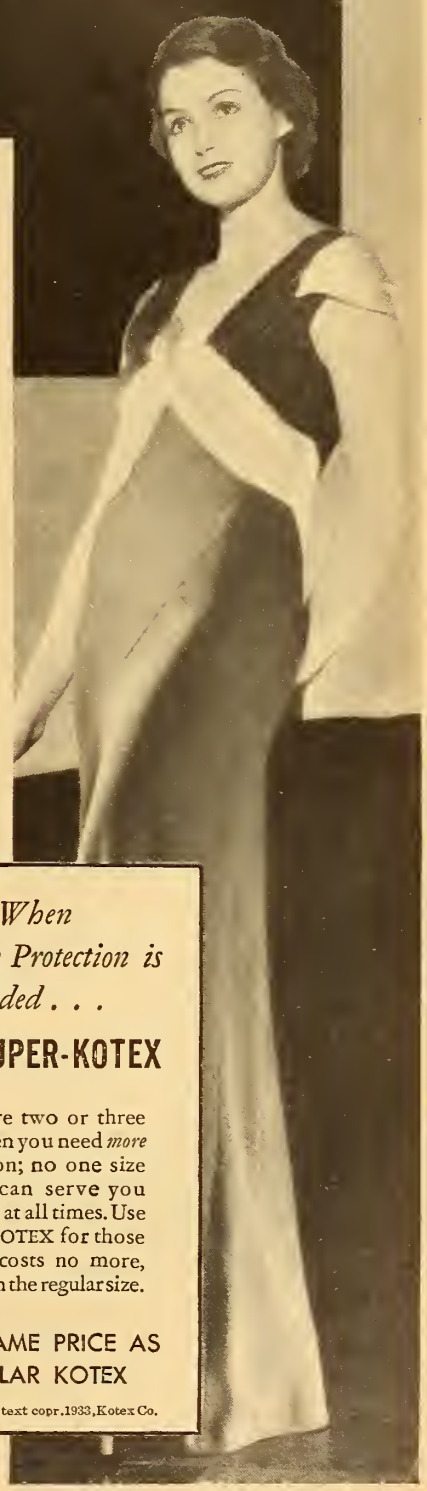

EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

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Other lipsticks may coat your lips with paint. But Tangee isn't paint. It's a special kind of lipstick which blends so perfectly that it looks like your own coloring! No hard lipstick line. No caking. No painted look.

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Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Address_____

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Five Comics Tell What's Wrong with the Movies

(*Continued from page 40*)

"The only excuse for making pictures is the making of *good* pictures. How can any studio say, 'We'll make fifty-two good pictures this year'? Rather, the quota should be tentative. When suitable material is found, when foresight has precluded the possibility of mediocrity, then is the time to make a picture. Not a moment before. The public isn't concerned with quantity—it *is* concerned with quality.

"Good pictures pay big dividends. They repeat and play longer. 'She Done Him Wrong' is an example. It has played with conspicuous success and has had hundreds of return engagements, because it had the quality that intrigued the public fancy. It was a fine story exactingly presented. Financially, it has made cinema history.

"Many pictures suffer through the arbitrary booking system now in force. It's senseless to shorten the run of a picture that is playing to capacity houses just because another picture is slated to go into that theatre. With an elastic system, the good pictures stay as long as they pull. The bad pictures, with no audience appeal, would then inversely play only a couple of days. It would discourage the making of indifferent pictures—doomed to be financial losses before their release.

"In the old days, when every picture was bought on its merits, there was no guarantee that a producer would ever get a showing for a mediocre picture. Now, with blanket bookings, even the flimsiest sort of entertainment is assured of a showing.

"Years ago, communities depended on their neighborhood theatre manager to give them the best pictures available. They depended on his judgment. They went to the movies weekly. Some bills were excellent—others not so good. But they knew that the theatre manager was looking out for their interests. His personal recommendation of a picture certified its excellence. Every family looked forward to that evening when they would all go to the movies together. To-day, with lack of free competition, a manager must buy bad pictures along with the good. The contacts, the confidence he once earned by his concern for the community, has evaporated. And the weekly movie habit has disappeared along with them. We must seek to re-establish it. Only uniformly good pictures will do that.

How to Prevent Weak Films

"PRODUCERS must realize that fine pictures should not carry the burden of the less worthy pictures made by the same studio. They do to-day. Audiences who see a poor picture one week are not inclined to go to the movies the following week—even though a splendid product may be screening.

"Great pictures are not made—they're remade. The best way to check on weak scenes, on faulty situations, is through the preview—which approximates the breaking-in period of a stage show before it hits Broadway. That doesn't mean showing a picture to a supercritical audience that is out to tear the thing apart; neither does it mean showing it to your friends and your co-workers, who are prejudiced in its favor. The only way to check on the merits of a picture is to preview it before a representative audience, who will sit on their hands when a comedy situation misses fire, and who will give you the accolade of belly-laughs when you've done the thing right.

"I've had as many as eight previews on one of my pictures. Frequently, I've worked a month between the first and second showings to correct evident faults. 'The Freshman' and 'Grandma's Boy' were bad pictures made into our greatest successes because continual previews disclosed flaws that we corrected.

"When audiences go to a motion picture theatre, they go to see the movie and not a vaudeville show. The picture used to be the thing—and it will become that again when it earns its right to be so considered. I am generous in my estimate when I say that fifty per cent of the pictures we're now producing are mediocre. To-day's wide-awake public refuses to sanction poor pictures by going to see them.

"There is nothing radically wrong with motion pictures. It is only that producers, in attempting to correct a few evident shortcomings, have gone off on tangents and upset many of the basic principles in their desire to find a solution to those few small problems facing them. It's like trying to cure a slice. Before you know it, your whole golf game is gone."

Why Pictures Are So Much Alike

WALT DISNEY, the inventive cartoonist who made a mouse an international figure and who won a special award last year from the Academy for what he had done for the movies, declares that there is not enough inspiration in this business of making pictures.

"One producer will get an idea," he points out, "and every other producer makes a grand rush to use the same idea, with variations. No thought, no care is taken in its execution, and the result is that the public—justly so—feels that all pictures are alike. See one; see them all. That attitude is responsible for emasculated picture profits. A lot of men are in the business who haven't any right in it. They lack vision—they look to the momentary dollar and sacrifice the future.

"People are fed up with sensation. They want to laugh—they seek to find that relaxation in the theatre that a strenuous life denies them. It is my belief that in comedy—the step-child of the industry to-day—lies the answer to the problem of how to fill half-empty theatres.

"Children—that vast amusement-consuming portion of our populace—have been almost entirely ignored by motion picture producers. Yet they are responsible for getting whole families into the theatre. With the exception of a few cartoons, a few comedies, and some isolated features, Hollywood to-day is making no pictures definitely suitable for children.

"In the old days, we had great comedians who became a part of the life of the child. They were practically members of the American household. Yet the industry at the present moment is making no effort to build great comedians. True, comedy material is difficult to get. You have to be inspired to make laugh-provokers. But an industry as vast as this, which has risen to many needs in the past, could certainly rise to a need again.

"Possibly the explanation for the lack of good comedy is that every studio is making every type of entertainment. We have no specialization. Newsreels, drama, comedy, cartoons and travelogues are on every studio schedule. The result is humorless comedy, undramatic drama and box-office headaches.

"The making of comedy requires one driving force—one man inspired with an idea, who can see it through, unhampered by schedules or by financial interests that look to quantity instead of quality. The big companies have killed individuality. You can't throw stuff supposedly humorous

into a big machine and expect it to come out a picture. Our urgent need is specialists in comedy, who understand its requirements.

"Balanced programs, a compilation of the best product of each type, made by studios specializing in one particular sphere will do much to erase the red ink on the books of the motion picture industry."

Too Much Ballyhoo, They Claim

STAN LAUREL and Oliver Hardy, those physically mismated comedians who have added to the gaiety of nations, stress the public loss of faith in motion picture producers as an important contributing factor to the sorry state of the industry to-day.

"Advertisements may assure the public of power and pathos in a picture; of drama and laughter; of all the ingredients of entertainment," they jointly declare. "But the public is wary and skeptical. How can they believe what the trailers say when an insipid picture has had almost similar ballyhoo?

"Producers must learn that a picture can be over-adjectived, over-sold, over-advertised. What they gain by misrepresenting the merits of one picture, they lose doubly on another. Audiences have lost faith in the integrity of the producers. And the first task of the industry is to regain public confidence by restrained, truthful advertisements.

"Not every picture can be 'the most colossal film of the year.' Abraham Lincoln said something to the effect that you can't fool all the people all the time. Perhaps during this critical financial stringency, the makers of motion pictures will realize that Abraham Lincoln wasn't talking through his hat.

"The industry, too, is addicted to false economy. 'Extras' are given smaller paychecks, important bits are entrusted to incompetent hands to save a few dollars, and producers are vociferous in their declarations that they're economizing.

"The depression is a grand excuse to explain weak returns. But it does not explain lack of business-like organization, concentration on non-essentials, and blissful ignorance. The job of producers is to produce good pictures—it is *not* their job to exhibit them. As too many cooks spoil the broth, so do too many outside concerns spoil picture-making.

"If movie-makers will determine to produce pictures—good pictures—and nothing else; if they'll sweep out their own backyards, most of the problems facing the industry will automatically solve themselves."

Not Enough Comedy, Says Jimmy

IT remains for Jimmy Durante, whose success cannot be disputed, to add his well-known complaint against the industry.

"Yuh want me tuh tellya wot's wrong wid de movies? Well, dere's not enough Durante. Durante playin' wida Garbo. De humidity a keepin' me down! Dere's a conspiracy ta keep me frum playin' wid Garbo.

"An' den I ask ya—does de comedian ever get de gal? No! De hero winds up in a clinch—an' Durante winds up on de floor. De hero gets a nice, tight-fittin' baydinsoot, an' shows off his figger, and Durante gets one six sizes too big an' it makes a wind-bag outta him. De studio just won't let me show my sex appeal. Dey hide my sex appeal under a bushel—a bushela baydinsoot.

"De public is bein' gypped. Dere's not enough comedy in pictures. An' all de comedians are holdin' secret meetin's to decide wot we're goin' to do about it! An' furdermore, dere's no sense in lettin' comedians get older an' show dere wrinkles, when heroes get younger by de hours. But we'll come inta our own. Ya watch!"

Perhaps, if Hollywood heeds the advice of these five movie-makers and movie-lovers, movies will also come into their own!

MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

Your Cleansing Methods Paralyze the Pores Because They Do Not Let the Skin Breathe

When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores — plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

FOURTH: This one cream keeps the skin so soft and smooth, powder clings perfectly. You do not need vanishing creams or powder bases.

Prove to Yourself What My Cream Will Do For Your Skin

Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

ACCEPT FREE OFFER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER MAIL NOW
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

She's Pert, the First—Not Mae, the Second

(*Continued from page 41*)

ness, because there isn't any show business left on Broadway. But at the same time I didn't intend to stay around out here forever, just hanging on the outskirts. I gave myself a certain length of time to wait for that old 'break' to come along. It's funny, but I had just one more week of my self-imposed sentence to go, when I got that part with Miss Bennett."

Tells What Connie Did for Her

AND right here and now Pert would like to tell you that that gossip-columnist's story, to the effect that Connie got so jealous of her performance that her best scenes were "cut," was just so much malicious bunk!

"The truth is," she said heatedly, proving that she hasn't that red hair for nothing, "that my original part called for only four days' work. I was supposed to appear only in the first sequence of the picture. But at the end of the first couple of days' shooting, Miss Bennett, herself, suggested that I be carried all through the story. She even gave me the 'fade-out' on the picture and if that sounds like a jealous star, I hope I always work with one!"

Anna Sten, Samuel Goldwyn's mysterious Russian protégée, Pert considered equally good-scoutish. "It begins to look as though my Hollywood life from here on in is going to be a bed of roses, after all—and it's about time," she philosophized.

In the beginning Pert's life was no bed of roses, or anything like it. She was born twenty-two years ago on a ranch just outside Great Falls, Montana. Her mother, who had married Ed Kelton, vaudevillian, when she was fourteen years old, gave birth to Pert's sister a year later. Thirteen months elapsed before Pert came along. Her arrival was so sudden that there was no time to summon a doctor from Great Falls. She was born in the middle of the night with her maternal grandmother in the rôle of doctor, nurse and stork.

From the moment she could toddle, Pert was part of the Four Musical Keltons. Along with her sister, she took "bows" and lisped funny little poems. But as the little girls grew older, they were set about the business of mastering a musical instrument, singing songs and dancing. Pert's sister (now dead) rated a romantic violin as her "talent." But nobody asked the little redhead what she wanted to play. The family merely decided that it would be amusing if Pert played the trombone; so she was set to work on trombone lessons.

She hated it! It burned her up when non-professional neighborhood youngsters would make fun of her as she hauled her unruly musical instrument to her daily lessons. Frequently, she was forced to "wallop them one." But the Keltons were always moving from one town to another and, as their success grew, from one country to another, so she never remained in one place long enough for a real feud to develop.

Before she was thirteen, she had visited and entertained in England, France, Germany, South America, Australia and every key city of her native United States. Because of the activities of the Gerry Society in America, it was necessary for Pert to fib about her age. She was tall, and it was easy enough for her to pass herself off as sixteen, when she was really three or four years less.

"They could never check up on me," she explained, "because I have no birth certificate. My grandmother, presiding physician at my birth, never registered the date."

Not taking to those trombone lessons kindly, Pert took a vicious delight in playing sour notes at unexpected moments. Once, particularly mischievous, she let loose some agonizing discords during the act—and "brought down the house." From there she went into off-key singing and eccentric dancing and built up a reputation as a springer of mirth-provoking surprises.

When Pert's sister decided to get married, that meant the break-up of the Four Musical Keltons. A short time later, her father retired from the stage and interested himself in the management of the Warner-Kelton Hotel in Hollywood, in which Pert owned a half-interest, though she had never seen it. She and her mother settled in New York to await the coming of stage fortune to Pert. It wasn't so long in arriving as her movie break later was. She scored big hits in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller and "Five O'Clock Girl."

"If the show business hadn't gone to seed when it did," she explains, "I doubt if we would ever have drifted out to Hollywood. I certainly never thought of myself as a picture type. I figured I was too tall, and that my particular brand of comedy might not get over on the screen. But circumstances alter the best of plans, and when Broadway went practically dark, Mother and I decided on Hollywood as the last frontier of show business.

"I'm glad we did," she added. "I'm crazy about it out here. Our plan right now is to get Mother in pictures, and then the two remaining Keltons will be carrying on in the show business, where all Keltons belong!"

WHAT THE CANNIBAL SAID TO ROBINSON CRUSOE

BEECH-NUT GUM
is wrapped in Cellophane to protect its fine flavor and superior chewing qualities.

"I Don't Believe in Marriage!"

(*Continued from page 49*)

Mrs. So-and-So, a typical wife and mother.

Jeanette personifies the tender emotion to a million picture patrons. She is the portrait of what the French call "l'amour," a vitally different image from that conjured up by our crude American "sex appeal." She is love, light, lilting, laughing. She suggests Psyche dancing in a shaded, sun-flecked glade with Pan as piper. How *could* she believe in marriage?

She Knows No Happy Couples

YET Jeanette is not the person to leap at conclusions, especially such a conclusion, without reason and reasoning. She has made her observations and deductions. And she has formed her opinions. But even though she were a feminine Will Rogers and knew nothin' 'ceptin' what she read in the papers, it would not be difficult to understand why a gal might hesitate to take a chance.

Making allowance for what the constant pounding of publicity tom-toms can do to sensitive nerves, Cupid has been taking an awful beating on the Sunkist Coast. "Perfect" marriages have been cracking up like kindling. Eros is punch-drunk and hanging on the ropes. A groggy god of romance is scarcely an inspiration to love's young dream. In the Cinema City, Eros has taken a nose-dive. And Jeanette has seen the X marking the spot where love lies dead. Small wonder she says:

"I don't believe in marriage. I'm afraid of it. Look around and pick me a happy couple in Hollywood."

There, she takes in too much territory. For billers and cooers may be found even in Beverly Hills—although their names escape me. But when you cite an instance, Jeanette has a comeback.

"Ah, but the exception proves the rule," she says.

"There's something about the theatrical profession," thinks Jeanette out loud, "that puts the damper on the home-fires. I don't know just what it is, although, believe me, I've done a lot of pondering. At heart I believe every girl wants to get married, and I'm no exception. But I'm afraid! Why risk heart-break? Why plunge into unhappiness? Why ignore all precedent and believe my case will be 'different'? I don't believe marriage works out in Hollywood. And the evidence is on my side."

One wonders if Jeanette has always felt this way. It must have been different once. When she was a pig-tailed Philadelphia youngster, there must have been a Johnny in Germantown to whom she plighted an adolescent troth. If she had been any one of ten thousand other girls in Bill Penn's city, she would have stayed put, married, settled down, had youngsters. Would it have "worked out" then? Would she have been happier?

But, being Jeanette MacDonald, these things didn't occur. She moved away from the local boys and girls. She hasn't outgrown them exactly. She has just moved away—to another street, another section, another world. Who hasn't met an old friend after an interval of separation? And who hasn't felt the bitter realization that the reunion is no longer that of kindred spirits? There is nothing in common. Except, perhaps, the heartache of a friendship passed, lost forever. Now Jeanette's a star. Johnny from Germantown—where, what is he?

Actresses CAN Please, But—

"YOU'D think," Jeanette continues, "that an actress would make a wonderful wife. The most successful wives I know

(*Continued on page 84*)

What! Pay for 5 lbs?

NEVER!

IN your butcher shop, accurate scales tell you plainly how much meat you are getting for your money.

Too bad you can't buy lamps as you buy meat! Too bad your dealer can't show you how easily it is to be "short-weighted" by lamps that use too much electricity for the light they give —that blacken or burn out before they should.

You must trust somebody when you want good, yet economical light. Why not the lighting product of the greatest name in electricity . . . General Electric MAZDA lamps? General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Don't spoil the joy of the holidoy seoson by using lamps of inferior construction this yeor. Avoid the bother ond expense of premoture burn-outs, and of blockened bulbs thot soon lose their Christmas cheer. Insist on lomps of Generol Electric monufocture which you con identify by the G-E nome or mork.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

General Electric manufacturers lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobile, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

are those who do a little acting in their own homes. And, certainly, an actress is skilled in the little artifices unfamiliar to women in other walks of life. After all, she's schooled to please her audience, whether it is the tired business men out front, or just friend husband. But, as a matter of fact, things generally turn out just the other way around. Actors do all their stuff on the set. Home is just a place where one may kick the cat!

"It reminds me of the old gag: 'Don't fight in public—what have we got a home for?' Seriously, though, love is primarily an emotion that must be carefully nurtured with a constant sprinkling of 'sweet nothings.' And ten hours in the studio leaves a player emotionally spent, nerve-wracked, all in. There's nothing left to give. Evenings must provide perfect relaxation, utter naturalness. And, believe it or not, we far-from-perfect human beings aren't at our best when we're too darned natural!

"If you doubt it, consider. It's natural, for instance, to tell the truth—I mean the whole truth, and nothing else but. Because it's natural to take the easy way, and lying is a troublesome nuisance. Yet how many of us tell the truth, pure and unadulterated? What trouble we'd be, and how few friends we'd have if we did! It's natural to 'slip on something comfortable' when we're weary, and to get busy with cold-cream and curlers. But 'Miss America,' herself, could hope only for her mother's vote in a beauty contest if she appeared that natural. Do you see what I mean?

"Again, you might think that a husband and wife in the same business would find their outside activities a home tie. But it isn't so. Not in motion pictures. Maybe this is because actors are so egotistical. They don't mean to be. But you must remember that they have only themselves to sell in exchange for a livelihood. They are their own, and only, stock in trade. They are as engrossed in their commodity—themselves—as a farmer is in his crops, or Wall Street in its stocks and bonds.

Is This "Domestic Bliss"?

"SO what happens when the wee wifey, worn out from the day's work before cameras and under lights, begins telling her hero what a perfectly horrid day she has had at the studio? More than likely, he'll grunt a disinterested 'uh-huh' and ask her how she liked his last picture. There is justification for assault and battery!

"Occasionally, actors marry outside their profession. Occasionally, they're happy. But more frequently they end up by telling the judge about incompatibility. You see, it's this way. Picture people are so bound up in pictures and the picture business generally that they have little interest in anything else. Their small talk is about pictures. So, naturally enough, an actress and her business-man husband have nothing to talk about. He doesn't know what the tittle-tattle of the studio is all about. And she is bored to distraction by his conversation. It doesn't do.

"I think, though, that there is some compensation in a marriage between actors. It is wonderfully romantic—while it lasts. Everything in an actor's life is intense, concentrated. And just as their lives are crowded, just so they jam a whole normal lifetime of romance into honeymoon days. But this can't go on indefinitely. Actors seem constitutionally unable to adjust themselves to that equally lovely aftermath of affection and understanding that continues on through the years after the brief, romantic Fourth of July has passed.

"There's another solution that appears quite obvious. That is for an actress to quit her career, and just settle down to be a Missus. But like the others, this one doesn't jell. There are a half-dozen exceptions we all know about. I believe that a girl who is 'wedded to her art,' a real, true, dyed-in-the-grease-paint trouper, cannot be happy away from the make-up kit. At least, not while she is in demand by the public. Not when she has her heart in her work.

They Miss the Excitement

"EVEN those whose struggles have been such as to make them think they wish to 'get away from it all' find that love in a cottage—or in a palace, for that matter—doesn't compensate for the excitement, the vibrant, throbbing, thrilling life of the theatre. There's something about it, about the nerve-tautening work, the high hysteria of it all, and the applause, that unfits one for love by a fireside.

"So, you see, any way you look at it, marriage seems a bad risk. I don't believe in it. I'm afraid."

What to do, if you're a Jeanette MacDonald? If you're young 'n' healthy and ready for love? If you're a luscious, green-eyed red-head in the tempestuous twenties? If you're a girl men can't forget? If a Romeo like Robert Ritchie keeps pestering you to name the day? No wonder Jeanette sighs!

Sometimes she must wish that, instead of climbing to the dizzy pinnacles of film fame, she had remained the little Philadelphia MacDonald girl who tripped gaily to Germantown strawberry festivals with the boy next door for squire. One imagines there must be some such thought in mind when she wistfully explains:

"Of course, when I say that I don't believe in marriage, I mean marriage for professional people, marriage for me. For other girls, in other spheres, it's a grand, old institution, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it kept right on making the world go 'round, even though I didn't approve. It must be glorious. I'd like to know . . ."

And she will—some day. It isn't in the cards for Jeanette to stay single. She may not believe in marriage now. But seeing is believing. She may be afraid. But Jeanette's no coward. Eventually, she'll take a chance. Sooner or later she'll make one man happy—and break a hundred hearts. Maybe not to-day, maybe not to-morrow, but in the end she'll marry, like every other girl in the world.

I left her gazing pensively out on a world of lovers, and down the pathway to her door swung Bob Ritchie, broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, smiling. And as I passed from the room I heard her say, almost to herself:

"Of course, Bob and I might have a chance. We're different . . ."

Did You Know That--

Gloria Swanson is scheduled to make "The Divine Sarah," based on the life of the late great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt?

Max Reinhardt, famous German producer, now exiled by the Nazis, may listen to Hollywood offers—for the first time?

Edward G. Robinson, the ex-Little Caesar and ex-Little Giant, will soon play the Little Corporal, namely Napoleon?

Sally Eilers wouldn't do "Jimmy and Sally" with James Dunn—so Claire Trevor got a big break, and the picture is now called "Jimmy and Claire"?

this dainty tablet is all you need . .

Convenient and so simple to use. So dependably effective, yet totally safe and harmless. That is why modern, intelligent women prefer AMLO TABLETS to safeguard their mental happiness and health. Dry, greaseless, non-caustic, non-poisonous—a complete feminine germicide that requires no water, solutions nor accessories. Penetrating, soothing, deodorizing. Physicians recommend AMLO. Send coupon with 10c for generous trial. Amlo Products Co., Chicago.

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I enclose 10c for trial of Amlo Tablets. Include Directions and Booklet—"Hygiene Truths"

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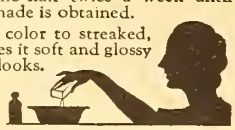
Take no chances—use this safe, sure way that stops pain quickly — also removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end the cause, friction and pressure of shoes; prevent blisters and sore toes. Always keep a box handy. Sold by all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Let Me Read Your Character

Send today a snapshot of yourself—preferably three, one a front view, one a side view, one a group view on which you have marked which one of the group you are. Enclose one dollar and I will read your character for you by modern psychology. *Would you like me to advise you on your problem?* Then send another dollar and write me fully about your trouble. Enclose a self-addressed envelope.

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Stop the Offense to Friends

ODO·RO·NO gives you absolute protection!

Odorono saves your dresses and spares your friends from perspiration and odor

Who is the girl so wealthy—and careless—that a perspiration stain on a well-loved gown is something she can look upon without despair?

Where is the girl so highly placed in society that people will like her, whether she offends with the odor of perspiration or not?

In this year of 1933, it's sound economy to prevent the damage perspiration can do to dresses. And it's socially imperative to banish the odors that offend friends.

Today, no smart girl should jeopardize her social charm or her dresses, when Odorono can so easily, so surely, prevent offensive underarm moisture.

Odorono is a physician's prescription for safely checking needless perspiration. Whatever other measures you use, you still need Odorono. For perspiration *must be prevented*, if you want both to guard your dresses and spare your friends. And powders, sticks, perfumes, greasy creams and soaps can't save you.

And Odorono is certain! It keeps your arm-pits dry and odorless for days at a time. Use it regularly, and your poise will never fail you. Forget to use it, and you endanger your frocks and your friendships.

Choose either the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator. It's washable, unbreakable, and it can't come loose.

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CHOOSE EITHER ONE

INSTANT ODORONO (*colorless*) *is for quick convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.*

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I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

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Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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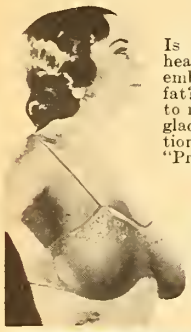

Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of "Prescription-36."

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Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women Were Once Poor Girls

(*Continued from page 29*)

be repaid ten times over. You can wear it for years with many changes of inexpensive, chic little blouses.

"Dinner frocks and evening gowns march right into the economy ranks and blend perfectly. The clever buyer can find copies of beautiful importations in low-tagged models. Since the dinner and evening outfit is worn less than street things, I advise that matching gloves, shoes and handbags be purchased as cheaply as good taste will permit. The topcoat, however, goes right into the costly pigeonhole. Don't try your favorite economy act here, unless it is a garment of excellent quality at a fire sale."

Carole Invested in a Needle

CAROLE LOMBARD, whose clothes spell "glamour" to-day, once would have had to go without new clothes altogether, if she had not been resourceful. New clothes were necessary, if she was to hold her own as a movie beginner, and necessity was the mother of inventiveness. Carole says:

"A small budget is hardly an excuse for a frumpy wardrobe. One of the smartest girls I know is a clerk in a small shop, who outshines many a picture star on her exceedingly small salary. The first thing to learn is how to handle a needle, for therein lies the *open sesame* to glamourous clothes. Don't moan and cry that you can't sew. Just persevere and try your hand at it until you DO capture the knack.

"I am talking from experience. Not so very long ago, I didn't know where the next badly-needed frock was coming from. I had a friend who spent hours nightly, showing me something about the art of sewing. I bought inexpensive materials and patterns and soon, for ridiculously small amounts, I was acquiring adorable frocks. My mother did the fitting and I pedaled the sewing machine. Some of those dresses were just as clever as those I now wear from famous gown shops. It's the effect we girls want, not necessarily the label.

"Even if you can't learn to make an entire frock or coat, you can learn to turn up hems, rip out machine-sewing on cheap evening frocks and turn the edgings back with fine hand-stitches. By such tricks as these are little inexpensive dance frocks made to appear like hundred-dollar models. Just take a needle in your hand—and *make* yourself well-dressed.

"And there is another trick of the chic trade. Get one good piece of fur, preferably silver or blue fox. Fix it up with hooks or big snappers and attach it to your best suit, your newest coat and then to your satin or velvet evening wrap for gala occasions. Also learn how to buy frocks with an eye to future dyeing. Every white satin or crêpe dance frock of my early years was dyed brown, black or navy the following season."

How Alice Saves on New Styles

ALICE WHITE, always an extremely practical and down-to-earth person on any topic, has several helpful suggestions for the girl with the slim purse. She used to be that girl, herself.

"I learned one trick then that I still use now. I go to the best shops, look about, and get my ideas on just what is new and what I want. Then I go elsewhere and buy, where the prices are lower. I don't do this always, because unfortunately I'll fall in love with a hat or coat or dress, and then I have to have it, whatever it costs. Generally, though, I follow the system I outlined. Then I'm sure of good style and yet I'm not held up.

"Another thing: when you have to buy inexpensive clothes, take them home and rip off the trimmings. Gaudy and cheap trimmings are a give-away. Do something to the hat or costume to make it distinctively yours. You have to have some taste and judgment to do this, but if clothes interest you, you have taste.

"Concentrate on a good hat, purse and shoes, and your dresses can be plain and simple. If you are figuring money for a whole year, skimp on the Summer wardrobe; it's so easy to get cute cheap things for sport and for hot weather. Get washable stuff and save on cleaners' bills. Then put the money into a good Winter coat or a suit. If you're where it's cold, the coat is the thing to consider, for wherever you go, that's what people notice. If you can afford some good fur, have it made so that you can snap it onto different outfits.

"Keep away from bargains unless they're things that fit into your plans. You have to learn to restrain yourself and not go for something that won't fit with what you have."

Joan Saved by Sewing

JOAN CRAWFORD, whose early poverty is no secret, pins her faith in the possibility of economy in clothes on ability to sew. Many a time in the old days when Joan was new in films, she could be found on the set with Dorothy Sebastian, making dresses, with Dorothy sitting on the floor, holding the patterns, while Joan would cut. They were mighty cute clothes, too.

"If you can't sew, make up your mind to learn," says Joan. "You don't need to be a wonder to cut out a dress. I think it's a good idea to get a dress that is becoming to you, lay it on the floor and cut off a newspaper pattern, and make yourself others like it in different materials. All that people notice is that it looks nice. You'll find that you will learn as you go, by observing how your model dress is made.

"I never spend a great deal on hats. I wear a simple vagabond shape, made up in different-colored felts for different dresses. I like sports clothes for street wear. They are by far the trimmest, nicest-looking, most inexpensive way to dress.

"My hobby is shoes. I never buy dark-colored shoes; with the exception, of course, of styles that would never be in light colors. But in evening slippers, I use white ones, have them dyed to match my gowns and eventually they wind up black. I never need new black shoes."

Lilyan's Shopping Advice

LILYAN TASHMAN, long famed as "Hollywood's best-dressed woman," gives some terse advice, gleaned from experience:

"Cut out trimmings; they are usually ugly. Confine your attention in dresses to line and color. If those two things are right, expensive materials and trimmings are unimportant. Matching scarves and gloves, and hat-bands that will snap on a simple hat vary the appearance of an ensemble immensely. You can always freshen an old dress with a new hat and new shoes. Cleaned and pressed, with fresh accessories, an old dress can go on indefinitely.

"In cool climates, the Winter coat is very important. Put the bulk of your money there. If you can't afford fur or fur trimmings, remember that matching wool scarves are equally smart. Cheap fur is awful. Never be guilty of it.

"Plain shoes are always more durable.

The new all-leather heels, instead of the covered ones, are smart and serviceable. I have them on all of my street shoes. They do not scuff, and preserve a trim appearance.

"When I lived at home with my family, we girls had quite a time over clothes. I was the youngest, and was continually cutting up things, putting in different sleeves and pursuing my mania of making belts out of everything that came into my fingers. At our house, the first girl out was the best-dressed! I have never forgotten some of the lessons in clothes and economy that I learned in those days.

"Above all things, achieve that well-groomed look in your hair; brush it till it shines, and the plain effect will be beautiful and distinguished. And you will save money."

Helen's "Good Investments"

WELL-DRESSED Helen Vinson did not come from a poor home, but she could not have all the clothes that she wanted for the constant social whirl of a college girl-débutante existence. She, too, had to learn how to make a dollar stretch far.

"Mother always allowed me to select my own clothes," says Helen. "I think that early reliance on her own taste helps a girl to learn values better than by constant dictation from her mother. It's a worth-while training, I found.

"In Houston, my rule was—a few things, of the best. Now that I am in Hollywood, where one is seen so much by the same people and one is constantly on display, more clothes and cheaper seem a better answer. This goes to show that the purpose of a wardrobe may differ in different walks of life.

"When I went to New York, job-hunting, I found that my wardrobe seemed very practical; it had one good-looking costume, complete; two dresses, a good-looking coat, two hats and a fur coat.

"Hats seem to me one place in the wardrobe where you can put money wisely and do well. They strike the eye of the beholder first. Then come shoes. I think a simple pump most economical; it goes with any style of costume, from sports to dress. A medium heel keeps trim longer, as well as giving a girl a better carriage.

"The day of handwork is with us again; you can crochet, knit, embroider or sew and thus have exquisite and individual touches in your wardrobe."

Watch Details, Says Adrienne

SVELTE Adrienne Ames, who once was a struggling "extra" with little money to spend for clothes, says, "Don't make the mistake of over-estimating the importance of clothes. Remember that they serve to frame you, to accent your personality. They are never more important than you. A fashion plate is tiresome. Within limits, money has nothing to do with being well-dressed. Gorgeous clothes are flops, if not worn properly.

"It takes more time and care, if you are on a reduced budget, but you can present as smart an appearance as any woman. You can have lovely clothes copied in less expensive materials, and be just as attractive. You don't need gorgeous furs—or any fur, in fact—if your money is limited strictly. Put the money elsewhere, and it will go farther in creating a smart wardrobe.

"When you go shopping for clothes, make each detail of your costume count. Get accessories of the best; a simple, inexpensive dress on a good figure is made distinguished by smart shoes, spotless gloves, a good purse and a becoming hat. A poorly selected bag can spoil a costume. Let me emphasize the importance of these details. As a girl, my hobby was shoes, and it still is. One can never look smart with wrong or with cheap or shabby shoes."

Calendar Fear

STEALS YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

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Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.

2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

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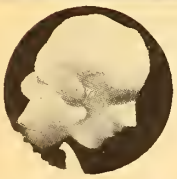

"Your woolies always look so grand, Kay. Does Ivory Snow make a difference?"

"Indeed it does. Using a soap that only half-dissolves is silly when you can get an instant soap like Ivory Snow. Sit down, Susy, and learn how to wash that $15 sweater of yours."

Hand-knit sweater by Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

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How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.

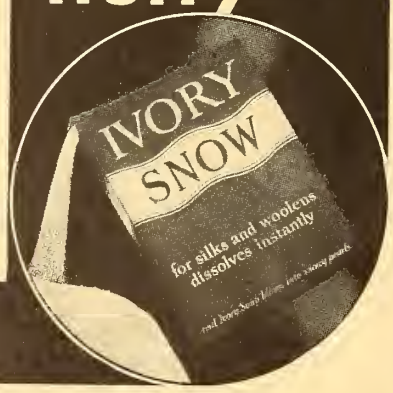
2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.

3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.

4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.

5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!



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Paul Muni Interviews Himself

(*Continued from page 54*)

manly" sports. He doesn't indulge in them.

You can't ask him about women stars. If you say, "Is Jean Harlow beautiful, do you think?" he will answer, "Why, yes——". He is remote from a world in which such questions matter.

Can't Understand the Curiosity

AND so I said, "If *you* were an interviewer, Mr. Muni, what would *you* ask the star you were interviewing?"

He said, "I've often wondered that, myself. I can't understand the fan curiosity. It would seem to me that we of the stage and screen are no longer performers, detached, interesting for the work we do, but members of a million households, without privacy, lacking all reticence.

"I have often wondered, too, whether the stars have created the Public or the Public has created the stars. I think it is the latter way. I think the Public has created *us*, fashioned us with their own hands, colored us with their own imaginations. They have endowed us with halos. And we must wear them, or woe betide us! They have credited us with virtues and with vices we've probably never had. But we must live up to those virtues and down to those vices in order to conform to the pattern that has been cut out and fitted, however badly, about us.

"*Are we, or are we not, what the Public thinks we are?* That is the question. That is the question I would try to answer if I were interviewing the stars.

"I would want to know, first of all, if the man I was talking to were sincere, were showing me *himself*. How can one tell? How do *you* know right here and now that I am not acting, a little bit? When I tell you, as I do, that I hate the stage and screen, that I am not an actor by preference or by aptitude, that I want to 'get away from it all,' how do you *know* that I am telling you the truth? How do you know that I'm not just trying to be different, interesting, startling? What measuring rod do you use?

Would Make Him Mad First

"HOW would *I* go about knowing? Let me see—well, if I were interviewing James Cagney, say, I think I would begin by getting into an argument with him. I would try to make him mad. I would know, to begin with, that he was trying to put his best foot forward. I would try to work it so that he would put his worst foot forward. Between the two feet, I would take the measure of the man.

"I would start by criticizing some scene he had done. I would ask him why he had done it as he had. I would tell him that I got a poor reaction from it. I would say that I knew he had it in him to do better—then why had he failed? He would argue back. We would grow heated. His *un*artificial self would thus be revealed. He would forget, in the heat of the argument, that he had been trying to make an impression on me, for publication.

"Then, when I came to write the story, I would be scrupulously fair in print because I had goaded him in person. I would, always, use the word of encouragement to the actors I wrote about, the inspirational form of writing.

"I would make it my business to find out all about the man's work. Perhaps because that is the only thing *I* am willing to talk about for publication—my work. I would want to discover why he was doing his particular work. The *why* of a man's doing the job he does is, nine cases out of ten, *the key to the man, himself*. Men work for two

reasons—love of the job they are doing, or necessity. I would say to my man, 'Is it because of money you are on the screen? Is it because of Fame? Is it love of the work, itself? Or *why?*'

Would Tell Truth, If Asked

"IF I were being interviewed and had to answer those particular questions, I would tell the truth. I would say that I do *not* like working on screen or stage. I told Mr. Warner that I really didn't want to sign a contract, really didn't want to stay here. I told him I didn't belong. I pointed out to him that it would be difficult to find stories for me. There are only a few that I can do. I'm not a clothes horse. I have no sex appeal. I am not 'fan stuff.' I have to do a character, and not many of them are suited to me.

"I said that I am, almost without fail, bitterly disappointed in the results I get. When I first read a script, I have my moment of illusion. My mind gets working on it. I build up the character. I feel that I am getting something. I visualize all sorts of curious and extraordinary possibilities. I get on the set. The wheels begin to grind. I work. We do a scene. The director is satisfied. I say, 'Surely, we have not finished with that scene? It is flat.'

"I told Mr. Warner all these things. He still wanted me to stay. I finally did stay because I got the contract I want, the only kind I could accept, and for one reason—the money. I make two pictures a year, allowing a period of eighteen weeks for the two. I get fifty thousand dollars a picture. Apart from the eighteen weeks, my time is my own. I can go where I please and do what I please. I can do a play in New York. Or I can travel. I choose my own stories. I build my own characters. I will not do a thing I do not believe in. Sometimes I do not believe in the results. A studio is a factory. An actor is a cog in the great wheel.

Would Seek Frank Admissions

"SO, you see, I would get my man to admit as much as I, myself, have admitted. I work for money. Money is what I want. I want enough money to give me security and freedom. I want enough money for those who are my dependents and who have become accustomed to a certain way of living. When a man has made a measure of success and an equivalent measure of money, he finds himself, suddenly, without planning it, a supporting link in a complicated chain. He has given money and help to others. They say, 'Muni has made money—why should he stop?' The only way to break the chain is to do a radical thing. I shall do that thing one day.

"I would then want to know how the man I was interviewing reacts to so-called fame. I would say to my man, 'Do you know that all of these hundreds of people who rush to see you, who cry out, "Look, there goes Warren William!"—or whoever it happens to be—are not really fond of *you*, care nothing at all about you, the man. They are curious. They are curious about the trade-mark *Warren William*, which they have seen hundreds of times in electric lights and in print. They do not care a thing about the man who is hungry and thirsty, who is shy or bold, who fears and suffers and prays. If you should change your name to John Smith and should cease to be a public figure, they would not give you a second glance, not one of them.'

"I would say that I, personally, am fond of sincere compliment. I am pleased when I get a letter from some intelligent person who has taken the time and trouble to tell me that he or she has liked me in such and such a scene and then has the further interest and intelligence to tell me *why*.

"I would then try to discover something about the man's mode of life, personally. That is, whether he lives in a pent-

LORETTA YOUNG *and* SPENCER TRACY *in a scene from the Columbia picture, "A Man's Castle"*

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Read how this remarkable corrective food clears the skin and keeps it young and vibrant. . . . Note coupon below

WHEN people look at you, what do they see? A clear, smooth, vibrant skin? Or a skin that's dull and muddy, marred perhaps by ugly spots and blemishes?

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You will like Yeast Foam Tablets. They are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a pleasing, nut-like taste and they are pasteurized. Thus they cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

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Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get one today. It should improve your skin and complexion in no time!

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IT PAYS to know something about colds. They're a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first is the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second is the Watery stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third is the Mucous Secretion stage.

The first stage is the time to "nail" a cold. It is twice as easily relieved then as in the second or third stages. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is taking chances. For a cold can quickly develop into something serious.

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The wise thing to do when you catch cold is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling.

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This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is inviting trouble.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be taken with perfect safety. The fact that it has been the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world for years attests to its safety as well as efficiency.

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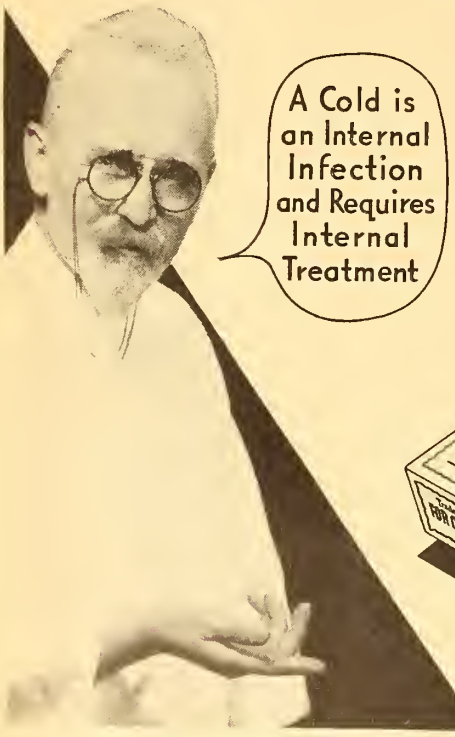
Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—30c and 50c. In the interest of economy, buy the 50c size. It gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on each tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.



NRA WE DO OUR PART

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

house or in a tent, whether he lives in the country or in the city. We, for instance, have never had a home, my wife and I. Neither home nor furniture in the thirteen years of our marriage. That may be because of my predilection for roaming about the earth, just watching people, myself unknown. It may have been because of my desire to be free of all possessions, ties, encumbrances. However, just recently, we have bought a five-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley. While I am in Hollywood, the ranch will be our home.

"So much I would try to know of any man I talked with. But of the life that is lived within those walls, however eventful or uneventful, I would be impenetrably silent. I would let it belong to him, as my private life belongs to me.

"I would ask this man I am interviewing to tell me the aim of his life, his inner life. I would tell him mine in order to draw from him a reciprocal confidence. I would tell him that my inmost desire is to be master of—*myself*. I have no desire to be the master of others. I reject enslaving as I reject being enslaved. I want only to dictate the terms of my own person, my own goings and comings, to work in my own way and at my own time, to go forth on the face of the earth if it pleases me."

Mrs. Muni came into the dressing-room at this moment. She had been downtown, buying Monterey furniture for the ranch. I told her that Mr. Muni had described to me how he would interview a star—he would, first of all, anger his man. I said, "Perhaps I should have used that method. Perhaps I should have managed to make Mr. Muni mad at me."

Mrs. Muni shook her dark head. "Have you ever seen Muni in a rage?" she queried. "Better not!"

"If I were an interviewer," Paul Muni said. Well, I think he *is* one. I believe that, consciously or sub-consciously, *he has interviewed himself* for you, has shown you at least a part of the real man.

The Answers to Ten Questions That Baffled Hollywood

(*Continued from page 31*)

salary is added on to my movie salary, the total will be so great that the income tax will take most of it, anyway."

6. *What is the truth of the reported Jeanette MacDonald-Ramon Novarro feud?*

Published stories accused the two stars of quarreling during production of "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which they co-star. Miss MacDonald was reported to have said: "If the bickering keeps on, they'll change the title to 'Two Cats and a Fiddle'."

Jeanette and Novarro have not quarreled. They are the best of friends and have the same business agent, Robert Ritchie, who is also Miss MacDonald's long-time fiancé.

As for the actress' alleged statement about "two cats," that occurred when she and another feminine member of the cast enjoyed a good, old-fashioned "gossip fest" together. During the midst of this little "linen laundering," Miss MacDonald suddenly exclaimed, "If we keep this up, the title of the picture will be changed to 'Two Cats and a Fiddle'."

Of such incidents is most malicious gossip born.

7. *Did Greta Garbo actually refuse to enact torrid love scenes with John Gilbert for "Queen Christina?"*

Stories were published to this effect, but they were far from the truth.

Actually, Miss Garbo read these so-called "torrid love" sequences in the script. Then she conferred with Gilbert and director

Mamoulian. The effect of that conference was that much publicity has been written about Greta and John and their rumored romance of years ago. Miss Garbo wondered if, now that Gilbert is married, such scenes might cause gossips' tongues to wag unduly. This is another new proof of Garbo's considerateness.

8. *Why was the plaintiff given $75,000, an almost unheard-of amount, in the Claire Windsor alienation-of-affections damage suit?*

Only once before in this country's legal history has a woman been awarded such damages by a jury for alienation of a man's affections. The verdict—$75,000 damages—astonished legal and lay minds alike.

According to one noted psychologist who attended the trial daily, Miss Windsor "over-sold herself." This gentleman declares that Claire constantly smiled and appeared at ease, while the suing wife appeared worried and afraid.

"The psychological effect on the jury," declares the noted *mind specialist,* "could not fail to turn them to the plaintiff in the case."

9. *What blocked the reunion of Gloria Swanson and Director Cecil B. DeMille for "Four Frightened People?"*

According to published stories, Miss Swanson's money demands to take part in the DeMille picture were exorbitant, and were not accepted by the studio. These stories pointed out that such demands by Gloria were absurd, because it would be clever business for her to work with DeMille, who directed her (and made her famous) in "Male and Female" and others of her first starring vehicles.

Those published stories are far off the track. The facts are these: Joseph I. Schnitzer is forming an independent company to make pictures for release by a major organization. Mr. Schnitzer cabled an offer to Miss Swanson, then abroad, and she accepted by cable.

This cabled acceptance, now regarded as a contract, was the reason Miss Swanson could not accept the DeMille offer. (Claudette Colbert, whose place Gloria was to take, recovered from her appendectomy quickly enough to replace Gloria in the cast.) In order to establish the validity of such long-distance business dealings, Gloria and Schnitzer will soon go into court in a "friendly" test case.

10. *How did Janet Gaynor avoid recognition in Sayner, Wisconsin, where she vacationed for four weeks?*

On the face of it, you might say that such a thing is not possible; that Janet Gaynor, one of the three most photographed women in the world, could not go anywhere for even a few hours without being recognized. But the impossible actually happened. Miss Gaynor and her mother spent four weeks at a Wisconsin lake resort, and were not recognized.

They registered at the town's leading hotel under the names, "Mrs. Smith and Daughter." Janet changed slightly the color of her hair, and she changed decidedly her style of hair-dress. When she left her rooms in the hotel, she wore dark glasses. She dressed as simply and as "small-townishly" as possible, thus to avoid notice. She made few appearances on the public streets during the day, and she was accompanied everywhere by her mother. There were no servants and no ostentatious show to attract attention.

The situation caused her considerable excitement and amusement, Miss Gaynor admits, for she constantly expected to be recognized. The most amusing moment was that when she and her mother attended a motion picture theatre and witnessed Miss Gaynor's latest vehicle. From Wisconsin she went on to A Century of Progress Exposition, still gleefully incognito.

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[NOTE: To hasten reducing excessively fatty parts, hips, bust, arms, legs add $1.00 extra for Hollywood Masseuse cream.]

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You Look Swell—But How Do You Sound?

(*Continued from page 57*)

vital effect on your voice? Remember that, the next time you expect to speak in public. For Hollywood knows it to be a fact. That's why luncheon, especially, is a carefully chosen, light and easily digested meal for every star during production of a picture. The same consideration dictates a frugal breakfast.

The explanation is precisely the same as it would be for a professional singer. No singer would ever think of eating a heavy, or even substantial meal before stepping upon the platform or stage to unleash that voice, every note of which must be golden. The golden notes would turn leaden, if he did.

Similarly, no actor with several hours of exacting work before him would dream of sitting down to steak and potatoes, roast beef, frankfurters and sauerkraut, or even ham and eggs, in the middle of the day. The penalty for that is sluggishness of mind and body, a blurring and blunting of every faculty that needs to be keen and alert for the exacting work of interpreting a situation. Even if you are only an office worker, perhaps you have noticed how much better you work before a heavy luncheon than afterwards.

So you will find William Powell regaling himself with a thermos bottle of hot soup to wash down a zweibach or two, in the seclusion of his dressing-room. Joan Crawford's dietary habits, Spartan at all times, are particularly so at the meals that precede a morning, an afternoon or an evening of work in front of the cameras.

Norma Shearer's favorite midday repast, when she is working, is a light salad, often of fruit, a slice or two of toast and perhaps a cup of tea. Ruth Chatterton loves to entertain her friends at luncheon in her studio bungalow and delights in setting before them rich, irresistible delicacies, but her own plate will be severely simple.

Constance Bennett's weaknesses are spaghetti and noodles, and if she is dining in the studio restaurant, and finds them on the menu, she is more than likely to order them. Then she'll make up for her infraction of the unwritten law for several days running, by confining herself to sliced tomatoes, tea and toast, or something equally filling. Joan Bennett declares that she never allows herself to so much as think of a "square meal" until work is over for the day, or the picture she is making is finally finished. Then, like an athlete, she'll break training—but not too violently. The diets of screen stars are as good for their voices, as for their figures.

The moral of that is, as the Duchess used to say to Alice, that eating in moderation is a good rule to observe, outside of Hollywood, as well as inside.

Do You Know Pronunciation?

ANOTHER leaf you can take out of any star's book is a pride in correct pronunciation. In fact, it goes farther than that. You may not be aware of it, but the English language, with its five hundred thousand or more recognized words, is continually shifting standards of pronunciation on various words. The process goes on all the time.

It's not enough, on the talking picture stages, to know the correct pronunciation of a word. You've got to be sure of the *latest* correct pronunciation. What was correct ten years ago, or even five, may be only an optional pronunciation, or altogether obsolete, to-day.

How thoroughly aware Hollywood and its stars have become of these varying values in language is demonstrated by the fact that Los Angeles and Hollywood booksellers testify to a marked increase in the sale of dictionaries, since the advent of sound on the screen. Every new edition of any dictionary that is issued means a substantial demand for extra copies of it from the motion picture colony as soon as it is available.

Conrad Nagel probably has the most extensive private collection of English lexicons in California. I met him one day coming out of a bookstore on Hollywood Boulevard. He had three formidable-looking volumes under his arm.

"What do you have there?" I inquired. "And what on earth are you going to do with them?"

"They're dictionaries," he said, smiling broadly. "The latest edition. I've been having a number of hefty arguments about pronunciation recently, and I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing, once and for all."

He was perfectly serious about it, too. You'll undoubtedly find more dictionaries and other authoritative works on language in the homes of Hollywood motion picture stars than you will find in any other similar group of correspondingly wealthy people, the world over. And for the very good reason that such works of reference are the tools of the modern actor's trade. He can't afford to be without them. A sure, intelligent, up-to-the-minute understanding of how to use his own language is one of the fundamental requirements of the successful player in talking pictures. (And isn't it a fundamental requirement in most other professions, too?—for the ones who can talk well are usually the ones who make the best "first impressions" and advance most rapidly.)

An Education Never Hurts

ARCHIE MAYO, who is a well-known director, touched upon a kindred phase of the same subject, when he said to me one day:

"It has always been a pet conviction of mine that every actor should have just as complete and extensive an educational background as possible. If he can start with that equipment when he comes to the stage or the screen, he has just that much more in his favor, other things being equal. It won't take the place of the fundamentals that are indispensable to a good actor, but I believe it will make any good actor a better one. And it will make success, often, just that much easier."

Paste that in your hats, you restless youngsters who would gladly trade an education for a chance to scale the heights of screen success! The days of running away to join the circus, or to tag after the barnstorming troupe that has just played your town, are over. There's something about an education that gives you alertness, self-assurance, mental poise. And an education teaches you how to talk—grammatically, if not necessarily dramatically.

I asked E. H. Griffith, the director, what his prescription for a successful screen voice would be. He looked at me quizzically for a moment.

"I don't like that phrase, 'successful'," he frowned. "It sounds too much as if there were a rigid pattern to which a good voice had to conform. That's all wrong. Too many young people who are eager to try their fortune in motion pictures are prone to imitate their favorite, whoever that favorite may be, and throw away whatever they may have of their own personality, to cultivate a poor imitation of some famous star. That goes for the voice, as well as

everything else. There are just as many different kinds of voices as there are different kinds of people. They're all capable of being interesting."

"My error," I laughed. "Let me put it this way. What should any voice have to be valuable in pictures, from your experience as a director?"

"That's easy," said Griffith. "I should name three qualities that, taken together, are the common denominator for any good voice—clarity, naturalness, intelligence.

How to Speak Clearly, Naturally

"CLEARNESS of speech is largely a mechanical thing. Anyone can learn to speak more clearly than most people do, simply by making the effort. Actors learn to speak clearly because they have to. It's an important part of their business."

"Does that mean you would advise a course in a dramatic school, or the study of elocution?"

"Yes and no," he said. "The stage, itself, was the only dramatic school many of our best-known actors ever had. Good schools can be very valuable, but schools of elocution too often set up artificial habits in their pupils that have to be unlearned and forgotten later.

"In other words, they miss the naturalness that is absolutely essential to success on the stage or in pictures. Artificiality and affectation are two things that are fatal—save only where they are deliberately used to create an intentional effect in the portrayal of a character.

"When I spoke of intelligence as the third ingredient, I merely referred to what every good actor knows—that you can't read a line convincingly until you have thought it out first and felt all that it means before you utter it. Otherwise, it's something that you've learned by heart and are repeating by rote. Any parrot could do as well."

"In other words, the voice with the brain wins," I ventured.

"You couldn't have put it better," he smiled.

Is the picture I have projected a terrifying one? It shouldn't be. Really, it's not half as formidable as it sounds. First, because there is no such thing as a "standard voice" for the screen. Secondly, because the cultivation of all the possibilities you have in your own voice, whatever they may be, is largely and in the last analysis in your own hands.

Making the best of your own voice, like charity, begins at home. And it's up to you, first, last and always—no matter whether you're a beginner, or a star of the first magnitude.

Expert costumers can design dazzling wardrobes for you, skilled seamstresses can fashion them. Wizards of the art of make-up can enhance your appearance. Cameramen can transform you with lighting effects and photography. But your voice is your own creation, and the most skillful sound monitor, the ablest recording engineer can't put into your voice anything you haven't put into it, yourself.

Did You Know That--

Of one hundred young screen beginners, ninety-eight drop out or are dropped—and studios consider themselves lucky if one of the remaining two develops into a featured player?

Paramount, which has conducted a number of contests this year in a search for new talent, has found only forty outstanding screen possibilities among 500,000 hopeful entrants?

Practically all of the new screen faces this year have come from the stage?

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

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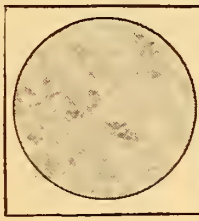
HOLD a handkerchief up to the light. See the thousands of tiny openings where threads cross. Impossible to keep germs and mucus from going through to fingers. Thus you leave on everything you touch a trail of germs for others to pick up.

Now hold up a Kleenex tissue. See how close its texture. Kleenex prevents germs from passing through, keeps fingers clean.



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Use, then destroy

Why re-inhale your own germs? Why rub your nose raw with an irritating, soggy, cold-soaked handkerchief? Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. You use a fresh, dry tissue every time, then destroy it.

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The patented Kleenex pull-out carton feeds out tissues, individually, as you require them. Hands never contaminate other sheets, or take out more than is needed.

Try some of the other uses for Kleenex! Use it always to remove cold cream, to smooth in rouge and lipstick, and wipe off surplus powder.

No need ever to be without Kleenex—it comes in so many convenient forms now—in regular-size packages or rolls; in extra-size tissues; in smartly finished 'Kerfs; and in the new, handy Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. You can buy Kleenex at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

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I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

At last a friend suggested a *true* reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread thruout the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that *does* reduce.

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 79*)

for the picture, "Is Nudism Sexless?", Foy and his staff were compelled to doff their clothes before the camp authorities would allow them to work.

The Foy film will not be the first on nudism to reach the screen. Another picture, called "Back to Nature," has already been released. Playing a Los Angeles theatre, this feature was advertised as "'Back to Nature'—Nudism in the Raw—Also Selected Shorts."

AN appendicitis operation nearly cost Claudette Colbert her leading rôle in the DeMille production of "Four Frightened People." A few days before the company was scheduled to start to Honolulu, where the entire picture will be filmed, Claudette was rushed to the hospital. For a time there was doubt if she would recover sufficiently to allow her to join the company, but she progressed phenomenally, and was able to complete her convalescence on the boat trip to location.

Seldom has a star in the hospital received more attention than was showered on Claudette. We told you in a poll conducted by MOTION PICTURE several months ago that the Colbert was the most popular girl on the Paramount lot. The gifts that kept her hospital room looking like a florist's window, a fruit store, and a book shop certainly proved her popularity. The Paramount gang to a man definitely echoed the sentiment of that chap who said, "I'd rather be Norman Foster than President."

HERE and There: Mrs. Erich von Stroheim has recovered from critical burns received at that beauty parlor . . . Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller's girlfriend, and Bobbe Arnst, Johnny's ex, cast together in "Hollywood Party." Will there be fireworks? . . . William S. Hart, confined to a hospital since operation in July, has been allowed to return home . . . . Sally Eilers entertained at luncheon June Gale, in whom Hoot Gibson is very interested . . . Lupe Velez, with only her butler to help, is painting the entire outside of her house.

POLA Negri is returning to the screen in "Fanatisme," a costume drama of the Second Empire, made in France in both English and French versions. And now she is making her début on the Broadway stage in "A Trip to Pressburg."

Pola has recently completed her autobiography, under the title "My Confessions." In this book she discusses intimately her two marriages and her friendship with Rudolph Valentino. She also reveals the hitherto unpublished details of her having first come to American pictures because she was falsely accused of espionage in Germany.

La Negri recently denied somewhat vehemently her rumored engagement to Harold McCormick, Chicago millionaire. In the same interview in the French press, she admitted that she would be married before the end of the year, but did not announce the name of the prospective bridegroom.

ONE of showdom's greatest characters and benefactors has just passed on in Hollywood—Sime Silverman, editor of "Variety," the theatrical trade paper, which has concentrated on movies of late years.

(*Continued on page 97*)

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

• • •

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

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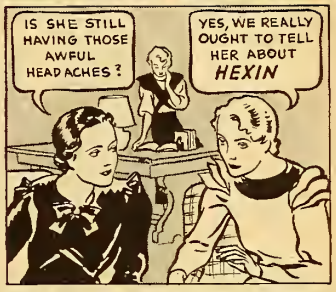
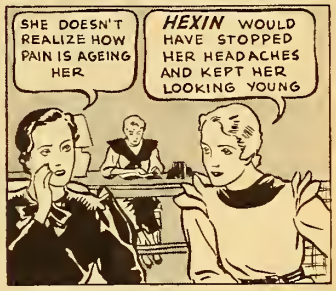
*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.





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Ending the Mystery About Karloff

(*Continued from page 55*)

Boris was homesick then; homesick, in the manner of all exiles, for the small things that make up England—hedges, strawberries for tea, clotted cream, the sounds and scents and tastes of his childhood.

I could not resist asking him why, if England was so dear to him, he had not gone back ages ago. His reply was simply given, "When I was working, I couldn't find the time. When I wasn't working, I couldn't find the money."

Those two sentences covered a multitude of homesickness.

What England Did to Him

AFTER what he had told me of his plans for the pilgrimage, I was anxious to know if his dreams had been realized or if he had met disappointment. He had been back several weeks before we met again. I had been nursing my questions so long that I fear I fairly shouted a barrage of queries at him. And shouting isn't at all lady-like.

"Not so fast," he smiled. "It's a long story, you know.

"We docked on a Friday night and motored to London. I can't tell you what the first sight of London did to me. Only if you have been away from a place for twenty-four years, can you understand. I was afraid that memory would play tricks on me—that things would have changed.

"But they hadn't changed. At the first glimpse of an English bobby, I grew maudlin—just plain maudlin! It seemed as if I had been gone only a day. That first night in the hotel room, I didn't sleep a wink. I simply sat by an open window until dawn—filling my eyes with the sight of it, my lungs with the odor of it. London!

"That was all I had the opportunity of doing for the next six weeks, for we started work on the picture the very next day. Following the completion of the film, I got away for the three weeks of which I had dreamed.

"My first visit was to the public school that I had attended as a lad—Uppingham. I was there, luckily, for a cricket match. I went to chapel in the morning and ate a meal in the big dining hall, just to see if the plum cake for dessert was as good as I remembered it. It was. So, too, were the buns I bought in the 'tuck shop' in the village. The 'tuck shop,' you know, was where we used to spend our allowances for the sort of things that boys like to eat.

Felt Like "an Old, Gray Ghost"

"WHEN I was a boy, going there, we would meet men who had once attended Uppingham. Old, gray ghosts, they seemed to us. Colonels back from foreign service, middle-aged or elderly men from all walks of life. Fierce old gentlemen with bristling mustaches, protesting, crossly, 'What's that tree doing there? There was no tree there when I was here.' We couldn't imagine how those men had ever been boys, going to school as we were.

"I am certain that the boys I met held the same viewpoint. I was, to them, an old gray ghost! I wish I had thought to wear a fierce military mustache for their benefit.

"In my subsequent tour of the country I found that many things had changed—some of which I, too, resented. There is a sadness about returning to remembered places, a sadness that often overshadows joy. But it is such sweet sorrow—if taken in small doses."

I ventured the opinion that some day Boris would go back to live in England.

To my surprise, he replied, "I don't believe so. This—Hollywood—is home, really, you know. My work is here, all my struggles have been here—and all the friendships that belong to my maturity. There is nothing in England now to hold me permanently.

"Family? Well, I have brothers there. But when you haven't seen a person for twenty-four years, he is different. He has become a stranger, even though he is a brother. For the first few days, my brothers and I chattered like magpies. Then conversation and recollections began to run low. When we tried to continue, we were struck by the fact that there was nothing more for us to *say* to each other. We had no common ground of experiences. Absence makes strangers of the closest relatives!"

In Hollywood, Boris Karloff has created a sort of little England. He lives on the shore of Toluca Lake, very much as a modest English gentleman might live in Suffolk. There he feeds the wild ducks upon the lake, walks his fine Scotties in the brief, chill, California twilights and dines comfortably upon roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to the sound of Noel Coward records.

On Sundays, he indulges his passion for cricket with the Hollywood Cricket Club, whose membership includes Clive Brook, C. Aubrey Smith, Conway Tearle and, when he is here, Ronald Colman. He drives a dusty Ford with "Hollywood Cricket Club" emblazoned proudly on the tire cover.

Hates to See Youth Struggle

TO convince you that he really is a kindly fellow, let me cite a remark he made one day about a young fellow-countryman in whom he was much interested.

"He is so pathetically young and downy," he sighed. "One can't bear to think of his being out on his own, buffeted and bruised. Inexperienced boys like that take so many blows before they learn to deal with life!"

"Boris," I said, "what were you doing when you were twenty-two?"

He looked startled, thought a moment and then, in great surprise he said, "Why—why—I was shoveling coal in Seattle!"

"It didn't hurt you, did it?"

"Well—well, no, of course not! But I felt so much older then than this lad seems to me now, if you know what I mean! All these things, I suppose, are matters of perspective. My trip home—do you know that at times I used to dread it? I felt that I should be disappointed in many ways. My own capacity for appreciating things has changed. Yet, despite this feeling, I could not bear to think of not going, and now I am glad to have gone. The memory of it will last me another twenty-four years.

"It is strange that places, really, have a bigger pull on your heart-strings than people do. The places in which you grew up and acquired your first impressions of life and the world in general. Boyhood scenes.

"There is still another pilgrimage—to places—that I am going to make some day. I am going back over the little towns through Canada and the Northwest United States where I played in traveling stock companies in my earliest and hardest days. I want to see the little town in North Dakota where I entered the United States years ago. I have never been out of the States since, excepting once when I went into Mexico for a short time 'on location,' and again when I returned to my native land. However trite it seems, a truer line was never written than, 'What do they know of England—who only England know?'"

And this sentimental gentleman is the horrific Karloff!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 94*)

For twenty-five years he had published this weekly paper for show folk, giving them show news from all over the world, written in their language. He was the forerunner of to-day's columnists who try to anticipate news and who attempt to give the "low-down" behind headline stories about stars—except that Sime usually had inside information.

He was nothing if not frank. If you read "Variety," you knew the show business, you knew the slang of to-day, you indulged in a tonic of journalistic frankness to be found in no other newspaper in America. And Sime, who started it with fifteen hundred borrowed dollars, made a million, it is said, by being himself—and reflecting himself—in his paper. As a proof of the respect that show folk had for him, he was once given a platinum pass that was good in any theatre, of any type, in any town in the United States!

TALK about the temperament of movie stars. It's nothing compared to that of comedians. Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Dr. Rockwell, Ted Healy, and the Healy Stooges are all working simultaneously at M-G-M—and Leo, the Lion, can tell you all about it.

The first uprising came when Ed Wynn refused to be interviewed for a joint story with Jack Pearl. He could see no excuse for that sort of a thing, holding that if he weren't big enough to have an interview by himself he didn't want one.

But the real burn came when Durante wandered on the Jack Pearl set to find that Pearl was using a breakaway suit. Durante had just finished a scene in which Lupe Velez had torn his clothes off his back. Matters may reach such a state that one comedian will refuse to do a scene as long as one of his competitors is on the stage.

WARNERS' announcement that, in answer to popular demand, they were to team Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins caused the eyebrow-raisers to arch their brows. Glenda and Allen were once rumored engaged, you remember. They are working together for the first time since their break-up, in "Havana Widows." So far no trouble has been reported, and rest assured it would be if any trouble had occurred. Every prying eye in Hollywood has been turned toward Glenda and Allen as they play love scenes for the screen.

WHEN Warren William wants something, he wants it badly. He has heard about an all-steel Dutch fishing boat, and as soon as opportunity will allow, he will journey to Holland to buy one. Imagine going all that distance just for a fishing boat!

SEEING her husband, George Barnes, engaged in a fistic dispute with two men, Joan Blondell waded into the fray to help him out. The altercation occurred after a collision of George's car with that of the pugilistically-inclined gentlemen. George got a black eye in the battle, but Joan emerged unscathed. And you should have seen the other fellows!

HOLLYWOOD has taken a new restaurant to its heart. The place recently opened and it looks much like an old-time

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bar, with sawdust on the floor and everything. It's called The Brass Rail and employs a dozen or more singing waiters, who wear huge false mustachios and rouge their noses. It is said that Zeppo Marx owns a part-interest in the place. Anyway, it is there that stars gather these days, drinking beer and crunching pretzels.

ANOTHER reconciliation for the Stan Laurels. They have forgotten their differences and are reunited. It also seems that Oliver Hardy and his wife may not go through with divorce plans. They have been seen together quite a bit of late. It's strange how Laurel and Hardy stick together. They follow one another into divorce courts, and now they are following one another into reconciliations.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON, Los Angeles' famed evangelist, may make that picture after all. She has been threatening for a long time. But it wasn't until estranged hubby, David Hutton, broke into the movies to make a short called "My Side of the Story" that Aimee really became serious about it. She has had plenty of experience acting in the newsreels, and her recent remark, "I just can't seem to keep out of the headlines," was the laugh hit of every program where that newsreel played.

GLORIA STUART protested against Universal's plans to star her. She claims that she is not as yet ready for stardom and doesn't want the honor of her name billed first until she has been thoroughly tested. That's pretty level thinking, and certainly unusual.

HOLLYWOOD will see another addition to its growing colony of second generations of the stars, when Hedda Hopper's grown son, Bill, makes his début in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

UPON Tallulah Bankhead's recent visit to Hollywood, the first thing she did was to get herself a "darker-than-Crawford" sun-tan. It was such a beautiful coat of tan that Tallulah couldn't wait. She just had to find someone to admire it. Donning a robe over her bathing suit, she drove post-haste to Paramount, where she crashed the Mae West set. Drawing aside her robe, Tallulah cried, "Look at me."

The remark was unnecessary. All the men on the set were already looking.

WYNNE GIBSON tells the story of the time William Gargan brought his youngster on the set of "Aggie Appleby." It happened to be the day that Gargan and Charlie Farrell staged their big fight scene, one of the roughest fights the screen has seen since those two famous versions of "The Spoilers."

Wynne held the child for fear that the battle would frighten the little fellow. Much to her amazement, Gargan, Jr., was more interested in the electricians on the catwalk than he was in his Dad's scrapping before the cameras. Wynne asked him why.

"Aw, this is no good. It's a fake," he said. "Dad's pulling his punches."

YOU are going to have another opportunity to laugh at Harold Lloyd in some of his early pictures that made him famous. Plans are now under way to release again "Safety Last," "The Freshman," and four other Lloyd successes of an earlier day. They will have a musical score, but no dialogue.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE published MONTHLY at CHICAGO, ILL., for October 1, 1933. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared STANLEY V. GIBSON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit; 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Stanley V. Gibson, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.: Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., the stockholders of which are Robert E. Canfield, 15 William Street, New York, N. Y., as Voting Trustee (Silver Screen Publications, Inc., Equitable Owners), and Silver Screen Publications, Inc., c/o William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y. The stockholders of Silver Screen Publications, Inc., are William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y., Mrs. E. V. Brewster, Great Neck, N. Y., Henry L. Terhune, 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) STANLEY V. GIBSON, PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1933. Frank K. Zimmerman. (My commission expires March 30th, 1935.)

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The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

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by
MARLAND STONE

THE CRIME OF THE DAY IN HOLLYWOOD

NRA MEMBER

She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me . . . breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me. . put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . . ?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why?* Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

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Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION *yields to it!*

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE — AND A DANCE FLOOR — BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!

Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!

Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!

If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!

Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .

It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage — with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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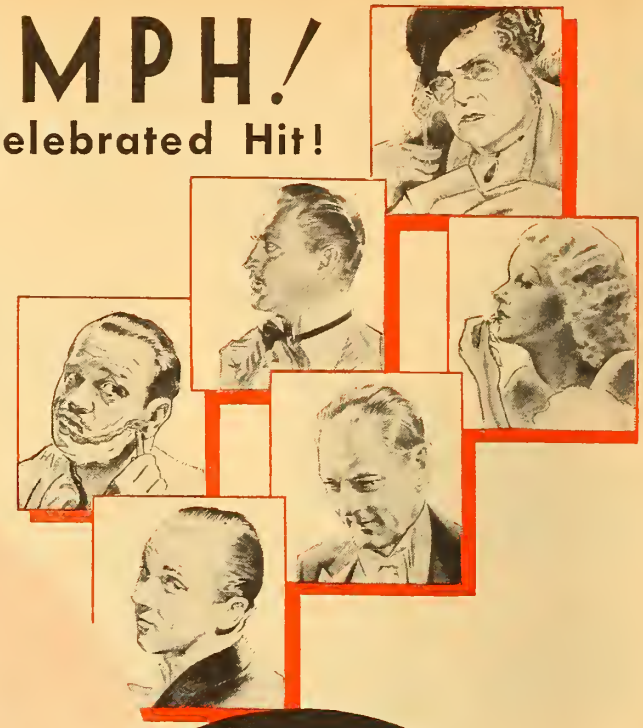
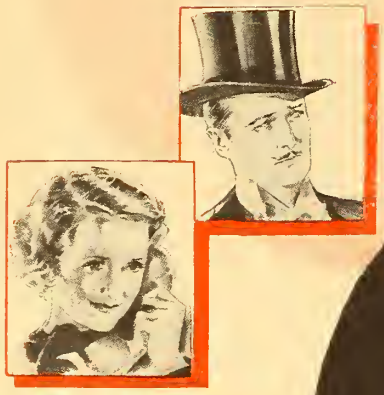
12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

★MARIE DRESSLER
★JOHN BARRYMORE
★WALLACE BEERY
★JEAN HARLOW
★LIONEL BARRYMORE
★LEE TRACY
★EDMUND LOWE
★BILLIE BURKE
★MADGE EVANS ★KAREN MORLEY
★JEAN HERSHOLT ★PHILLIPS HOLMES



DINNER at 8



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER

Produced by David O. Selznick

Directed by George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

Motion Picture

JANUARY
1 9 3 4

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 6

JOAN CRAWFORD Dances Out The Old Year

Joan, who once was "The Dancing Daughter," has now become "The Dancing Lady" —and between those two titles lies the story of a great change. For the girl who once played a flippant flapper now plays a dramatic danseuse.

And for Joan to be dancing out the old year, dancing in the new, seems appropriate. 1933 has seen the end of one great romance for her; perhaps 1934 will bring her a romance that won't end. This past year, she has made only one picture ("To-Day We Live"), besides her present one. Perhaps next year will find her busier. Perhaps it will be a Happy New Year.

Anyway, here's hoping, Joan!

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Cover Design of Joan Crawford Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—the hero of *The Song of Songs* is expected back from abroad soon—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Angel, Heather—playing the heroine in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The House of Rothschild*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Astaire, Fred—dancing Broadway star recently completed rôle in Joan Crawford's picture *The Dancing Lady*—made film début in *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *Madame Spy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Cross Country Cruise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Baer, Max—recently completed the rôle of the handsome prizefighter in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Long Lost Father*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard — playing in *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner — recently completed *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Viva Villa!* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance — making her first musical picture, *Moulin Rouge* — 20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently finished *Little Women* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—ready to start work on *Hell's Bells*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Fox Movietone Follies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—recently completed her second comeback picture, *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—playing in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, George—recently completed *From Headquarters*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Gallant Lady*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—about to do *A Very Honorable Guy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—recently completed *Only Yesterday*. Is scheduled to make *The Great Ziegfeld*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, Bill—Jimmy's brother is scheduled for *Sweet Cheat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Lady Killer* and scheduled for *Heir Chaser*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

You'll see a promising "find" in "The Search for Beauty" — Ida Lupino, 15-year-old daughter of Stanley Lupino, famous English comic

Cantor, Eddie — recently completed *Roman Scandals* — United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—starting new comedy at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—scheduled to make *The Journal of Crime*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—on his return from abroad may make *The Merry Widow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Girl Without A Room*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—recently completed her rôle opposite James Cagney in *Lady Killer*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—again being directed by Cecil De Mille in *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—recently completed *Pardners*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Mandalay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crabbe, Buster—playing in *The Search for Beauty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—recently completed his rôle in Clara Bow's *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—singing to Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—edges close to stardom in the recently released *Broadway Through a Keyhole*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Counsellor At Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *King of Fashion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—scheduled for a rôle in the Al Jolson picture, *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—back from abroad and starting *Catherine The Great*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—latest release *Day of Reckoning*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—scheduled to co-star with Jean Harlow in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James — playing in *Fox Movietone Follies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—scheduled to start on *Age of Innocence*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre* — First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Ellers, Sally—scheduled for *Disillusion*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing title rôle in *Joe Palooka* — United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Transcontinental Bus* — Metro-Goldwyn - Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr. — recently completed *Symphony in Purple* abroad, to be released through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—starting on new career as producer in England; will release through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—may be again co-starred with Janet Gaynor in *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *Hi, Nellie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—recently completed *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 14*)

Did You Know--

That Lillian Gish is returning to the screen in "It's a Wise Wife," based on Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive"? . . . That thrifty George Bancroft is about to play "The World's Greatest Spender" . . . That Dorothea Wieck, who proved in "Cradle Song" that even a nun could have the maternal instinct, is a mother in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"? . . . That Evelyn Venable, the young girl of "Cradle Song," was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage? . . . That Groucho Marx's mustache is only painted on? . . . That Harpo Marx has accepted an invitation to show Russia his pantomime in person? . . . That George Raft and Jack La Rue will both be in "The Trumpet Blows"?

♦ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ♦

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's
Alice in Wonderland
with CHARLOTTE HENRY
as "Alice"... and
RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING
Directed by Norman McLeod
ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-waw"
ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).
ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).
ALICE: Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.
If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By
FRANK MORLEY

THE two events of the month which bulk the largest locally are one of which the Cinemanians disapprove—the suggestion that picture salaries be coded—and one which they welcome, the release of another picture with Mae West, the smoothie who is catnip to box-offices. Sort of a bigger and darker month, as it were.

THE West première was one of the most gala since the never-to-be-forgotten first night of "Hell's Angels." Everyone turned out very elegantly, the streets were packed with thousands of onlookers, and W. C. Fields arrived in a beer truck. What we thought was most amusing, however, was the little microphone speech by little Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge to you.

"They had a terrible time naming this picture," Arline vouchsafed. "At first they didn't know whether to call it 'Hips, Hips, Hooray,' or 'Who's Afraid of the Ten Commandments?'"

The one person we feel sort of sorry for in this whole tremendous West vogue is the tall, dark and handsome fellow called Cary Grant. That is, of course, if anyone has the right to feel sorry for such a well-favored young man. But we take the right occasionally, watching the grim smile with which he acknowledges the invitation that he may be hearing for the rest of his life. "Why don't you c'm up 'n' see me sometime?" Cary is asked over and over and *over* by what seems to be half the English-speaking population.

Harpo Marx put it, "You Moscow up etc." and scampered off to Russia. And just in time, if you ask us.

Cary is a genial gent, however, and accepts his ribbing gracefully. If it is a lady, he agrees readily. His somewhat mysterious reply to the men is, "Ah, a brother Elk."

ONE of the boys who labors at the same studio as the Grant-West duo had a bit of battery trouble the other day and found his car stalled at the bottom of a hill. Brooding over the situation, he looked around at a "hail," to discover Mae giving him the merry-merry. The blonde Venus then changed the position of her car and shoved the halted one to the crest of the hill from whence it was able to descend and get started again.

The next day the publicity chap started to thank Mae for the service, but she waved him away. "Just a push-over," quoth she.

FOR the quick retort, so far as that goes, there is nothing especially backward about our little friend Harlow. A couple of nights ago Jean was made one of Grauman's elect, the prints of her hands and feet being set in cement for the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre. As this was a pretty ultra occasion, the ceremony took place on the stage. Everything went well, until the cement suddenly took an amorous turn and decided not to let go of the Harlow foot. Rapidly there developed what is known as a tense situation, with much scurrying about and whispered suggestions.

The imprisoned lady calmly watched the efforts to free her, while the audience had the time of its well-known life. Then Jean turned and said: "If they don't do something about this thing pretty quick, it looks as if I'll have to take it home with me!"

Whereupon, perhaps in shame, the cement loosened its hold.

Tunbridge—London

Hollywood is begging its Wandering Boy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to come home—but he seems to be having a good time in England, playing a young Czar and making eyes at Diane Napier in "Catherine the Great." Next, he and Doug, Sr., are going to co-star in a "Zorro" story

FOR a good smack-'em-down sally, however, I suppose the leading lady wisecracker is the incomparable Polly Moran, the little night-club flower, herself. Polly was cutting up touches with some of the boys at a late spot t'other evening, and began to tell of the elaborate blonde head-dress she had worn for a scene that day.

"I had a hairdresser and everything," she boasted. "I felt like Garbo. Usually I let my hair run wild—all four of them!"

MAYBE you'd like to know, speaking of night places, just who the town's principal stay-outs are? Well, in event you do, we ought to start with Mrs. Dunn's Jimmy, that gay scamp who sends early morning wires to find out if his girls are in yet. Then there is George Raft, Wally Ford, Don Cook, Bruce Cabot, Larry Hart (of Rodgers and Hart), Max Baer, Charlie MacArthur—plotting against some friend's peace of mind—and Spencer Tracy, who gets lachrymose over torch songs.

As for the girls—but that would be too long a list. Whoever heard of a Hollywood girl wanting to go home?

AS a matter of fact, the stay-up places are having a great season. A new club, the Clover, is even sweller than the Colony—which is saying something, my friends—and a half-dozen others are only somewhat less swank. The play spots like the Ballyhoo, La Boheme, the Cotton Club, the Airport Gardens, the Ship, the Barn—as well as those cute joints which feature people who can't quite make up their minds which sex they want to belong to—are all busy singing that rousing refrain, "The Road Is Open Again."

IT'S an amusing country, really, as Mr. Winchell told you repeatedly. And in it "things are getting so much better," our waggish friend El Brendel admits, "that people are beginning to care when they are run down by automobiles."

STILL, there remain a few signs of the late, but not lamented depression. One is a sign posted by a local charitable organization. "What do you do with your old clothes? Don't let the moths eat them when men and women are hungry!"

(*Continued on page 69*)

Naturally... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first laugh hit!...

Hilarity whoops across the seven seas as millions cheer the home-wrecking girl-necking knave of the navy, Barnacle Brown the Sailor! Thrills by the dozen . . . beauties by the score . . . laughs by the hundred . . . and the one, only and original Joe E. Brown — another great favorite you see only in pictures made by Warner Bros.—"The *Star* Company"!

● *A First National Picture with Frank McHugh • Jean Muir • Thelma Tadd • Johnny Mack Brown • Sheila Terry • Directed by Lloyd Bacan*

Joe E. Brown in "SON OF A SAILOR"

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

Wide World

By MARION MARTONE

1. If you know your movies, you'll have no trouble guessing who most of the celebrities pictured above are. How many can you name?

2. The daughter of what famous screen star will portray her own mother as a child on the screen?

3. What film star will hereafter be known by her husband's name, instead of the name under which she won screen fame, if the company to which she is under contract consents?

4. Do you know the movie player who is suing one of the major studios for $1,000,000?

5. What stage and screen character actor was recently charged with desertion by his wife?

6. Can you name the two screen personalities who were married on October 20?

7. Which recently married motion picture director is being sued for $100,000 in a heart-balm suit?

8. Who was the most surprised person in Hollywood when a popular screen comédienne announced that she had been married?

9. Why did Dorothy Jordan withdraw from the cast of the picture, "Wild Birds"?

10. Do you know the man in whom Greta Garbo has recently shown a great personal interest?

11. What is the name of the film star who died in a California sanatorium after an illness of three years?

12. Can you name the screen star who has started divorce proceedings after a marriage of only four months?

13. An old romance of pre-talkie days between what two motion picture stars has been revived?

14. The much-looked-for wedding of which Hollywood couple took place on October 8 at Las Vegas, Nevada?

15. Whose budding romance was unearthed when he was taken to a hospital, suffering from severe injuries, following an auto smash-up?

16. Do you know the picture player who, if all reports are true, will be married by the time you read this?

17. Who is the film actress who was married again less than twenty-four hours after getting a divorce?

18. Can you name the star who may be teamed with Janet Gaynor in her next picture, "The House of Connelly"?

19. What famous screen comedian was reported to have paid $20,000 ransom to kidnapers?

(*Answers to these Questions on page 78*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

Ablaze in the cinema heavens! Two shining stars in two brilliant SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS

EDDIE CANTOR *in*

"ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Everybody's Eddie! Now a crashing charioteer! Burning up Rome with laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING
GLORIA STUART
DAVID MANNERS
and the
NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of voluptuousness from Zola's magic pages, she has a role magnificently matching her superb artistry. America awaits, with expectant thrill, this, her first American picture.

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Wide World

The unexpected brings out those well-concealed emotions. No one guessed of a Lyle Talbot-Judith Allen romance till he was injured in an auto accident! Recovered now, he is opposite Kay Francis in "Mandalay"

$20.00 Letter

Narrating On Screen Is Annoying

SHIVELY, KY.—Narratage is a keen disappointment to me if the picture, "The Power and the Glory" is a fair sample of it.

The story probably was a powerful one—a fact lost upon me entirely while I floundered about trying to keep up with the meaning of a maze of scenes flashing back and forth from age to youth and youth to age. This method of presenting events proved most annoying and wrecked my concentration on the unfolding of the story; said concentration being further disturbed by the droning voice of a speaker who was seldom seen.

Even in travelogues, we put up with the unpleasing effect of a voice emanating from an unseen source, merely because we know explanatory remarks are necessary, but we prefer that other forms of motion pictures be presented to us in such a way that we can grasp the meaning without being told. Most moviegoers are adults, you know—fully capable of seeing, hearing and deducting.

And to top off all the irritating features of this picture, it must needs open with a funeral! Could anything be more depressing or more likely to put the audience in an unreceptive mood? Narratage is awful!

Carolyn Argo Cox.

$10.00 Letter

Screen Players Should Serve Apprenticeships

CHICAGO, ILL.—The idea of casting half-baked young men and women in important parts without sufficient background, education, training, and experience, and expecting finished performances is ridiculous. Yet, the public expects just this; raises some handsome or beautiful imbecile to stardom after one picture; and then wonders why the so-called star is a flop in his or her next picture.

Skill and finesse in any profession results only after years of training, hard work, and experience. Besides, some natural ability must be present. We do not expect a doctor or lawyer to be an outstanding success without this background. Why look for the impossible from the young people of the screen—embryonic performers.

The producers are at fault for rushing these young people along too quickly; building them up with false ballyhoo, and then throwing them to the lions.

The public has been trained to want mere youth and physical beauty in its stars, but it can be taught to demand acting ability as the primary requirement of a movie star.

The remedy is the establishment of the apprenticeship system, under which fundamentals would be taught and mastered. Only minor parts would be allotted until the youngsters were ready for important parts.

Such a plan would restore to our finished actors and actresses the positions they deserve, and would certainly improve the caliber of present-day pictures.

William Jay Collins.

$5.00 Letter

Best Stage Plays Via the Screen

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—One of the finest developments in the movies is the making of stage plays into pictures. During the past two or three years the theatre has been beyond the means of vast numbers of people, but with the movies producing the best and most popular plays, a grateful public flocks to see them. I have in mind three recent pictures: "Reunion in Vienna"—"Another Language"—"When Ladies Meet."

At all three showings, which I attended, the houses were filled with keenly appreciative audiences and I have heard many comments from people, expressing their pleasure in being able to see these high-grade plays through the medium of the screen. A noteworthy fact is the splendid material available for these productions. John Barrymore, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding are able to fill the part of any stage character required of them. And the late Louise Closser Hale's splendid interpretation of the mother in "Another Language" will long remain a beautiful tribute to her memory.

I trust that the producers will expend further efforts toward bringing the best plays, through the motion pictures, to an eager and responsive public.

Miss Lelah Cosner.

Honorable Mention

Flaws Detract From Reality

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I love the movies. And, ordinarily, I respond to them emotionally rather than critically. But there are times when certain incongruities creep into a picture which disturb and annoy.

For instance that admirable vehicle, "Mary Stevens, M.D.," so ably acted by Kay Francis. On her return to America, after the death of her baby, Mary Stevens is given a powder to induce sleep. One notes during this sequence that sorrow has left its mark in the form of a streak of grey, about an inch in width, running through her hair. Awakening five hours later, Mary Stevens, M.D. gives proof of the miracle sleep hath wrought. For lo, her hair is once again restored to its former state of blackness.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

And, in that otherwise pleasing picture, "Peg O' My Heart," Marion Davies as Peg is first seen with her father hauling in the fish they presumably have just caught. Peg is garbed in baggy trousers and wears a huge rubber hat upon her head. Imagine my astonishment, then, to see that somewhere this charming little colleen had learned the trick of tweezing eyebrows into a single sophisticated line.

Such flaws in pictures as these, trivial as they seem, detract from the illusion of reality. What can be done about it?

Ethel Sack.

Humor in the Movies

STATE COLLEGE, PENNA.—It's easy enough to make people cry but mighty hard to make them laugh. I've sat through many a slap-stick farce that must have cost a lot, watching the actors trying vainly to get even a grin out of the audience, with their machine-made humor. On the other hand, I've rocked in a gale of merriment with the rest at Marie Dressler in "Prosperity" telling Polly Moran she had just eaten a pickle out of the jar the cat fell in; at Will Rogers in the character of Doctor Bull, "raising the tune" in a thin voice in the village choir; at Walt Disney's little pigs forgetting about the big, bad wolf; at Wallace Beery carrying out the kittens from his home in "The Bowery"; at Henry the Eighth teetering upstairs, trying to get past the guards to the room of his lady-love. The reason these situations are funny is because they are *real*, not the extravagant, cooked-up hokum of the poorer comedies. I should think more producers would realize the merit of simple, homely, inexpensive things we are all familiar with. Why won't they admit you can lead the audience to a joke but you cannot make them laugh!

Mrs. W. R. Gordon.

Best Friend of the Poor

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Others may sing the praises of the palatial movie temples, like Roxy's, the Radio City Music Hall, etc. I want to pay homage to the lowly ten-cent movie tucked away in the ghettos of the big cities.

What a boon they have been to us jobless, sometimes homeless, human beings in these depression years! What better use can we make of an extra dime (how seldom, alas, we get this extra dime!) than spend it in one of these movie houses? There we can forget our miseries for three, sometimes, four hours of glamour in front of the magic silver screen. For these houses are generous to us unemployed. They give us two full-length features, a travelogue, a newsreel, a comedy, and Mickey Mouse!

Sylvia Royce.

Read the Reviews!

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The great majority of mothers who criticize the movies for the wrong ideas they are putting in little Willy's or Jane's head really need a good healthy dose of criticism, themselves. They give generously of their time and thought to their child's physical welfare, but when it comes to selecting the movies that help form his standards of behavior,

(*Continued on page 63*)

Millions have made a pleasant discovery!

MILLIONS of families have made a pleasant discovery! They have found that a delicious bit of chocolate—Ex-Lax—is as effective as *any* violent cathartic. And is far more pleasant to take and gentle in action.

So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands—all ages—reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

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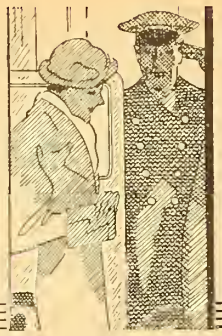

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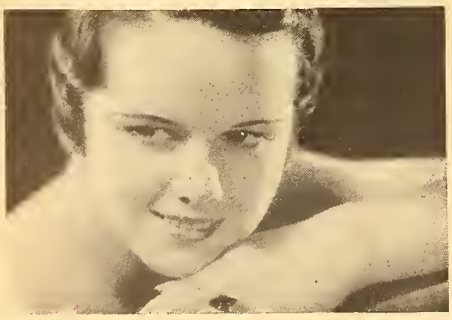

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What the Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 6*)

Foster, Preston—playing in *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Mandalay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—scheduled to appear in *Night Bus*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing new type of rôle in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William—playing in *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—starting work on *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—scheduled for *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—reunited with Garbo as her leading man in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—playing in *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haley, Jack—nimble Broadway comic co-starring with Jack Oakie in *Sitting Pretty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Gallant Lady*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—scheduled to co-star with Marie Dressler in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lilian—now making *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing on stage in *Mary of Scotland*. Next picture will be *What Every Woman Knows*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Henry, Charlotte—she is the girl who won the coveted title rôle in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Trigger*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed rôle of Anna Sten's leading man in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—recently completed *Master of Men*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopton, Russell—recently completed his rôle in *Lady Killer*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—scheduled for *British Agent* on return from England—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hudson, Rochelle—recently completed rôle of Will Rogers' daughter in *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hume, Benita—vacationing abroad after completing *The Worst Woman in Paris*.—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Rodney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Poor Fish*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Jolson, Al—back on the screen in *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Buck—recently completed *Gordon of Ghost City*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *One Man's Journey* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Miriam—playing in *Fox Movietone Follies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jory, Victor—will be co-featured with Sally Eilers in *Disillusion*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—scheduled for *The Return of Frankenstein*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—will co-star with Dick Powell in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—co-starring with Zasu Pitts in *Once Over Lightly*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Mandalay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkland, Muriel—gave Anna Sten some competition in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Knight, June—playing in *Cross Country Cruise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kruger, Otto—playing in *The Comeback*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

LaRue, Jack—playing in *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—back in England for a Winter on the stage, after finishing *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—romantic young Czech makes his screen début in *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—recently completed her rôle in *Pardners*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—back on the screen once more in the recently completed picture, *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lindsay, Margaret—recently completed *Lady Killer*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—starting work on *The Cat's-Paw*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—recently completed *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—scheduled for *Bombay Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—recently completed *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. Scheduled for *China Seas* with Gable—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—vacationing in Europe after completing *By Candlelight*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Comeback*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—co-starring with Ramon Novarro in *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen—playing in *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—Ed Wynn's leading lady in *The Chief*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—scheduled to start on *The Happy Family*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maritza, Sari—just completed her rôle in *The Right to Romance*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—one of the *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marx Brothers—recently completed *Duck Soup*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—scheduled to make *Girl Meets Boy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—scheduled for *No More Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Easy to Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Douglass—playing in *Eight Girls In A Boat*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Transcontinental Bus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—scheduled for *Social Register*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Moran, Polly—playing with May Robson in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—recently completed *King for A Night*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Muir, Jean—scheduled to make *As the Earth Turns*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Muni, Paul—playing in *Hi, Nellie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—appearing on stage. Latest release, *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently returned from abroad after making *A Song for You* with Jan Kiepura, for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—now making *The Cat and the Fiddle*—with Jeanette MacDonald—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Sitting Pretty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—about to start on *Heir to the Hoorah*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Hell's Bells*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—with Johnny Weissmuller again in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Parker, Jean—plays feminine lead in *Malibu*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—looking for a story for a new picture—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—co-starring with Pert Kelton in *Once Over Lightly*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, Dick—about to sing to Ruby Keeler again in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *King of Fashion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rains, Claude—famous Broadway actor makes a sensational film début in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—plays opposite Lilian Harvey in *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—scheduled for title rôle of *Napoleon*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robson, May—playing in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Buddy—recently completed *Take a Chance*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Sitting Pretty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—recently completed rôle opposite Constance Bennett in *After Tonight*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Roulien, Raul—the Brazilian singing star recently completed *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—scheduled to make *Rip Tide*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—back from abroad and scheduled to make *Reunion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Skipworth, Alison—playing in *Six of a Kind*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—scheduled to start on *Blood of China*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Sten, Anna—Russian star makes her American début in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—playing in *Bombay Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stone, George E.—playing with Wallace Beery, in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *I Like It That Way*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sullavan, Margaret—young stage actress makes screen début as star of *Only Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Taylor, Kent—playing in *Catherine, The Great*, with Marlene Dietrich's—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—back from Broadway and in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing with Adolphe Menjou in *Easy to Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *Sitting Pretty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—playing opposite Constance Bennett in *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Trouble Shooter*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Trevor, Claire—young newcomer gets a big break, playing opposite James Dunn in *Jimmy and Sally*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *King For A Night*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Joe Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Vinson, Helen—recently completed *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

West, Mae—her next picture will be called *It Ain't No Sin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Cross Country Cruise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wieck, Dorothea—playing in *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—recently completed *Bedside*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Madame Spy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

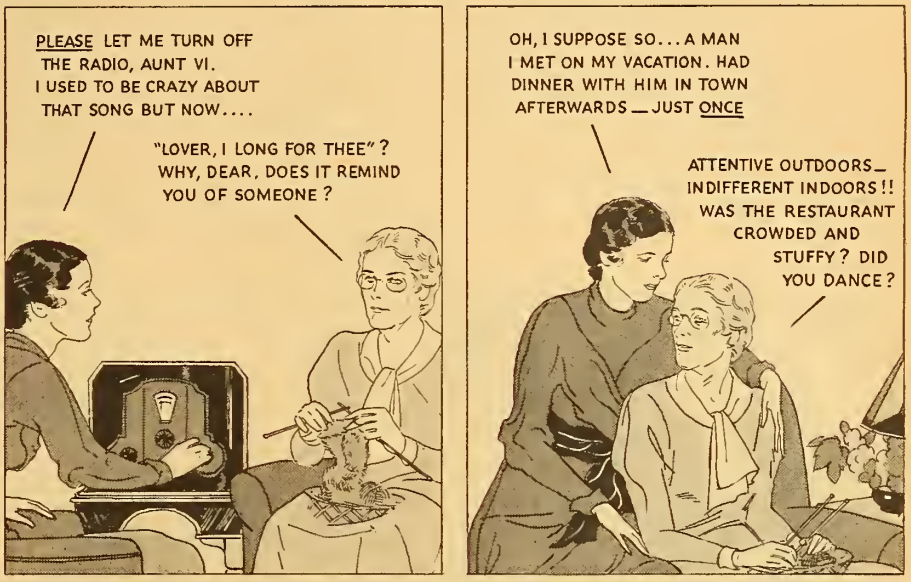
Wynyard, Diana—scheduled for *The Paradine Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

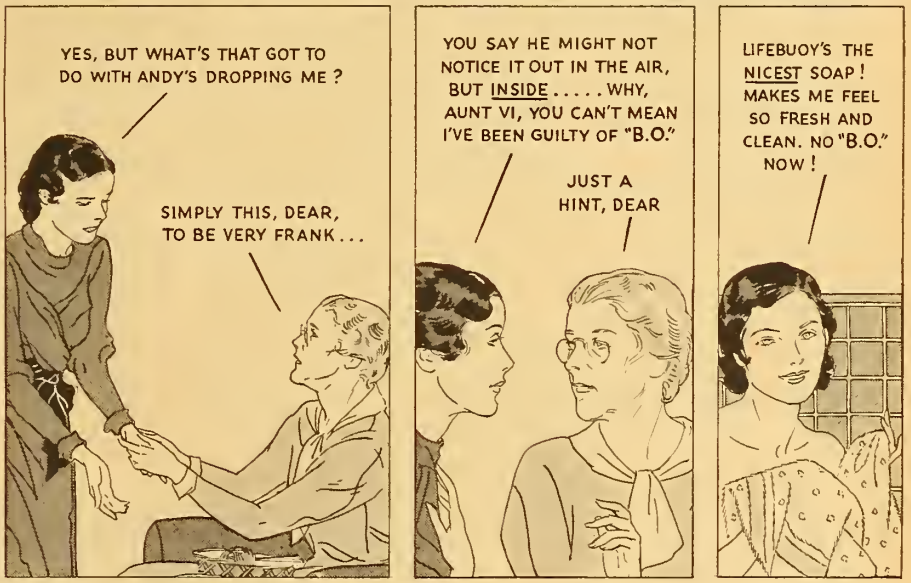
* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—scheduled for *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"





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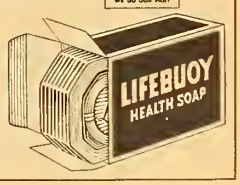


Tip-Offs On The Talkies

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By James Edwin Reid

Ace of Aces—Believed a wartime coward by his fiancée, Richard Dix enlists in the aviation corps and—well, the title tells the rest of the familiar story, which doesn't do Dix justice (RKO).

After Tonight—Another war story, but without any battle scenes—revealing Constance Bennett as a Russian spy who loves an Austrian officer (Gilbert Roland). The story isn't new, but they make it suspenseful and sizzling. Previewed as "The Woman Spy" (RKO).

John Boles and Margaret Sullavan, brilliant newcomer, make "Only Yesterday" a great story of a secret, but undying love

Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men—Charles Farrell returns to the screen and undergoes a notable change. At first genteel as of old, he is changed by pugnacious Wynne Gibson into a two-fisted rival of her boy-friend, William Gargan. Robust, lively comedy (RKO).

Ann Vickers—The movies and Irene Dunne do reasonably right by Sinclair Lewis' portrait of an ardent feminist who wanted a career more than love—with Walter Huston excellent as the man who changes her mind (RKO).

Berkeley Square—A delicate fantasy of a young modern who is whisked back to the XVIIIth Century, into a romantic ancestor's shoes, into an undying romance. Only Leslie Howard could have played it. Heather Angel is the girl he can't forget. (Fox)

The Bowery—Here are the 1890's in all their glory—at their colorful best and their amusing worst. Wallace Beery and George Raft are each determined to be the Bowery's "big shot," and Jackie Cooper joins the scrap (U.A.).

Bureau of Missing Persons—An exciting melodrama and breezy comedy combined, revolving around police hunts for the mysteriously missing. Pat O'Brien and Bette Davis figure most prominently (F. N.).

Chance at Heaven—A human little triangle story, in which Joel McCrea elopes with wealthy Marian Nixon, who doesn't prove to be the real sport that his rejected sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, is. A modest picture, well done (RKO).

Charlie Chan's Greatest Case—Honolulu's famed fictional detective uses his Oriental ingenuity to solve two baffling murder mysteries that should have you guessing. Warner Oland is more suave than ever (Fox).

The Chief—Again the 1890's, with Ed Wynn a volunteer fireman whose ambition is to become both a hero and a fire chief. Frankly silly, its appeal will depend on your taste for Ed Wynn, who has Chic Sale for an amusing "stooge" (M-G-M).

Christopher Bean—A quiet, human little comedy about a hunt for the paintings of a dead artist, who had had Lionel Barrymore for a doctor and Marie Dressler for a maid. Marie again proves herself a great personality. (M-G-M)

Deluge—This gets off to a terrific, breath-taking start, showing the end of the world, as we know it—a beginning that makes the subsequent passion drama look pretty thin, despite the work of Peggy Shannon and Sidney Blackmer (RKO).

Dinner at Eight—A varied group of people, whose lives are secretly intertwined, are suddenly scheduled to meet at a dinner. It is an idea that has great possibilities for comedy, tragedy, melodrama and irony—all of which are realized by a great cast, including John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, et al. (M-G-M).

Doctor Bull—Will Rogers does his best acting to date, in an easygoing, down-to-earth character sketch of an easygoing, down-to-earth country doctor, who has to battle not only disease, but his neighbors (Fox).

Duck Soup—The Four Marx Brothers go to war, and Groucho comes out of it as dictator of a mythical European state. Girls and gags aplenty, for those who like their nonsense in great big doses. And who doesn't? (Par.).

The Emperor Jones—A tense, unusual picture, based on Eugene O'Neill's drama of a Negro who escaped a chain gang and became a king, but was not strong enough to escape man's primitive fears. Paul Robeson, famed Negro actor, gives one of the screen's greatest performances in the title rôle (U. A.).

Eskimo—A vivid, dramatic story of an Eskimo hunter, whose simple life suddenly becomes complex and tragic when the white men enter it. A talkie, acted largely by natives, it was actually filmed in the Arctic—and looks it. (M-G-M)

Ever in My Heart—Barbara Stanwyck marries a German (Otto Kruger) and then along comes the War, bringing ostracism for them, a sudden parting, and a suspenseful reunion "somewhere in France." You know the plot by heart, but their acting makes it vivid (W. B.).

Footlight Parade—Warners' latest backstage musical spectacle, with James Cagney as its principal adornment, playing a thinker-upper of picture palace prologues. Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and dance director Busby Berkeley help him make it a hit (W. B.).

Golden Harvest—The most powerful of all the farm pictures. Contrasting the lives of two brothers, it shows the plight of American farmers to-day. Richard Arlen, on the farm, and Chester Morris, in the city, both have their lives changed by hard times. It's real and it's dramatic (Par.).

The Good Companions—An English cast, headed by the lively and lovely Jessie Matthews, give you an entertaining glimpse of the adventures of a small-time English show troupe (Fox).

Hell and High Water—Richard Arlen, as captain of a fishing boat, is too ambitious to have any use

Jean Parker, Joan Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Douglass Montgomery and Frances Dee are all memorable in "Little Women"

for women—but some dramatic events and Judith Allen alter his opinion. He-man melodrama, both exciting and amusing (Par.).

I Loved a Woman—The rise and fall of a Chicago financier, whose love for an opera star makes him super-ambitious and leads to his ruin. A dramatic, ironical tale, brilliantly acted by Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis (F. N.).

I'm No Angel—You must come up 'n' see Mae West again sometime—for she is wowing them again. This time she is a curvacious carnival dancer, who becomes a circus queen, puts her witty head in a lion's mouth, and sues wealthy Cary Grant for breach of promise before she gets him (Par.).

I Was a Spy—Here is something unusual and realistic in spy stories—a story of the peasants who were natural spies. Tensely acted by Herbert Marshall, Madeline Carroll and Conrad Veidt, it is one of the year's most exciting pictures. (Fox).

The Kennel Murder Case—William Powell, as suave *Philo Vance* solves a double murder mystery with the help of a dog. It has suspense (W.B.).

In "The World Changes," Paul Muni retains the character of a pioneer, though he marries socialite Mary Astor

Ladies Must Love—Ladies must also live, which is why showgirls Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess and Mary Carlisle are gold-diggers; but June Knight, their pal, has a job—so when she falls in love with Neil Hamilton, she means it. It's sexy, smart comedy (Univ.).

Little Women—Louisa May Alcott's sentimental classic about four sisters in the New England of the 1860's comes to the screen triumphantly—with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker as the memorable foursome. Fine acting in a fine production. Not to be missed (RKO).

Love, Honor and Oh, Baby!—Zasu Pitts, fiancée of Slim Summerville, shyster lawyer, decides to help him out by suing her boss for breach of promise—and a funny case it turns out to be, after a slow start (Univ.).

Master of Men—Jack Holt, laborer in a steel mill, works his way to the top, tries to buck the big financiers, and has to start at the bottom again. An exciting education in the steel business (Col.).

Meet the Baron—Jack Pearl, of *Baron Munchausen* radio fame, comes to the screen—and it's lucky for him that he has Jimmy Durante with him, in a series of cock-eyed adventures ranging from an African jungle to an alleged college campus. It takes patience to wait for the laughs (M-G-M).

Midshipman Jack—The youngsters should go for Bruce Cabot in this familiar story of a Naval cadet who gets into both amusing trouble and serious trouble and makes a big comeback (RKO).

My Lips Betray—Lilian Harvey, café entertainer, is whispered to be the king's mistress—and the king (John Boles), in disguise, tries to make the story come true. A sprightly, amusing Cinderella yarn—for grown-ups (Fox).

Myrt and Marge—The radio favorites, in person, in a story of backstage life that isn't new. In fact, unfortunately, it is so old that it is dull (Univ.).

My Weakness—Lew Ayres bets that he can build any little slavey into a million-dollar attraction—and he picks Lilian Harvey for his experiment. Lightsome and gay, with Lilian as individual as she is attractive. (Fox).

My Woman—A tawdry tale of an ambitious wife, (Helen Twelvetrees), who tries to make her easy-going husband famous via the radio route, sees success go to his head, and is maligned by the Other Woman. Not much excuse for this one. (Col.).

Night Flight—A compelling, starkly realistic story of aviation in the Andes, in which the hero is none of the fliers, but the airline manager who keeps up their morale, whose will makes them dare death. John Barrymore has this rôle, ably supported by brother Lionel, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Myrna Loy. (M-G-M).

Only Yesterday—The newest successor to "Back Street," and a worthy successor it is, with John Boles again a lover who marries the wrong girl—and Margaret Sullavan, Broadway newcomer, making a big name for herself as the girl who had to live on the memory of love. (Univ.).

Olsen's Big Moment—El Brendel, janitor of an apartment hotel, gets entangled in the love affairs of Walter Catlett, tipsy playboy, who has gangsters on his trail. It may be slapstick, but it's done with a will (Fox)

The Power and the Glory—From the lips of Ralph Morgan, and through his eyes, you learn the life story of Spencer Tracy, who was once a trackwalker, married school-teacher Colleen Moore, turned ambitious, became famous, and then met tragedy. It's powerful, memorable, unusual. (Fox).

The Private Life of Henry VIII—Charles Laughton, of *Nero* fame, brings the English Bluebeard back to life, in a portrait that is both human and bestial, terrifying and amusing, amorous and brutal. It's worth seeing twice. (U. A.).

Saturday's Millions—A realistic story about a college football hero who is convinced that he is in a racket and acts accordingly—until his team loses. Robert Young does a good job as the hard-boiled young cynic. (Univ.).

The Solitaire Man—Unusual crook melodrama, acted out aboard an air liner flying over the English Channel—with Herbert Marshall, a thief de luxe, hard-pressed to outwit a double-crosser. (M-G-M).

S. O. S. Iceberg—An exploring expedition, lost in the Arctic, experiences all the tortures of the White Hell before rescue comes by air. A thriller, in which the background is more exciting than the story. Rod La Rocque is the hero. (Univ.).

Stage Mother—Alice Brady tries to force fame on her daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, who rebels. It's a new version of the old story of Maternal Ambition versus Youthful Desires. Maureen wins more sympathy than Alice. (M-G-M)

Sweetheart of Sigma Chi—A lively collegiate musical comedy, built around crew racing, instead of football—and boasting Mary Carlisle and Buster Crabbe. College life was never so gay as this, but why bring that up? (Monogram).

Take a Chance—A smart, but sometimes silly musical comedy about a Broadway show in the making and those concerned with it. In the order of their importance, they are James Dunn, June Knight, Buddy Rogers, Cliff Edwards, Lillian Roth and Dorothy Lee. It moves fast, anyway. (Par.).

Thunder Over Mexico—Art with a capital A—a tragic love story that is really the saga of a race. It is unusual, disturbing, and silent, acted by natives. (Principal)

Tillie and Gus—Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, brother and sister, come home with their foreign pasts a dark secret, to claim an inheritance—and then have a battle to see which won't get it. (For neither wants it.) It gets hilarious at times. (Par.).

Too Much Harmony—A breezy comedy of show life, boasting Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher as a ham vaudeville team, Bing Crosby as a crooner who wins Oakie's girl, and Harry Green as a manager with troubles. It has pep and catchy tunes, but its plot has gray hair. (Par.).

Walls of Gold—A trite story of a poor girl who breaks with a boy-friend, impulsively marries a rich man, and tries to stick by her bargain. Sally Eilers wasted her talents on this one. (Fox).

The Way to Love—Maurice Chevalier, who could marry a homely lass with a dowry, falls in love with gipsy Ann Dvorak, instead, and wants to become a Parisian guide. The story is the slimmest he has had yet, but he is still Chevalier. (Par.).

White Woman—Charles Laughton, ruthless overseer of a jungle rubber domain, makes the mistake of importing Carole Lombard, whose seductive femininity causes trouble aplenty. Old-style melodrama, with Laughton vividly brutal. (Par.)

Wild Boys of the Road—A dramatic glimpse of the thousands of homeless, jobless youths of to-day, who are vagabonds from necessity, not desire. Frankie Darro, Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan typify them vividly. (F. N.).

The World Changes—A saga of a young pioneer of the Middle West who grows wealthy and old, but never loses sight of what made pioneers the men they were. Paul Muni delivers another great performance, in a strong story that weakens and goes melodramatic only toward the end. (F. N.).

The Worst Woman In Paris?—That's what everyone asks about Benita Hume, good companion of Adolphe Menjou, until she gets away from it all, becomes "the best woman in Kansas" to Harvey Stephens, and then—but you'll have to see this smart, ironical comedy for yourself! (Fox).

How lovely CONSTANCE BENNETT'S hands are! Shown with Gilbert Roland in RKO's film, "After Tonight."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. Delicate, light . . . liquefies instantly, floats out dirt . . . 10c, 40c, 65c.

Lovely Women

(*above*) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.

(*above*) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. Enroute to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film test was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.

(*above*) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

(*right*) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.

(*left*) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TEETH LIKE THEIRS

. . . WHITER, MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Among the more than two million women who have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste from other brands are many professional beauties.

These girls find that Listerine Tooth Paste makes their teeth look whiter, gives teeth a brilliance not obtainable from old-type dentifrices.

Listerine Tooth Paste has proved again and again that it does "bring out" the naturally beautiful lustre of tooth enamel. It works wonders even with teeth that seem to be "off color."

A special polishing ingredient . . . far softer than enamel . . . perfectly safe . . . removes the dingy film-coats with but little brushing. Stains yield to it with surprising speed.

There is a refreshing mouth effect from using Listerine Tooth Paste which also accounts for the favor it finds. You are conscious of a sweet, pure breath after using. Gums seem firmer and healthier.

Is it any wonder, in view of these results, that women by thousands are changing from old-type dentifrices to this? Some of these former brands cost fully twice as much as Listerine Tooth Paste. Yet at 50¢ and even more they accomplish no more than this generous tube which is never priced higher than 25¢, often less.

Heed the trend. If so many women find Listerine Tooth Paste helps them, you may find it will do wonders for you. See if proper care can give you "teeth like an artist model's." It is worth a trial. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢

CLARA DOESN'T NEED A BARKER!

Like Mae West in "I'm No Angel," Clara Bow has that carnival spirit—and will have the yokels goggle-eyed when she dances in "Hoopla." But she isn't out to rival Mae. Clara, the girl who first made the world sex-appeal-conscious, is no one if not her fiery self! She bewares of imitations

THREE FIGHTING FACES

There isn't a woman in the cast of "The Lost Patrol"—which is as it should be in a war picture. These particular men-without-women are lost in Arabia, battling the Riffs. Victor McLaglen is a sergeant, willing to die fighting. Reginald Denny (top left) is as cool as the heat allows, but Boris Karloff (above) goes mad

Portraits by Bachrach

The American beauties usually leave it to the foreign stars to be exotic—but not Carole. The former Mack Sennett girl can rival any of them! A flower of the tropics in "White Woman," she will next co-star with George Raft, no less, in "All of Me"

CAROLE LOMBARD

ROME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

Eddie Cantor admits that much, right at the beginning of "Roman Scandals"—so you won't think that the only reason Rome burned was because the Emperor had a monopoly on the beauties. But what Emperor ever had such charmers as those Goldwyn Girls (left)? Or ever saw a Venus-at-the-Bath like the fair-haired lass below?

For the first time since Ziegfeld glorified them both, Ruth Etting (above) is playing with Eddie Cantor—in "Roman Scandals." Also, though she has made many musical "shorts," this is her first feature picture. She gets herself a soft berth as mistress of the Emperor (Edward Arnold) and then sings, "No More Love!"

Once a year, and once only, does Eddie Cantor add to the gaiety of nations. But that annual musical comedy of his is an event—just as Ziegfeld's "Follies" used to be, only more so. In "Roman Scandals," his fourth, he happens on a town named West Rome, Oklahoma, and dreams a mad, musical dream of being an old Roman-cen

Gloria Stuart (top right) is a British princess who's prisoner in the palace —where beauties aren't always statuesque (like the one above and the trio at top left) —until Eddie and David Manners come along. Eddie smuggles himself in as a black guard, only to find that blondes eat up chocolate soldiers!

CHARLOTTE HENRY

Even if we didn't tell you, you'd know who this little girl is. She is Tenniel's drawings for Lewis Carroll's famous fantasy, "Alice in Wonderland," come to life on the screen! It was because of that resemblance that Charlotte, nineteen years old, just five feet tall and a natural blonde, was chosen over seven thousand candidates to be the wide-eyed little girl who walked through a looking-glass and became the happiest being alive. Which Charlotte, now famous, also is in real life!

Portraits by Richee

BRIGHT AND BRITISH

Will Rogers wants to watch out —and Zasu Pitts, too—or the girl at the right will steal "Mr. Skitch" away from both of them. Florence Desmond is a born mimic, famous in England for her take-offs of any star you care to mention. A girl that clever ought to go places on the screen—even in her first picture! Margaret Lindsay (below), another bright Britisher, has not had an idle day since she acted out the most memorable scene of "Cavalcade"—the one on the doomed S. S. Titanic. It's straight "From Headquarters" that Margaret is going with the intention of capturing "Lady-Killer" J. Cagney.

JOAN CRAWFORD AND FRANCHOT TONE

Love, it is said, is two-thirds exquisite pain and one-third peace—and it looks as if Joan and Franchot know all about the peace part. They register idealism so powerfully that it can't all be just make-believe. And it doesn't seem possible that Joan could ever look at another man—not like this. But Clark Gable is also in "Dancing Lady"!

as presented by WANAMAKER'S, New York, with the special caution: "Wash lingerie with IVORY FLAKES"

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors go — silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap
99 44/100 % Pure

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving — like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

The *Crime* of the Day in Hollywood

What are the Nice Nellies trying to do to Mae West—take away her gusto, her glamour, her frankness, her healthy sexiness? It certainly seems so. And isn't that a crime?

Are they trying to make a Puritan out of Mae West, as the composite photo at the left does? If they are, isn't it a crime?

Or are they trying to make Mae an *Alice in Wonderland*, as above?

WHAT'S this? *Are* they trying to make a lady out of the down-to-earth all-American charmer who "done him wrong" and was "no angel"? *Are* they trying to pose *Lady Lou* in a kitchen, with a bungalow apron around her seductive waist? *Are* they trying to make us believe that when Mae West says, "Come up 'n' see me sometime," she really means to drop in and have a cup of tea with her while she tats? If they are, it's a crime—the crime of the day in Hollywood.

The day before this story was written, the edict went forth that Mae is to be presented to the world "as she really is, a retiring type of individual, rather than allow the fans to get the impression that in real life she approximates the type of character she portrays." Alas and alack, if the fans get *that* impression, the most glamourous and the most gaudy woman in the world to-day will step back into the ranks of "just another blonde"!

A startling personality whose first starring picture netted three million dollars—how dare they try to process her, to put her through the old, old publicity mill that turns out hokum by the yard? Are they really going to try to censor all the interviews she gives, to curtail her actions, to daintify her? When they do, IF they do, murder will have been done.

If Mae West goes Pollyannaish, she is ruined. There are sweet young ingénues on the screen who find it a wise policy, off the screen, to choose their words carefully and to prune their actions with manicuring scissors. Mae's off-screen remarks to date have been as spontaneous as she can make her screen remarks seem, and off-screen she has been as inde-

BY GLADYS HALL

How did Mae West set the world on fire? By daring to be frankly world-wise, by daring to have curves and show them—as above! But what is Hollywood trying to do—make her a Pollyanna in a bungalow apron (as in composite photo, top) or have her play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (as in composite photo, center)? Won't they let the most natural woman in the world to-day stay natural?

pendent as in any rôle —and, as such, *she* has been magnificent.

If they "pretty up" Mae West, they will murder a three-million-dollar personality with a platitude. If Mae agrees to the prissying process, she will commit suicide with a slogan. Sex, unashamed and unabashed, has built her into her present international fame and delighted favor. Prudery will slaughter her. To take a living, breathing lureful lady like Mae and put copy-book maxims into her mouth would be more than a crime. Yet this seems to be what they are trying to do to her.

How Mae Won Her Fame

TO MAE—who made her enormous reputation, who earned her terrific vogue, her veritable avalanche of fame and fervor from all points of the globe on the very basis that her shows were closed in New York because they said unsayable things and did undoable things. Mae, who went to jail and came out of it a bigger personality, more boisterously known than before she went into it. Mae, who, if she isn't The Queen of Sex off the screen, *ought* to be, as much as a Follies girl ought to have a millionaire, a penthouse and a tabloid scandal.

(*Continued on page 70*)

What Are *Your* Chances in Film Fame Contests?

NOW that film producers are frantically searching the land, high, low and midway for screen talent, and staging countless contests as a means of discovering it, beware, all you who have been bitten by the movie bug!

The goblins may get you whether you watch out or not. If you win, you'll probably lose. And if you lose, you're likely to lose more than your chance, your shirt, and your happy home. But whatever you do, tread warily, with your eyes open and the location of the nearest exit in mind.

Yet contests and talent searches have ceased to be a joke. Inspired by the screen's new and powerful urge to discover fresh stellar talent, this vast movement has grown out of proportion and control. A recent twelve-month period brought one hundred and ninety-two movie contests and talent-searches worth little or nothing to Hollywood. Approximately twenty-one hundred "winners" came to Hollywood, and with them several times that number of "near-winners" financing their own trips.

More than eleven million competitors in America and twenty-eight million in the world took part. A single contest is said to have received entries from four million, six hundred and forty thousand girls, with the typical middle-sized city which produced one of the winners, Nashville, registering 23,400! There are literally millions of disappointed contest entrants—entrants who have dreamed of fame and wealth and all that wealth and fame can bring.

No Star Discovered Yet

BUT to date, the far-reaching searches for Lion Men and Panther Women, "Poisonous" Blondes and Golden Blondes, Sexacious Redheads and Curvacious Models, a Statuesque Venus and Piquant Chorus

Above, Harriette Lake, of Broadway, who won a big screen break when Columbia couldn't find an "unknown blonde" worthy of stardom in "Let's Fall in Love." Left, the finalists in RKO's "Miss Blonde Poison" contest—won by Jean Connors (center). Below, Paramount's promising "Panther Women"—Gail Patrick, Verna Hillie, Kathleen Burke and Lona Andre

What the Contest-Winner May Lose

1. All chances of film success.
2. Home ties, friends, sweethearts.
3. Money for extra expenses and wardrobe.
4. Time from education or work.
5. Illusions, faith, confidence and health.
6. Desire to follow a normal human existence.
7. Contentment and satisfaction with life.
8. Pride, aggressiveness and self-respect.
9. Ability to go home admitting defeat.
10. Courage to go on with life.

EVEN IF YOU WIN, YOU MAY LOSE · · · · AND

By
JAY
BRIEN
CHAPMAN

Right, the eight contest - winners who have a screen chance in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Below, seven winners in the international "Search for Beauty" contest. How many of these fifteen girls will become famous?

Foto News Pictures

What the Contest-LOSER May Lose

1. Faith in the squareness of fellow-humans.
2. Money spent on photographs, clothes, etc.
3. A million dollars' worth of high hopes.
4. Friendship for the folks who say "I told you so!"
5. Contentment with humdrum life.
6. Confidence in his or her ability.
7. Pride, poise, and social ease.
8. Mates or sweethearts neglected while trying to win.
9. Health, broken through strain, anxiety and humiliation.
10. Caste, in conservative business and social circles.

Girls, All-American Girls, Mae West Women and Garbo Girls, French Harlows and Spanish-American Sirens, the Cuban Cleopatra and the Harlem Hotsy-tot, Alice in Wonderland and Beauties of Both Sexes, Lucky Unknowns, Junior Star Climbers and others, have failed to discover for the screen a single outstanding stellar bet!

And the worst of the contest situation is that their appeal is to the "unknown" boys and girls from small towns and in school, rather than to the professional actors, who are accustomed to disappointment, and hard-boiled about their chances of success. But the discovery that they have more ambition than ability is a bitter one for beginners—who usually aren't prepared for it.

What happens when the high hopes of these inexperienced "unknowns" are dashed, a casual glance over the stack of newspaper clippings before me shows:

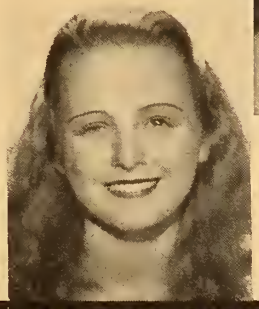
"WIFE DISAPPEARS" is the heading of a brief item. She entered a contest, took a film test against her husband's advice, was eliminated in an early round, and evidently in disgust and humiliation, left her home, her husband and her three-year-old daughter!

Another: "Hollywood police to-day were asked to locate M— L— S—, 22, of P—, Ark., who came to the film capital to carve herself a screen career . . ." Another: "CONTEST LOSER SUICIDE." And another: "Divorcing his wife because 'a film test had turned her head and caused her to neglect her home,' C. E. N—. . . ."

Naturally, only a few of these little dramas ever see print. Various estimates

(*Continued on page 72*)

Diaz



Above, Jacqueline Doret, "the most beautiful blonde in Paris." Left, Charlotte Henry, winner of "Alice in Wonderland" rôle.

IF YOU LOSE, YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Shalitt

Ernst Lubitsch (left), famous German director who has taken out American citizenship papers, sees failure ahead for Hitler's plan to make all-German pictures. "Art is not a matter of geography," he says

Dyar

Marlene Dietrich (above) is staying in Hollywood as long as she is in films, she says. Lilian Harvey (left) "can't" leave because of a long-term contract

HITLER DEMANDS *Return* of GERMAN STARS!

IN Berlin, a little man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache has lifted his hand in a dramatic gesture and the shadow of that hand has fallen upon Hollywood, six thousand miles away—upon stars, producers, directors, writers. German film celebrities of "pure Aryan" blood, so the word came, were to be recalled by Adolf Hitler, to take their patriotic part in the cultural rebirth of the Fatherland, and to save an industry almost completely wrecked by the removal of those not of "pure Aryan" blood. No Germanic stars or directors now working in their own country would be allowed to leave.

Translated, this is the warning: "It is proposed to make further work in Germany impossible for such Aryan film workers who remain abroad beyond their present contractual obligations or who go abroad now, thereby showing they are not interested in the great cultural upbuilding of Germany or are even sabotaging it.

"It is considered unpatriotic—yes, even as treason to the country—if now, in the midst of the great work of upbuilding in the German film world, German artists combine abroad with film companies or film workers who either emigrated from Germany as non-Aryans or who are hostile to Germany or participate in agitation against Germany.

"*The new Germany will turn with all the means at its disposal against such economic and ideological traitors.*"

This (and the italics are ours) sounds like more than a warning; this sounds like a veiled threat.

Edict Postpones Lilian's Wedding

THE tears of a blonde picture actress will not keep Nazi leaders awake nights, but Hollywood knows that Adolf's orders will mean the postponement of Lilian Harvey's marriage to Willy Fritsch which, she confided to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE recently, was to take place late this year. Every day, Lilian talks by transatlantic telephone to Willy. She talks from a sixty-thousand-dollar dressing-room bungalow, at many dollars a minute, but the words she says are those of any girl, talking to the man with whom she has been in love for years. (And some say they are already married.)

Six thousand miles away, the Nazi leader is reaching out to get back the German stars in American films—stars like Marlene Dietrich, Lilian Harvey, Dorothea Wieck. They are WARNED to return. Will they go—or stay right here?

Dorothea Wieck (right), of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, is not breaking her new Hollywood contract

Acme

"Traitors!" That is what Adolf Hitler (left) calls German stars who are voluntary exiles

"Now—it looks as though our plans were spoiled," she told me, making a gesture of despair. On her third finger was an unbelievably enormous diamond solitaire. "He won't be able to leave. He's their greatest musical comedy star, you know. And I can't get away here, because of my contract, so it seems pretty hopeless for us, for awhile . . . ."

But why, if Fritsch is not allowed to leave Germany, doesn't Lilian go to Berlin to marry him? The studio plans to make a three-language picture with her in Paris this Fall, and Paris is overnight from Berlin, which regards Lilian Harvey as its own star. English by birth, she made her fame at the famous UFA studios in Germany, and she owns a beautiful home there. When she left Berlin for her long-delayed Hollywood contract, press and public protested wildly at losing their darling. *Is Lilian afraid to return to Germany under the present Nazi régime?*

She admits frankly that she doesn't want to talk about it—that she doesn't dare to talk about it. Six thousand miles from Berlin, she avoids the name of Herr Hitler—and the shadow of that electric, upflung hand touches Hollywood!

What—except fear—kept Marlene Dietrich, the most homesick of stars, away from her native land this past summer? "It is my country—naturally I must return to my own country," she has always told us. "I wish to bring up my little girl there." But through the long vacation in Europe, Marlene was a conspicuous figure in the gay rendezvous of Paris, at Deauville, on the Riviera, in Switzerland and Italy; she never ventured close to the border where the Swastika flies.

Marlene is of purest Aryan stock. Her fame, almost entirely made since she exiled herself in Hollywood, would be of the greatest value to the new national film industry of her native land and would sell German pictures to American audiences. Also, Marlene is still a citizen of Germany, traveling under its passport, answerable to its laws.

"Why didn't I travel in Germany this summer?" Marlene asks, cryptically. "Because none of the countries I was in touched on Germany." She dodges the question. And when she is asked what she thinks of Hitler and the Nazis, she answers, "I never talk politics." Why? Can even imperturbable Marlene be afraid?

The Hitlerite warning, quoted above, adds that in case "fugitive" screen notables do not heed the call of patriotism they "run the risk of being placed beside non-Aryans in the future"—and kept from ever working in pictures in their native land. They will be given only "a comparatively short period in which to return." After that—pictures that they make elsewhere will be barred from Germany. And if they still do not return, they will lay themselves open to the hated title of "non-Aryan."

However, Marlene has been called a number of names in her career and answered them all with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders. She might even be able to bear up under the "shame" of being called a "non-Aryan."

Dorothea Wieck Not Worried

DOROTHEA WIECK, the beauty of "Maedchen in Uniform" and bride of a blue-blooded Baron with the coveted "von" of the ancient German nobility in his name, has just finished work on her first Hollywood starring film.

"I have signed a contract with Paramount to remain here for five years," she says firmly. "That was a business contract, which would have to be taken into account by any German governmental agency before it considered requesting my return." There is ever the slightest stress on that "requesting." And so, magnificently unconcerned about warnings and veiled threats, the Baroness Ernst von der Decken returned to work on "Cradle Song."

Since the banning of the Jewish race from all participation in its film industry, Germany's enormous motion picture

(*Continued on page 86*)

ALICE in

With apologies to Lewis Carroll, who can't possibly object at this late date, we present a mad account of a Mad Tea Party for Charlotte Henry—in what was supposed to be Wonderland. But, of course, it really was good old Hollywood!

Left to right, *Alice*, the Publicity Department, and their guests—the White Rabbit, the Duchess, the Cheshire Cat, the Knave of Hearts, the Queen, the Dormouse, the Four Mad Hatters, the March Hare, the Mock Turtle, the Gryphon and the Caterpillar, all of whom have strangely familiar faces. Come, come! Don't you recognize them?

THERE was a terrific commotion the day *Alice* made her first public appearance. She went to the Brown Derby for tea, followed by the entire publicity department of Paramount. A large sign, hung from the ceiling of the Brown Derby, announced: "A MAD TEA PARTY THIS AFTERNOON IN HONOR OF ALICE."

Waiters scurried around, people craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the little girl, and everything was pretty much of a muchness.

"Well, well," said the publicity department, clearing its throat, "so this is Wonderland!"

"Call it whatever you want to," said *Alice*, pertly, "but it's still Hollywood, and this is the Brown Derby, 'Where the Stars Eat.' You can't fool me. I've been around here years and years, and—"

"Sh—sh! This is Wonderland," pleaded the publicity department. "You forget you've just been Discovered."

"It's Hollywood," said *Alice*.

"Wonderland," said the p. d.

"Hollywood," said *Alice*.

"We aren't getting anywhere," said the p. d., "and the faster we try to get there, the more we stay in one place. It gets curiouser and curioser."

"That PROVES it's Hollywood," said *Alice* triumphantly.

There was a long silence.

"I've got it!" suddenly shouted the p. d. "It's Wonderland because everybody's always wondering what's going to happen next."

Just then the door burst open and in rushed the White Rabbit, his ears quivering. "You wonder, I wonder. He and she wonder," he chattered, "You wonder who is getting a divorce. I wonder whom she'll marry next. He and she wonder whether their options will be taken up. I was to meet Alice here for tea and I'm afraid I'm dreadfully late. Scandal, scandal, any scandal?"

The p. d. beckoned to the White Rabbit. "Rab, this is Alice. Alice, may I present the White Rabbit?"

Alice giggled. "That's not the White Rabbit. That's W. W., the newspaper columnist."

"My dear," said the p. d., "you're only a little girl seventeen years old. You have just been Discovered. How can you say such things?"

"Oh, save all that for the public. Look at his ears!" said *Alice*, rather rudely. "And tell me how they got so big, if not from listening at keyholes, and learning things he didn't know 'til now."

"I'm just rabbit on the subject of keyholes," smirked the White Rabbit. "Scandal, scandal, scandal."

"See, I told you so," said *Alice* triumphantly, and sat down at the large table reserved for the Mad Tea Party.

"Screw your eyes around," she told the p. d., "and point me out some celebrities."

"Certainly," said the p. d., "and you can meet them, too. Now, over there are the Cheshire Cat and the March Hare. I'll bring them over."

In another minute *Alice* was bowing acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Mon Dieu," said the Cheshire Cat, with a toothsome grin, "eet ees indeed fortunate that our leetle Alice has been found at last."

BLUNDERLAND

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustration by HARRY L. TASKEY

"Don't be silly," said *Alice*, "come on out and sit down. That's only Constance Bennett. Aren't you used to her yet?"

Just then *Alice* caught sight of a familiar figure.

"Isn't that a casting director?" she asked the p. d.

"No, my child, that's the Caterpillar."

"It's a casting director," *Alice* said positively. "Ask him to come over and I'll prove it to you."

The Caterpillar came slowly over to the table.

"I'd like you to meet . . ." began the p. d.

"Yeah?" the Caterpillar said, warily.

"I'm Charlotte Henry," said *Alice*. "I just won the contest for 'Alice in Wonderland!'"

"What's your name?" said the Caterpillar.

"I just told you. My name is . . ."

"Why?"

"Why what?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" asked the Caterpillar.

"It's Charlotte Henry, and . . ."

"Not the type," said the Caterpillar, and he strolled back to his own table.

"See?" said *Alice* to the company at large.

"Where?" shouted the March Hare through his megaphone, leaping to his feet. "Is it the Red Sea? Where is it? See what? What sea? See what sea?"

"Didn't know she was lost," said the March Hare, irritably, tightening his puttees. "And where is Last? I've made pictures from the Red Sea to This Day and Age, but never have I run across that location."

"That's not the Cheshire Cat," whispered *Alice* to the p. d. "That's Maurice Chevalier. Look at his grin. And the March Hare is Cecil B. DeMille. Look at his puttees."

"My dear," said the p. d. reprovingly, "you're just a little girl, and you shouldn't know so much."

"I can't help it," said *Alice*, "I've been around . . . Oh, here's Stan Laurel."

The Queen—How She Scared Them!

"NO, it's the Dormouse," said the White Rabbit. "But never mind, he'll go to sleep immediately."

The dormouse sat down and began to snore.

"Off with his head!" cried an angry voice in the center of the room. Everybody jumped up and hid under the table.

"The Queen—the Queen—the Queen!" they whispered to each other.

Is Hollywood still Hollywood, or is it Wonderland, to Charlotte Henry—chosen from seven thousand girls to play *Alice*? This is just a guess! What's yours?

Yessed Are the Commanding

"YES," said the Cheshire Cat, shortly, and everybody joined in the chorus, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," which quieted him at once.

"Have some eggs," said the Dormouse waking up. "Eggsactly! Ha! I made a yolk!"

"Eet was a mousterpiece," the Cheshire Cat assured him.

"Off with everybody's head!" shrieked the Queen.

The group trembled. Then the March Hare struck a match and held it to the p. d.'s cigarette, whispering in his ear.

"Ah! a flame-up!" screamed the Queen.

"Aha! A love match!" whispered the White Rabbit.

(*Continued on page 71*)

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

BOTH going to Europe and returning, Marlene Dietrich shielded her 9-year-old daughter from photographers. But now she has had a change of heart. In her new picture, little Maria Sieber plays Marlene as a child!

HAVING sexified Ruth Chatterton so successfully, Warner Brothers are now trying some experimenting with Kay Francis—having cast her in "Mandalay," which was originally scheduled for Ruth. George Brent, Ruth's hubby, was retained in the leading male rôle, but with the picture just starting, did a walk-out over a salary dispute. Lyle Talbot, recovered from his recent automobile injuries, replaced him. Ruth is doing "Journal of Crime."

HAVE you noticed how the screen has been going in for biography? Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet. It seems as if half the stars in Hollywood are playing, or planning to play, queens. Garbo is *Queen Christina*, Dietrich is *Catherine, the Great*, Norma Shearer is to be *Marie Antoinette*, Katharine Hepburn, *Queen Bess* (Elizabeth, to you), and Claudette Colbert, *Cleopatra*. (And Mae West, of course, continues to be "The Queen of Sex!") Edward G. Robinson is about to reveal "Napoleon: His Life and Loves." The Little Corporal will also be in "The House of Rothschild," George Arliss' first picture for Twentieth Century, in which he'll play a dual biographical rôle. And over in England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing *Czar Peter, the 3rd.*

John Barrymore set a record of some sort when he completed his rôle in "Counsellor-at-Law" in two weeks flat. He and Doris Kenyon—who has just consulted a real-life lawyer about a divorce—studied their lines together, which explains it!

MAYBE you'll be disappointed, but Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore are not to play together again, after all, in "Break of Hearts." There was story trouble, and it has been shelved. Instead, John is making "Long-Lost Father," with Helen Chandler returning to big-time rôles as his daughter. Katharine, meanwhile, is becoming a fiery mountain lass—getting away, temporarily, from dressed-up and sophisticated rôles—in "Trigger," with Ralph Bellamy as her engineer lover. It looks as if a cycle of them thar hill stories is coming. Jean Parker is a mountain maiden, too, in "Little Wild Birds."

John, by the way, is getting around to his long-cherished plan of presenting "Hamlet" in the Hollywood Bowl. Helen Chandler will be his *Ophelia*.

SOME favorites longmissing from the screen are now coming back in a big way. Conway Tearle, whose suave love-making once kept the movies going, returned in "Day of Reckoning," with Richard Dix. And now June Collyer, who left the screen when she married Stuart Erwin, is returning in the leading feminine rôle in "House of Murder." And Lenore Ulric, who hasn't been seen on the screen since "South Sea Rose," is rushing out to Hollywood as soon as her Broadway play closes.

DeVou

Did you see Helen Twelvetrees, garbed thus, do the rhumba in "My Woman"? Ah, how the limbs of the Twelvetrees shook! Now, she's proving herself as dangerous to Chester Morris as he is dangerous to women in "King for a Night"

AND over in England, also, Leslie Howard is playing *Shakespeare* in "This Side Idolatry," a stage hit. Its success may hold him there some time—and Paul Muni may win by default the toss-up as to which would bring "Anthony Adverse" to the screen.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

WHAT'S all the shouting for—we mean, about movie salaries? Washington thinks they are too high; Hollywood thinks they aren't. Two producers say that if movie salaries are curbed, the days of slavery will be back. Another producer attacks them for *their* attack on the NRA. It's safe to assume that Washington had some good reason for wanting salaries reduced, besides the fact that present wages might breed unrest in hard-up localities. Has Washington seen the ledgers of the film companies that have struggles to show profits to stockholders? The "inside" word is that Washington has. And these stars who have demanded maintenance of present salary levels must have seen the same thing—for when they're big enough to demand percentages of the earnings of their pictures, they demand percentages of the gross receipts, not of the profits. For, all too often, there aren't many profits! Anyway, the fight has afforded the unique sight of stars "protecting the rights of extras," whose wages *can't* be reduced much!

In this day of curvacious figures, take note of Clara Bow, who intends to out-West Mae herself in "Hoopla," the talkie version of "The Barker." The lady on the left is Minna Gombell

PRODUCERS Darryl Zanuck and William Goetz and their wives have thought up something new in Hollywood parties—one in which guests come in costumes like those worn in some recent costume picture. The idea has amusing possibilities. (And it's good for plenty of publicity for the picture!) The Zanucks and Goetzes recently gave a "Bowery" Ball—and everyone came in brash 1890 fashions. And guess who was the belle of the ball? Constance Cummings' new husband, playwright Benn W. Levy! He and Connie arrived on a tandem bicycle, dressed exactly alike in the tights and aigrettes of 1890 soubrettes. Plentiful padding gave them both the most voluptuous curves! George Raft, as *Steve Brodie*, was the best dancer on the floor. Jean Harlow, as a bathing girl of the Nineties, was the prettiest girl there. Lilyan Tashman, as usual, was the "best-dressed"—in pink ruffled tulle and plumed hat.

When you see "Smoky," you'll be charmed by the romantic carryings-on of Victor Jory and Irene Bentley, whose dental smile is a winner

THIS Max Baer must be good! The handsome young boxer did his thespiantics so well in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" (in which Myrna Loy is the Lady) that he has been rushed into "The Hollywood Party" before Jack Dempsey can rush him away, back to the ring. . . . And another newcomer who must have something is Russ Columbo, who once was a "ghost singer" for several stars in the early days of the talkies, went off to New York and became radio-famous, and now has come back, in triumph, to give Bing Crosby some screen competition. In "Broadway Through a Keyhole," he even wins the gal! Now he's in "Moulin Rouge," Constance Bennett's first musical picture. . . . But probably the most unusual newcomers of the year are the puppeteers of Teatro dei Piccoli, who will make their screen bow prominently in that mad Lilian Harvey fantasy, "I Am Suzanne." . . . Director Frank Lloyd, of "Cavalcade" fame, has a daughter named Alma—and Alma, seeing Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, get a screen chance, tried a screen test, too. You'll see her in "Jimmy and Sally."

Bull

Garbo as a child? No indeed, it's Cora Sue Collins, personally chosen by Greta, to portray *Queen Christina's* childhood

DID you get an earful of Charlie Chaplin's heavy English accent in his recent "Buy Now" radio talk?

WITH Christmas almost here, Hollywood is wondering: Will Douglas Fairbanks rush back to Pickfair, and will there be a reconciliation with Mary Pickford? Twice, he has rushed home from abroad for Christmas, and the betting is even that he will again!

It looks as if Jack Oakie at last wins The Girl (Thelma Todd), in "We're Sitting Pretty." And about time, says Jack!

ONE of the most unexpected friendships of Hollywood (which is always developing them) is that of Mae West and Mary Pickford, who was once quoted as saying that she was crazy about Mae "because she's so lowdown." Mary intended it as a compliment. Mae's new picture, "It Ain't No Sin," is to have a Mississippi River background—and Mary has written a scene for it. If you can imagine Mary writing a scene that would fit Mae! But Mary is versatile. Hasn't she just written the libretto for an operetta for Grace Moore?

Incidentally, if it's true that Mae is reducing—she goes to the Paramount gym every day—it's a great pity. We have enough hungry-looking stars as it is. But Mae quipped to newspapermen, "I'm not trying to remove my hips. I'm going to keep on moving them as before—from side to side."

Mae and Mary have both recently been made Kentucky colonels. Col. West says of Gov. Ruby Laffoon, "I guess he wants me to help him keep his troops under control. When do I get my uniform?"

WARNER BAXTER is building a new house that will be run by electricity. Everything is done by pressing buttons. He drew the plans, himself, after ten years of noticing the faults in others' houses. He's even going to have an electric grill concealed in the living room!

PROMINENT in the cast of "Broadway Through a Keyhole" is the name of Paul Kelly. After a lapse of six years, this talented young actor is back. The promising boy, whose career was interrupted by tragedy and prison, is a man now, with a controlled face and rather grim lips. He would not come back under any other name, would not try to disguise his identity—hoping that the world would be ready to judge him as an actor, and leave the past alone. At first various self-styled "reformers" tried to prevent his comeback. Now, in the name of fair play, we urge—let Paul Kelly win back his career! And a remarkable career it promises to be, judging by this picture.

A COUPLE of pages back, we spoke of the new screen cycle of mountaineer stories. We should have added "Comin' Round the Mountain," which brings May Robson and Polly Moran together as co-stars. Also, as you probably have gathered, there is a Queen cycle in progress. And ever since "She Done Him Wrong," you have witnessed a Naughty Nineties cycle. Everything in Movietown moves in cycles. But none seems to last like the thriller cycle. Year in and year out, thrillers are good audience-catchers. And there is one on the way now that has the most intriguing title of the month—namely, "Seven Lives Were Changed," featuring Heather Angel and Norman Foster. Other new ones are the aforementioned "House of Murder," "Fog" (featuring Mary Brian and Donald Cook) and "Sleepers East" (featuring Wynne Gibson). And your old friend, Boris Karloff, is about to do "The Return of Frankenstein," not to mention "A Trip to Mars." Speaking of cycles, no one can overlook the musical cycle. Columbia, the last studio to be convinced that musicals have come back to stay, has now fallen in line with "Let's Fall in Love," which will bring Harriette Lake back from Broadway as a star!

HOLLYWOOD, which has not yet had any famous results from its recent talent contests, has not given up hope of doing so. King Vidor, famous director of "The Crowd," "The Champ" and "Street Scene," is out to find "some unknown high-school girl" with talent, if not acting experience, to star in "Give Us the Right to Live," which Vidor wrote, himself. He intends it as a powerful drama of the problems that face illegitimate children, and is producing it for RKO. It was an unknown that Vidor boosted to stardom in "The Crowd"—James Murray.

THAT Gloria Stuart-Gordon Newell "separation" was all right in theory. She had an apartment and her artist-hubby had a house in Toluca Lake. But drop in almost any evening at Gloria's—late—and there is Gordon, making himself at home. We taxed her with having a "gag" separation, but it seems they get a kick out of clandestine meetings that is lacking in staid domesticity. All the thrills of stolen romance!

As *Philo Vance*, William Powell has developed a keen eye for details that others might miss. And with Glenda Farrell up a studio ladder (why?), he's not getting out of practice

THELMA TODD DE CICCO is very angry at some columnist who hinted she was "blessed eventing." Billie Dove Kenaston is delighted to confirm the report about herself. So is Joan Bennett Markey.

JEAN HARLOW, recovered from the appendicitis operation that postponed her Hawaiian honeymoon, and her new husband, cameraman Harold Rosson, have moved out of her equally new Georgian mansion to a love nest in one of Hollywood's smart apartment buildings. Imagine leaving the three iceless ice boxes, just to mention one thing! We understand that she deeded the new house to her mother "as a birthday gift." Sally Eilers and *her* new husband, director Harry Joe Brown, are also apartmenting. Sally received the blessing of her former husband, Hoot Gibson, on her marriage—and was linen-showered *after* her "elopement." Which proves Sally's popularity!

Another young modern goes old-fashioned-Gloria Stuart, dressed up in 1860 style for "Beloved," in which, with John Boles, she will gracefully grow old

WE enjoy asking you questions about the stars, testing your knowledge of their newsy doings off the screen. (See the Gossip Test, Page 10; and Ten Baffling Questions, Page 56.) Now, in addition, how would you like to test your knowledge of what is happening in a movie way in Hollywood? Try these ten questions, and if you're "stumped" by any of them (which you shouldn't be, if you know your movies), you'll find the answers on page 81:

1. What colorful hit of silent days is now to be remade as a talkie and what star will sing in it?
2. What does "Bolero" mean, and what star will play in a picture of that name?
3. What other recent "best-seller" besides "Anthony Adverse" is about to be filmed?
4. What are the three newest all-star pictures—all of them musical?
5. In what picture is this débutante business of society going to be exposed?
6. The imminent co-starring of what two famous personalities was never anticipated by Hollywood?
7. What is the name of the Silly Symphony that will be Walt Disney's Christmas present to young (and old) America?
8. What star at a rival studio would Jesse Lasky like to "borrow" to play Pavlowa, the famous dancer, in "Flight of the Swan"?
9. With whom is Diana Wynyard scheduled to play, now that she is back from England?
10. Who is going to play opposite Chevalier in "The Merry Widow" and who is going to direct him?

Bachrach

Put yourself in Joel McCrea's place—and you'd grin, too. Even though he is a brand-new bridegroom (ah there, Frances Dee!), girls still pursue him. At least, Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers do, in "Chance at Heaven"

EMIL LUDWIG, famous German biographer of Napoleon, Lincoln, Goethe and Bismarck and now an exile from Hitler Land, was brought to Hollywood to prepare the screen version of "Napoleon: His Life and Loves" for Edward G. Robinson. A fast worker, he was finished in a few weeks and en route back to his home in Switzerland. Leaving, he was asked which screen personality had most interested him. Enthusiastically, he named Charlie Chaplin, who, "because of his complex nature, is a most difficult man to understand. It would require a long time to know him thoroughly." He added that he would like to write a book about him, but would need "a long time to study him." If the book is ever written, it will be the first portrait of a movie star by a world-famous biographer.

Ludwig summed up his impression of Hollywood in three vivid sentences: "In Hollywood I found the place worse, and the people better, than I expected. I found four continents here. The intrigues as in Europe; the salaries as in Asia; the desert heat as in Africa; only the hospitality is American."

EARLY in the Fall, Lupe Velez told one of our writers, "I shall not marry while I am still on the screen. You can bet on that. I have seen too many Hollywood marriages fail." We deleted the statement from the interview. We're getting skeptical about these "positive denials" from stars anent marriage or

(*Continued on page 69*)

Did you ever try to take a close-up of yourself? Well, even movie stars have that urge—as Dick Powell proves. And his results are going to be like yours!

You Don't Know Acting Till You Know LAUGHTON

If you saw him as *Henry, the VIIIth,* you won't miss this word-picture of Charles Laughton. If you didn't see that performance, all the more reason why you should find out all about him. For there's only one Laughton—and here he is!

By CRUIKSHANK

A TOAD with a jewel in its forehead—Charles Laughton with the gem of rarest genius on his brow. From Buster Keaton to Rudolph Valentino, from Louise Fazenda to Marlene Dietrich, from Jackie Coogan to Jackie Cooper, here is the most remarkable man, woman or child ever to startle the cinema. And Charles Laughton is all three in one—man, woman and child. He is of all ages, all sexes, so much a super-being that, for all his humanity, he ceases to be human. He is a luminous mass of ectoplasm, fluid life that flows from one character into another before your very eyes. And without the aid of mirrors.

Who else could have played *Henry, the VIIIth,* as Charles Laughton did?

Tunbridge—London

Before its release, he saw the Mae West picture, and was regaling a group less fortunate with some of its moments. In a second he was no longer Laughton, but the undulating, seductive, suggestive West, slithering syllables from tantalizing lips: "A penny for your thoughts"—"I know just how you feel"—"Put yourself in my place."

He described the scene in which the yokels gaze at Mae, the cooch-hoocher. "Look," he said, "I'll show you." He passed his hand over the massive, putty face in which his small eyes blaze, and when it came away, there sat a lecherous, sex-starved, drooling peasant, a bestial clod flaming evilly.

The conversation shifted to his latest masterpiece, "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth." He wished to explain a scene. Leaping to his feet, he strode the floor, and when he turned, there, by all the gods, stood a King! *Henry,* Mae West, *Nero* or *Dr. Moreau*—he is all of them. If he ever plays Garbo or Hamlet, Baby LeRoy or Humpty-Dumpty, Dromeo or Romeo, either end of the horse, his portrayal will be a demonstration of histrionic pyrotechnics unequalled on the screen, and seldom paralleled in the age-old history of the theatre. The word "genius" is lightly used among the superlatives of the cinema. But here is one who doesn't need its distinguishment. He lends its meaning distinction.

Get him in close-up, in profile, in all dimensions, as well as words, which can tell what eyes have seen. They say his height is five feet eleven. He doesn't look within two inches of it. So round-shouldered that his back is a bow, he loses altitude in a stoop. But it isn't a stiff, bony arch. Rather, he suggests that there is no spine; indeed, his whole body is such that it might be devoid of bony structure. His flesh seems to cover no skeleton—it is a jelly-like mass. Yet the man is possessed of prodigious strength, tremendous physical power. His friendly slap on the back has caused more than one Hollywood recipient to fear for the safety of a vertebra.

His legs seem short, but the trousers that flap about them are even shorter, and beneath them loose sox hang over shoe tops as sloppily as those of any collegiate sophomore. These legs of his are rubber. He folds them under him, or stretches them before. It wouldn't occasion surprise if he casually draped one around his neck—a short, thick neck over which long, unkempt hair hangs unbarbered.

His hands—white, pudgy, almost dimpled—are constantly in action, and in their restlessness are as graceful

(*Continued on page 66*)

Spurr

There isn't an emotion that Laughton can't express with his eyes and lips. That's acting!

Charlie Chaplin (left), who put up the money, thinks that his ex-wife, Lita Grey Chaplin (right), was extravagant in spending $1,500 a month on their two sons—Charles, Jr., 8 (right, below), and Sydney Earl, 7. Lita disagrees. Meanwhile, the two talented boys seem totally unspoiled

Wide World

Chaplin's Sons —Poor Little Rich Boys?

How much money, at the most, should be spent each month on a movie millionaire's children? Lita Grey Chaplin, Charlie's divorced wife, spent $750 a month for twenty-two months on each of their two sons. Charlie protested, and a court cut the allowance to $350 a month. Here Lita defends all of her expenditures!

By Edwin Schallert

Is $1,500 a month too much to spend upon the upbringing, the welfare and the pleasure of two children of a celebrated movie parent? Lita Grey Chaplin says "No," and says it emphatically. But Charlie Chaplin, her divorced husband, contends that such a scale of living as indicated by the figure mentioned is out of all reason. And he feels that he has a right to object legally, even though the two boys—Charles, Jr., 8, and Sydney Earl, 7—are in the custody of their mother, for he is the one who has to put up the money.

Much has been heard from time to time about the Chaplin children, and the money necessary for their living expenses. Every year the figures on expenditures seem to get an airing publicly. From time to time Mrs. Chaplin is haled into court to explain and justify the outlays. Storms ever seem to overhang the finances of the Chaplin heirs.

Recently, the young Latin-type mother of the boys was called upon for her fifth annual accounting of her custody of the children. She had to explain why she spent nearly $34,000 on them in twenty-two months. She became hysterical during the trial, shook her tiny fist in the face of the opposing attorneys, was so disturbed that a recess had to be called during the proceedings, and generally lent a lot of excitement to what might otherwise have been a dry recital of figures and facts, which included a $686.25 item for guard protection for the two children.

Chaplin, himself, wasn't present. He hates courts, anyway, and he didn't have to do any testifying. His attorneys were there to challenge the slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, who made known time and again that she couldn't keep a mass of bookkeeping details in her head, and who cried that it was an outrage for Chaplin to bring her into court upon slight provocation, that he didn't have the boys' well-being at heart, and that expenses soared because of the necessity for paying attorneys' fees.

Judge Reduced the Allowances

LITA was fearfully stirred up, and the impression went forth that she was more overwrought than necessary.

(*Continued on page 74*)

By GLADYS HALL

SECRETS *of the* STARS

2. CLARK GABLE tells something about himself that has never been revealed before—the story of the three days when he was a victim of amnesia, and the big effect that his dimly-remembered adventure has had on him!

Don't miss this story about Clark Gable—the second in MOTION PICTURE'S sensational "surprise stories" about stars. It is a journalistic "scoop"—an exclusive interview in which he reveals a carefully-kept "secret," tells a dramatic story out of his past that has never been told before. He has sworn, before a notary, that it has never before been published. Read it and learn something new about Gable. And then—remember that *each* month MOTION PICTURE is bringing you new self-revelations from the biggest stars of the screen!—*Editor.*

CLARK GABLE said, "In 1929 I lost three days out of my life—and this is a story I've always sworn I would never tell. Partly because I was afraid I wouldn't be believed, and partly because it has a certain funny sacredness to me. But you want an untold story, and this is the biggest one I've got.

"For three days in the year 1929, *I was a victim of amnesia.* For three days, I was a stranger in a strange city. I had no name. I had no identity. I had neither friends nor family nor background. I didn't know where I had come from, where I was going or who I was. I wasn't an actor. I wasn't anyone. I was completely submerged in a sea of anonymity.

"I'm not sure where I spent those three days. I mean, I couldn't locate the address. I don't know the names of the people I stayed with. But I do know that those days affected me more deeply than any other experience of my life. Even though I can remember only part of it, I still remember enough to have it influence me as nothing else ever has. *Because in those three days that I lost out of my life, I found myself.*

Why He Has Feared Disbelief

"WHEN I say that I've been afraid no one would believe this story, I don't mean that people wouldn't believe I had amnesia. That happens in the best of families. You read in the papers frequently about such cases. But I have been

(*Continued on page 76*)

NORMA SHEARER

Does it seem possible that it was in October, 1932, that Norma's last picture, "Smilin' Through," was released? But who has forgotten her? Who COULD forget her? When she took a leave of absence to minister to her ill husband, Irving Thalberg, she proved—if it needed proving—that her marriage means more to her than her career. And the world, much as it missed her, cheered. It kept on cheering, a bit wistfully, as Norma accompanied Irving on a long health "vacation" in Europe. They were gone so long that there were rumors that both were retiring from films. But now they are back—and Norma is to make "Rip Tide" (with her old friend, Robert Montgomery) and "Marie Antoinette." And, she smiles, her husband will be her producer!

Neat Young Things For Sweet Young Things

Ruby Keeler's smort three-piece costume (obove) is of block cordonna crêpe with o blouse of apple green crêpe, shot with gold metol polka-dots. Tabs of the scorf, which serves os o sort of collor on the blouse, are drown through the lorge lopel eyelets

The new gowns creoted for the Winter seoson seem to borrow lines from the old-foshioned modes, like Thelmo Todd's stunning block velvet gown (right) with its troin ond loce bodice. Thelma weors the black wig in "Son of o Soilor." Jeon Muir, obove, is weoring o black velvet skirt, metallic blouse with gold coin dots, ond motching tilted picture hot

The street dress of Chinese red crêpe, which Bette Davis has on at the left, is the perfect dress for wear under your fur coat, as well as without a coat. The bertha-type collar and the peplums are trimmed with silk braid. All of Bette's accessories are black, except for the red feather fancy that adorns her small hat

The combination of crêpe and velvet in the mulberry-colored gown below gives the youthful and demure Patricia Ellis an air of sophistication. The high neckline is slit in the back and has a large, floppy velvet bow in front. It has cape sleeves over the long tight ones, and the skirt brings back the old-fashioned petticoat flounce, which is pleated velvet

The gown worn by Bette Davis above is the type that can start out at the cocktail hour and continue on into the evening if you decide to go dancing, as it is designed for both formal and informal wear. The color is rust brown, the material is crêpe, and the bottom is quilted. The unusual epaulets and the cuffs on the "gauntlet" gloves are also quilted to match

Motion Picture's Aids to Beauty

Complete Daytime Make-Up

Most girls take pains with their make-up when they go out in the evening—and are careless about their make-up in the daytime, when sun and wind can do plenty of damage. But Hollywood knows some secrets about daytime glamour, and Muriel Evans—who is with Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady"—reveals them to you. Top to bottom, right, she first applies cleansing cream, working with upward strokes to keep wrinkles in the future tense, while removing the cream. Then, with the always useful tissues, she applies astringent, which makes the skin feel alive and closes the pores. Next, she takes her time over this powdering business, to foil the elements. (Muriel, being a blonde, also uses just a trace of blue eye-shadow and blue mascara.) The next step is to use the eyebrow pencil—lightly, for daytime. Then she lightly applies rouge—powder rouge for daytime. And last of all, she uses lip rouge—the same shade as the powder rouge—accenting the lower lip more heavily than the upper. Whereupon—presto!—she looks as in the large picture. And you?

As Revealed by Hollywood Stars

Complete Evening Make-Up

It's in the evening that the male of the species observes a girl most closely—so she can't be too careful in her evening make-up. Irene Hervey—now in "The Hollywood Party"—illustrates the care she takes, at the left, top to bottom. First she works a very thin cleansing cream into her face and neck with her finger-tips—afterward removing it with tissues, always with upward strokes, and then using skin tonic (which should be patted on more profusely over chin, nose and forehead). Then she applies a powder base, patting it smooth. After that she dips a finger into her rouge—paste rouge for evening, as it lasts longer. Next she pats—never rubs—on face powder, applying from the chin line upward. Only then does she carefully add the new metallic brown eye-shadow and mascara, later pencilling her eyebrows. Last of all comes the lipstick—applied more freely than in the daytime. After waiting a moment for the color to "set," she smooths with absorbent tissue. Then she adds one of the new beauty patches and looks as above—inviting close inspection

Ellis

Longworth

THE GIRLS ALL GO FOR JIMMY CAGNEY!

What girl wouldn't like to play opposite Jimmy? To prevent studio jealousies, his bosses have to change his lady lovers fast and frequently! When you last saw him, in "Footlight Parade," he was looking high, he was looking low, for his "Shanghai Lil"—Ruby Keeler (top left). But now, in "Lady-Killers," you'll see him again with Mae Clarke (above), into whose pretty face he once pushed a grapefruit and became famous. Remember? And in his newest racketeer rôle, he's also with Margaret Lindsay (left), who only temporarily turns her back on his new and ultra-suave mustache

DIETRICH Isn't Afraid of Mae West!

Or jealous of her, either. Petty emotions aren't in Marlene's line. But if you wonder what Marlene HAS been thinking about Mae—and about herself—here is one grand chance to find out. It's one of the most revealing interviews you'll ever read!

"WHY do all these unkind rumors pursue me—how do they start?" asks Marlene Dietrich, back from Europe to play *Catherine, the Great.* "Like this latest rumor that I am jealous of Mae West. That's utterly ridiculous. I am not jealous of anyone. Oh, yes, I know the stories—that I fear Miss West's rivalry, that I am envious of her sensational and sudden popularity, that I have refused to meet her. They are all lies.

"This is the truth: When I saw the preview of 'She Done Him Wrong,' I was thrilled by this new, arresting, dynamic personality. Miss West was in New York, making personal appearances. I had never met her before—but I wanted to congratulate her on her magnificent performance. So I sent her a telegram." (As a matter of fact, Marlene wired bushels of flowers to Mae.) "I recognized Miss West as a star before anyone else did. I met her before I left for Europe and we became friends.

"When I returned from abroad—after five months—a dozen reporters met me at Quarantine, outside New York harbor. They fired a barrage of questions at me—and one of them asked what I thought of the new Mae West styles. I answered honestly that I didn't know that a new style had been inspired by Miss West. I was stupidly misquoted—quoted as having said that I had never heard of Miss West.

"And the next thing I knew, I was reading such stories as 'Dietrich Asks: "Who is Mae West?," 'Does Dietrich Fear Mae West?', 'Does Mae West Threaten Dietrich's Supremacy?' and other equally implausible tales.

Marlene Reveals Herself:

"I recognized Miss West as a star before anyone else. Why should there be rivalry between us—between any stars?

"Success doesn't mean enough to me to motivate petty emotions.

"As long as I remain on the screen, I shall remain in Hollywood.

"I am not feminine enough to want to stand in front of a mirror for hours on end.

"I would be happy to abandon acting to-morrow, if I were permitted.

"You might call me a fatalist. What we become—what happens to us—is in the laps of the gods.

"I am less happy as the years increase, but that is natural. Life is more difficult.

"It must be marvelous to belong to yourself. Nothing in my life is mine—nothing but my thoughts."

By
SONIA LEE

Denies Any Rivalry

"WHY should there be rivalry between us—between any stars? Every star brings something different, something vital, something extraordinary to the screen. It is by virtue of that that stardom is awarded them. Stars must stand or fall alone. Qualities, achievements, abilities cannot be compared. They are too individual.

"There is a place on the screen for every personality. This country is vast. The motion picture industry is large. There are thousands of theatres that must be supplied with pictures. Why, then, should there be jealousies? Why,

(*Continued on page 75*)

LILIAN HARVEY

It was just four months ago that li'l Lilian won a popularity poll at Fox. Everyone was surprised, because she hadn't been around very long. But the longer she is around, the more everyone understands why. She's so many girls in one that she can't help but have that appeal YOU like. She's both sweet and sophisticated, both sprightly and wistful, both an actress and a dancing songstress. A mischievous, new type of Cinderella in "My Weakness" and "My Lips Betray," she'll be French—which sounds promising, yes?—in "I Am Suzanne"

Portraits by Dyar

What's Going to Happen to JACKIE COOPER?

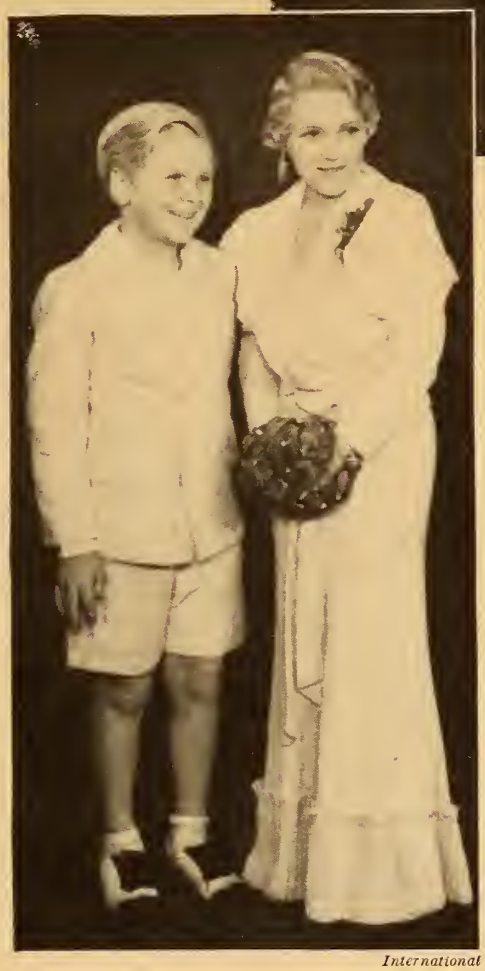
By FAITH SERVICE

The picture at the left illustrates graphically how Jackie is growing up. Mary Pickford, standing beside him, is five feet tall. Will he continue to have screen rôles to study, as above, or be taking a few years' vacation?

JACKIE COOPER is facing an inevitable tragedy—the every-day tragedy of Growing Up. And what does the future hold for him? Right now, at the ripe young age of ten, he wears size thirteen clothes, and shoes large enough for the average young male of fourteen. His childish voice, his walk, his laugh, his heart-wrenching tears are changing rapidly to the voice, walk, laughter and very rare tears of the adolescent.

Jackie's mother is facing this tragedy, too. To most mothers, it is a stimulating, exciting thing to watch a son growing up. It is always rather wistful, of course, to see him leave those early, dependent years behind. But to Jackie's mother there may be more than sheer maternal sadness in this process of her boy's growing up. With the young boy, will the star also vanish?

So few, so very few of these so-called child prodigies are ever heard of again, once their appealing childishness is gone. Jackie Coogan, second only to Jackie Cooper in fame and popularity, seems to have developed into just an American boy with interests far away from stage or screen. Bobby Coogan, of *Sooky* fame, never could bear the sight, sound or smell of a studio. Baby Peggy of other years is back in Hollywood again, now in her late teens, preparing to stage a comeback. But there has been a span of years in which Baby Peggy has been unseen and unsung.



International

The famous child actor is growing up, outgrowing his rôles. Does this mean that he will have to leave the screen, as all other child stars before him have—or will he be the first to grow up ON the screen? His mother tells her plans for his future, no matter which happens!

Is another child star about to join that limbo of forgotten children? What is there ahead for Jackie when he can no longer wring the hearts of his audiences with his little-boy appeal, his wistful knuckles-in-the-eyes sobs, his pathetic ministerings to some burly brute of a father? For now Jackie is reaching a stage where he cannot sit on Wally Beery's lap much longer without evoking laughter, instead of gulps and tightened throats. Compare the Jackie of "The Champ" to the Jackie of "The Bowery"—and you, too, will wonder: What is ahead for Jackie?

It must be sad for a child star suddenly to drop out of the glittering, toy-strewn Heavens and land plop down on earth, just another boy to whom nobody pays any special attention.

At the moment, for instance, Jackie craves to solicit subscriptions for magazines. Can't you imagine the reception he would receive now if some good housewife or movie-going maid should open the front door and find *Jackie Cooper* there, asking her to buy some women's periodicals? And can't you

(*Continued on page 68*)

Three Little Pigs Bring Home the Bacon

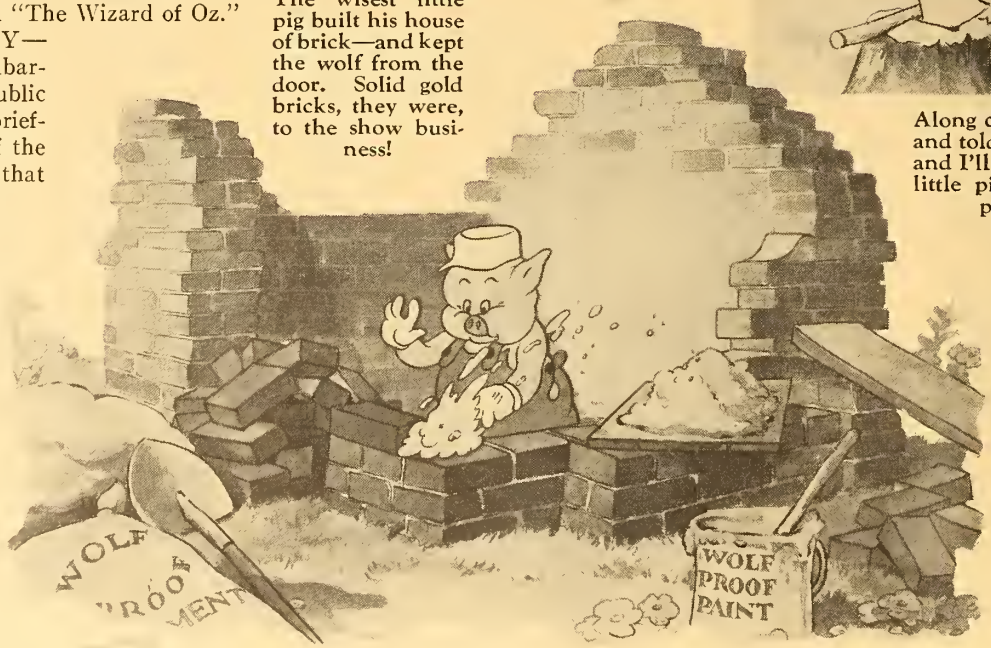
They've chased the Big, Bad Wolf away from the door of many a showman. They've pepped up the whole movie industry. But WHY have they been such a hit? Everybody from Walt Disney, himself, to Cora Sue Collins has a guess! What's yours?

THE stars menacing Mae West's new supremacy are not Garbo and Hepburn, but those three small porkers, with corkscrew tails, plump bellies, and pink round behinds, heroes of the Walt Disney Silly Symphony, "Three Little Pigs." They pipe their sprightly theme song, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" to such good effect that it is a catch-phrase from Coast to Coast, and threatens to become, via the radio, as great a menace to tranquil living as Mae's "Come up 'n' see me sometime!"

For if the Mae West influence spread wider and faster than any other talkie star's, the little pigs are going further still. Your morning newspaper uses them in its political cartoons. A movie set, between takes, offers a glimpse of Loretta Young and other zanies singing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" The radio brings a symphonic orchestration of the same ditty played by Maestro Paul Whiteman, himself. Neighborhood theatres bill the two-reeler above the feature pictures, and reviewers have written it up as importantly as if it were another "Cavalcade."

Led by Mae's example, the Hollywood producers have desperately crammed ribaldry and the Naughty Nineties into forthcoming pictures; and now they must about-face and produce "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Wizard of Oz." And why—WHY—this amazing, embarrassing turn of public taste? For this, briefly, is the story of the Silly Symphony that started it all:

Three little pigs are building new houses. Two are imprudent pigs, who erect flimsy houses of straw and wood. The third is a busy, forward-looking piglet, who builds his house of bricks. Along comes the villain, a great shaggy wolf. With a huff and a puff, he blows down the houses of the heedless pigs. In the old nursery story he gobbled them up, but in the Disney version they scurry to the safety of the wolf-proof brick house and the villain is triply foiled. In fact, all three little pigs eventually eat *him*.



The wisest little pig built his house of brick—and kept the wolf from the door. Solid gold bricks, they were, to the show business!

But it is impossible to describe the absurd whimsy, the bounce and gaiety of the drawing, the glee of the two imprudent pigs whenever the wolf temporarily disappears. When he shows up, of course, they dash under the bed or hide beneath a rug. But the moment he is out of sight, disguising himself in a Mother Hubbard for future pig-hunts, they join hands, toot their flutes, and sing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" with a brave, hilarious, reckless disregard for consistency.

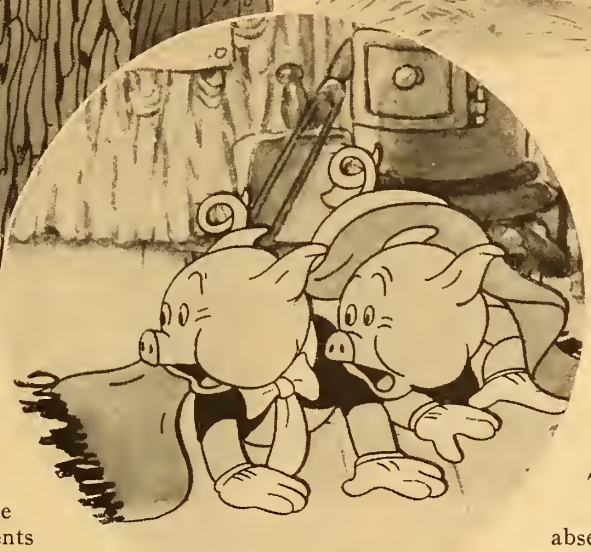
Along came the Big Bad and told the pigs to open and I'll blow your house little pigs tried to hide published through

This is the picture that has been held over in sophisticated New York City for almost six months. If you want to be serious about it, this is a picture that will do much to maintain the supremacy of American movies throughout the world, no matter if Douglas Fairbanks *has* gone over to England, no matter how violent the proclamations of Herr Hitler. For there

By MARK DOWLING

are no language barriers to stop the triumphant dance of the merry piglets, and children in sunny Spain at this moment are hearing them sing out "Quien Teme el Lobo Negro Ferroz?", which is just our old friend "Who's Afraid?" dressed up for the bull-fights.

Now, it is surprising to Hollywood that *everyone* enjoys the piglets, for up to now every movie star has had a definite limited audience. Some of you adored Janet Gaynor. Others raved about Garbo. You over in the corner cheered for Mae West. But all of you went for "Three Little Pigs," and the pleasant chink of all your quarters in the box-office tills has caused the other producers to demand, simply and very bewilderedly—"WHY?" What is the secret of the three little pigs' success, their world-wide appeal?



Wolf to the little wooden house, the door or "I'll huff, and I'll puff, down." Inside, two trembling under the rug. (All drawings courtesy of Walt Disney.)

Walt "Can't" Explain It

TO answer that question, we have interviewed such exponents of public opinion as a six-year-old child, a famous author, two eminent college professors, a theatre manager, and Mr. Disney, himself. Let's begin at the source of the furore, with Mr. Disney—a modest, affable, earnest young man with an attractive smile and a small black mustache.

"I don't know. You've got me," he protests when asked to account for his porkers' popularity. "I'd like to find out, myself, just why people liked them. Then I'd know better how to do it again. We're just feeling our way here. With all the Silly Symphonies, we have tried to get away from the conventional routine stuff and do something really original."

And the constant demand of the public for originality probably explains it. His desk is piled with telegrams of congratulation, with letters begging him to repeat the pigs, to do a series of pigs, at least to draw a sequel. But he refuses.

"You couldn't top pigs with more pigs," he says, matter-of-factly. "It would be repetitious. We want to go on doing *new* things, trying *fresh* angles—not trying to repeat ourselves."

What! A Hollywood producer who won't even repeat his own product, when all the other studios in town imitate each other without feeling undue qualms? Unthinkable! But this Walt Disney is different. It is the work, itself, that he enjoys, not the money.

"I always felt that we had something in the Symphonies," he says seriously. "We have absolute freedom in them. We aren't limited in any way. We have no conventional characters around which we must build the stories. We can start with anything that amuses us—a tree, a flower."

When the Wolf was nowhere around, the straw-house pig tooted his flute—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" His bravado was almost human!

Gives Credit to Team-Work

THE *I* of the typical producer, you will note, is conspicuously absent from his conversation. It is always *we*, referring to the hundred-odd fellow workers of his charming white-stucco studio, whose awnings and shutters are adorned with small figures of *Mickey Mouse*.

"It's organization that counts," Disney says. "Everyone throws in his little bit, and realizes that whatever he does is just part of the picture. We all work together, no one of us any more important than another."

(This team-work gives the studio a curious atmosphere, a homey feeling. The buildings look as if they had been built to last longer than a year or two. The people working there seem to feel secure in their jobs. In Hollywood, these aspects are so unusual as to startle the confirmed Hollywoodite.)

You remember the familiar Horatio Alger story of Disney's first success. Hollywood producers told him *Mickey* was no good. He thought differently, and proved to be right. Strangely enough, the same thing happened with the Silly Symphonies.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Why Do Movie Couples "Elope"?

Is it natural for girls—especially actresses—to forego big weddings? Is it natural for stars to try to dodge publicity? Let's look into the reasons why they go in for "secrecy"!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Why did Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother) and Boots Mallory (below) "elope" so suddenly to Tia Juana? Well—for one thing, California requires three days' notice of intention to wed!

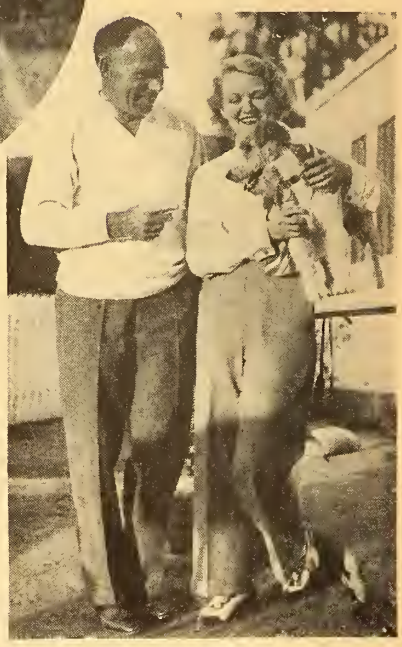
SINCE January 4, 1933 when Joan Blondell, "disguised" in dark goggles and a flaming red wig, tried to marry cameraman George Barnes "secretly" at Phoenix, the motion picture capital has been rocked by twenty-three lovequakes, all as sudden and unheralded. By airplane, automobile and express train, Hollywood's impatient lovers have sped at all hours of the night toward Yuma, Las Vegas, and the Mexican border, while columnists napped, news photographers played poker, studio publicity men looked the other way, and even the former husbands and wives of the elopers didn't guess what was going on. Why does Hollywood take so much trouble to "elope"?

In the last year, Hollywood has not been treated to one authentic Voice-That-Breathed-O'er-Eden, Prince-Albert-and-lace-veil wedding—and being the most sentimental of cities, it is beginning to feel cheated. It remembers the time when weddings were WEDDINGS, when Vilma Banky's and Rod La Rocque's marriage brought out a hundred silk hats and a stagecoach with four coal-black horses. It remembers Ruth Roland's two orchestras and yards of velvet train borne by staggering pages. It remembers John Barrymore's tears as he kissed his beautiful bride at the altar, and Carmen Pantages' ropes of roses and gold wedding gifts guarded by armed detectives.

Hollywood loves a show, and when its most gorgeous girls pull on an old polo coat (Jean Harlow didn't even wear a hat!) and run away to be married in some dingy courtroom, lighted with one unshaded electric bulb, with a sleepy taxi driver and a charwoman for the only witnesses, its professional sense of dramatic values is shocked. Somebody has muffed a chance for a Big Scene.

Is It Natural to "Elope"?

WHY does Hollywood elope? Hollywood brides are not only women, with women's passion for shining satin, virginal laces, swooning music and flowers, but they are actresses as well, with actresses' appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of a wedding and the amount of magazine and newspaper space that such a pageant would bring them. And yet this last year one star after another has sacrificed the thrills and charms of an old-time wedding, and, what is still more amazing, the publicity stories that



Banker Joseph Sefton didn't want to be known as a star's husband, so he and Minna Gombell (right) plotted secrecy and went to Yuma

"Elopements" of 1933

Joan Blondell and George Barnes, to Phoenix, Ariz., *January 4*; Buster Keaton and Mae Scrivens Hawley, to Ensenada, Mexico, *January 8*; Bela Lugosi and Lillian Arch, to Las Vegas, Nev., *January 31*; Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown, to Las Vegas, Nev., *March 31*; Buster Crabbe and Adah Virginia Held, to Yuma, Ariz., *April 13*; Mrs. Mabel Cooper (mother of Jackie) and Charles J. Bigelow, to Yuma, Ariz., *April 30*; Billie Dove and Robert Kenaston, to Yuma, Ariz., *May 4*; Ruth Elder and A. A. Gillespie, to Yuma, Ariz., *May 9*; Minna Gombell and Joseph Sefton, to Yuma, Ariz., *May 20*; Dorothy Jordan and Merian C. Cooper, to Williams, Ariz., *May 27*; Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, to Santa Ynez Mission, *July 15*; Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams, to Elko, Nev., *July 18*; Mary Duncan and Stephen Sanford, to City Hall, New York City, *September 2*; Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, to Agua Caliente, Mexico, *September 4*; Lucille Browne and James Flavin, Jr., to Tia Juana, Mexico, *September 17*; Jean Harlow and Harold Rosson, to Yuma, Ariz., *September 18*; Boots Mallory and William Cagney, to Tia Juana, Mexico, *September 23*; Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, to Yuma, Ariz., *September 24*; Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, to Las Vegas, Nev., *October 8*; Ethel Wales and John W. Stockton, to Yuma, Ariz., *October 16*; Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, to Rye, N. Y., *October 20*; Polly Moran and Martin Malone, to Las Vegas, Nev., *October 21*; and Andy Devine and Dorothy House, to Las Vegas, Nev., *October 28*.

One big wedding had ended in tragedy. So Jean Harlow wanted a "strictly private" wedding when she married Harold Rosson (left)

Acme

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien (right) "eloped" to an old Mission—"the most romantic setting possible"

To Hollywood, Airplane Pilot Allen Russell (right) is "Cupid"—because he has flown so many "elopers" to their weddings

Dorothy Lee, unlucky in marriage twice, wanted a quiet wedding when she married football-star Marshall Duffield (above)

Sally Eilers wanted her second marriage—to director Harry Joe Brown—to be "different"

International

it is worth for an uncomfortable midnight trip, a hasty, justice-of-the-peace ceremony and a stingy half-column in the second section of the next morning's paper.

The skimpy newspaper space is the reporters' revenge when a romance on which they have been keeping a proprietary eye suddenly explodes in an "elopement" too late for the early editions. If, in addition, it has leaked to one paper, to the mortification of the rest, the consequences to the star may be serious. Sally Eilers invited a newspaper woman along on her elopement. Other local journals claimed bitterly that Sally "eloped" accommodatingly just to give a "scoop" to a friend. Fortunately for Sally, they got a tip-off about the wedding in time to prevent a "scoop." If they hadn't, they might have boycotted her in the future. Reporters are that sore!

It has developed into a battle of wits between movie lovers and the Press as to whether the knot can be tied before the papers go to bed or not. The Marrying Justices of Yuma, Arizona, and Las Vegas, Nevada, who are getting accustomed to finding famous movie couples on their doorsteps at odd hours of the night, are sworn to secrecy. "Cupid," otherwise Airplane Pilot Allen Russell, who usually takes screen sweethearts on these romantic jaunts, gives away no secrets. Airport officials have nothing to say. Just recently, Hollywood has had the spectacle of local reporters, haggard and wild-eyed, trying to keep up with Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller as they led them on wild-goose chases to the City Hall and Las Vegas, from which they returned chuckling and pretending they were still unmarried.

The Difference in Jean's Weddings

THE difference in the publicity value of an old-fashioned, sentimental wedding to which the Hollywood Great are invited, and one of these hasty, fly-by-night elopements is shown in Jean Harlow's case. When she married Paul Bern a year ago, the ceremony was the conventional one, with all the trimmings of guests, detectives guarding the presents, five-storied cake, bridesmaids and bouquets. And for weeks magazines and Sunday supplements carried pictures. When almost exactly a year later, she married Harold Rosson, her cameraman, in a dawn ceremony at

(*Continued on page 64*)

The Answers to TEN QUESTIONS That Baffled Hollywood This Month

Are Russ Columbo (far left) and Bing Crosby (near left)—now screen, as well as radio, rivals—even bitterer enemies than in their early days?

Why did so many stars stay away from the première of "I'm No Angel"? Why does Joan Blondell want to change her name? Here are the answers—and the answers to eight other big, puzzling questions!

BY JAMES M. FIDLER

Stop guessing about baffling Hollywood rumors—and learn how much truth (if any) lies behind them! Here, for the third month, MOTION PICTURE penetrates ten talked-about "mysteries" of Hollywood—and comes out with the answers. Keep up-to-date on this question-and-answer series, and you will be keeping up-to-date on the Hollywood topics of the day. You will have some real information, reliable information, told in a few, frank words.—*Editor.*

WHEN Hollywood goes agog—well, there *is* an excited town! And Hollywood has found plenty to gossip about this month. Two months ago, the movie city was chattering incessantly about divorces, but this month not one divorce or separation is included among the ten most baffling topics.

If you want to discover what Hollywood is talking about to-day, read James M. Fidler's revealing answers to the month's ten most baffling questions — answers compiled only after considerable investigation and inquiry:

1. *Why did Eric Linden quietly disappear?*

One day Eric drove his automobile into the shop from which it had been purchased, and left it. From that day until a week later, nobody heard one word from him. At the end of a week, Eric's mother, distraught over his

What was behind Eric Linden's sudden disappearance from Hollywood? Frances Dee, with whom he played in "The Silver Cord" (right), married The Other Chap—Joel McCrea (above). When Eric emotes, he means it!

disappearance, received a radiogram from the youthful actor. He was on an Atlantic liner, en route to Europe.

The explanation of his strange behavior is contained in a letter written by Linden. He stated that for many months he had been deeply in love with Frances Dee. On the day Eric read in the newspapers that Frances had promised to become the wife of Joel McCrea (they were married October 20), he abruptly left Hollywood in order to get away from the scene of his first big love; he went to Europe to try to Forget It All. He said once that he was going to dodge love for years yet—which adds a dramatic touch of irony to the sequel.

Why are the stars organizing "for self-protection," as they never have before? Right, you see a group signing up with the new Screen Actor's Guild

Acme Photo

2. *Did the screen stars snub Mae West?*

A comparatively poor showing of Hollywood stars—most of them from Mae's own studio—attended the Chinese Theatre première of "I'm No Angel," her second starring vehicle. As a rule, the star attendance at Chinese openings includes the majority of important screen players.

Though no stars will publicly admit the reason for their not being present at Mae's première, the private explanation is that they were "giving Mae a taste of her own medicine." When she first came to Hollywood, she was invited to many social affairs, but rarely attended. In addition, she attended few, if any, premières of other stars.

But while the movie colony hints that Mae's own failure to participate in Hollywood's social life accounts for the failure of Hollywood to attend the opening of her picture, outside observers blame other stars' non-attendance on professional jealousy of Mae's dazzling and spontaneous success. Take your pick!

How true is it that director Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier (above) are "on the outs"—because Chevalier was reported to have said he didn't want either associated with "The Merry Widow"?

Is it true that John Warburton (right) struck Alice White? Alice testified that he did—but denied that Sidney Bartlett (with her, above) had ever plotted revenge with her. A suspect said that he had been hired to "beat up" Warburton

3. *Are Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo speaking to one another again?*

Yes, they are now friends—after an enmity that existed for years. Their mutual distaste for each other commenced when both were members of an orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove, several years ago.

Now that both are in Hollywood, they have again met on different grounds—both as successful radio and screen artists. Although they are far from being cronies, Columbo was an invited guest at the Crosby baby-christening and house-warming party.

4. *How much truth is there to the report of a Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald-Ernst Lubitsch "feud"?*

Newspapers glaringly related that Chevalier departed Hollywood for a vacation in France with the remark that he did not want Miss MacDonald to appear opposite him in "The Merry Widow," to be made on his return, nor did he want Lubitsch to direct the film. Working with both of them, he has made his greatest successes.

When reporters questioned Lubitsch, the director stated that he did not believe that Chevalier made any such statement. "Then why does he not write or telegraph you or Miss MacDonald and deny it?", the reporters demanded. When Lubitsch could not answer, the newspaper representatives sought to construct a triangular feud—for Jeanette also could not believe the report, but could not refute them.

The real truth is that Chevalier, traveling to New York at the time the stories appeared in newspapers, did not know about them. When he reached New York and was confronted with the startling bannerlines, he at once telegraphed both Miss MacDonald and Lubitsch—but the newspapers never published his telegrams.

5. *Who tipped off reporters to Sally Eilers' elopement?*

Miss Eilers invited to her wedding a well-known syndicate writer, presumably for the purpose of allowing this writer to achieve a "scoop" story about the elopement.

But somebody tipped off the reporters of other papers—recently it has been learned that the "somebody" was none other than Harry Joe Brown, Miss Eilers' own husband.

(*Continued on page 83*)

The Picture

HOUSE ON 56TH STREET

Moderate Entertainment—Star And Cast Fine: Because the early turn of the century is depicted with considerable charm and because the final sequences bring about a strong denouement, this latest excursion into the "Madame X" theme is moderate entertainment for those who enjoy crying over their harassed heroines. But there is no denying that the plot takes a long time to unfold. A Floradora girl marries wealth and goes to live in the "House on 56th Street," where her daughter is born. Falsely convicted of manslaughter after the suicide of a rejected suitor, she serves twenty years in prison. Released, she turns professional gambler, and eventually plays against her daughter, who does not know her.

Kay Francis makes the most of this big acting part. Margaret Lindsay, with only a single scene as the daughter, ranks second. The men, Gene Raymond, John Halliday, Ricardo Cortez and William Boyd are uniformly excellent. (Warner.)

THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Sure Hit—Harlow At Her Best: When Hollywood decides to laugh at itself it finds plenty of material. This story of a movie star and her tireless press-agent will seem like farce to the public, comedy to Hollywood, but to some of us it is almost too true to be funny. Rapid action and a volcanic method of delivering the lines makes fairly dull dialogue seem witty, and gets over some bored lines safely. Jean Harlow burlesques herself in a performance that never flags or loses pitch, and in some scenes, as where she longs for the patter of little feet, rises to the heights of satire. Lee Tracy adds dash as a noisy press-agent. In fact, the general tone of the picture is noise. Franchot Tone does a delightful piece of portraiture and so does Frank Morgan. It's a signal for a laugh whenever he appears. Some of the references may be a bit local for the public, but the intimate atmosphere of behind-the-scenes and of Hollywood life will prove a great draw. It's sure to be a hit. (M-G-M.)

THE MAD GAME

Gangster Plot With Variations—Well Acted: This picture claims to answer the question: "When Prohibition is repealed, what will the gangsters do?" Spencer Tracy "doesn't consider himself a criminal" because, as he explains, naïvely, he only sells beer to people who would buy it from somebody, anyhow. This seems to qualify him for the rôle of hero. He lives up to the part by joining the forces of Law and Order and rescuing a kidnapped bridegroom and bride from his old gang, which has turned to the "snatch" racket.

It's a new variation on the gang pictures, but not quite new enough to be worth while except for two swell performances, that of J. Carrol Naish as the successor to the hero's gang leadership and that of Claire Trevor as the hard-boiled newspaper girl, who furnishes the love interest. This blonde newcomer has a crisp, vivid personality slightly reminiscent of Glenda Farrell and is certainly going places. (Fox.)

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Novel Thriller You Won't Want To Miss: As a thriller, "The Invisible Man" will live up to anything its advertising says for it. What more can any picture do?

Experimenting with a formula for invisibility, a young scientist finds what he seeks. But he cannot return to his natural form. His brain touched, he goes berserk and becomes an unseen menace.

Only the screen could have accomplished this H. G. Wells fantasy. The central character is visible when clothed, his head bandaged, his gloves on his hands. When he removes his clothing, his body is transparent. There is a moment you will long remember when he, seemingly, throws his head at his tormentors. Claude Rains, an English actor, makes an unusual screen début, unusual inasmuch as we never see his face until the fade-out. His voice, however, is excellent. William Harrigan gives a good account of himself as the unwilling accomplice and Gloria Stuart is a lovely heroine. (Universal.)

A MAN'S CASTLE

Life-Like And Poignant—See It: Frank Borzage has here achieved an "Eighth Heaven," with Shantytown characters as poignantly sympathetic as his beloved *Diane* and *Chico*. As a matter of fact, *Trina* and *Bill* are less ethereal, their emotions more human. She is a waif shamelessly in love with this man who has befriended her. He is a free soul, glorying in the starlit sky that betokens his freedom, giving grudgingly the affection that he instinctively knows will shackle him.

Loretta Young is *Trina*. Spencer Tracy is *Bill*. Difficult indeed to imagine two more perfect characterizations. When Loretta first sees the stove her man has bought her, starts to touch it only to drop to her knees before its beauty, she will break your heart. When Tracy tries to make the break that will rid him of this girl-thing in his life, he gives you something neither physical nor verbal, but mental. These performances seem too real to be acting. (Columbia.)

KING FOR A NIGHT

Packs Realism And Punch: Few pictures in recent years have had the courage to present as strong a dramatic climax as is contained here. It becomes more powerful because it is totally unexpected. The situation is this: a minister's son turns prize-fighter and reaches the top of his division due partly to the interest of an influential promoter. Unknown to him his sister has helped his career by becoming the promoter's mistress. She kills the man when he threatens to expose their relationship and the fighter assumes the blame. Convicted of murder, the hour of his execution nears. You have cause to anticipate a last-minute reprieve. But the story moves fearlessly to its strong climax.

The ending may be a bit morbid for the average taste. Yet its power is undeniable. Chester Morris lends authority to the fighter and Grant Mitchell makes a splendid father. Helen Twelvetrees plays well. (Universal.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

FEMALE

Old-Fashioned Sex In The Modern Manner: Ruth Chatterton again plays Ruth Chatterton in the setting of a huge automobile plant that the heroine has inherited. As a woman with the brains and business ability of a man, she alternates between days filled with dictaphones, conferences, decisions involving millions, and nights devoted to romantic dalliance with the handsome employees.

The parallel of the masculine attitude holds here as the recipients of her favors are promptly forgotten or paid off the next day. At last she meets one man (George Brent) who refuses to be the plaything of a moment and—you can write the stock ending for yourself.

The naïve assumption seems to be that millionairesses don't tarnish like ordinary ladies. Astonishing sets give a luxurious atmosphere to the picture, with Ruth taking several baths—taking them very charmingly, too. Old-fashioned sex served up in the modern manner. (Warner.)

COLLEGE COACH

No Great Shakes—Fair Enough: For the second time this season, Hollywood tackles a debunking of football—the first having been Universal's "Saturday's Millions." In "College Coach" the racket angle of the game is thrown for a loss. Or is it? Professionalism pays, according to this story. But the sensational methods of the "great" coach are a little too blatant to stand unchallenged. The difficulty seems to be that the picture never makes up its mind whether it is satire or an exposé, with the result that it is only fair entertainment.

Performances are on a par with the writing and direction. Lyle Talbot is outstanding as a conceited professional and Dick Powell as an earnest amateur. Pat O'Brien gives a vigorous, well-rounded portrayal of the coach. Ann Dvorak, however, seems to have lost completely her stride since returning from her runaway European jaunt. Hugh Herbert again scores briefly. (Warner.)

CRADLE SONG

Story Never Gets Going—Star Okay: A beautifully photographed, beautifully written piece of work which proves conclusively that these qualities are not enough for a picture. It is unfortunate that Dorothea Wieck, the German import, was given as dull and futile a story for her first American appearance. Her personality is vivid and vital, but her part as the nun, whose thwarted mother-love finds solace in the bringing-up of a little foundling inside the convent that has imprisoned her womanhood, gives her few opportunities.

Mental action—and there is plenty of this in "Cradle Song"—never seems to get across on the screen. The director and the cast worked with a will and the result is technically flawless. But it remains one of the unanswered questions of Hollywood why studios buy motionless stories for motion pictures. Still, Miss Wieck arouses interest and the happiest expectation for her next appearance. (Paramount.)

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE

Drama With Words And Music—See It: Without benefit of big screen names, and apparently relying on Walter Winchell's authorship for its draw, this drama of the pretty little dancer for whom the king of gangdom bought a night club, bids fair to create two stars. One is Paul Kelly, who gives a startling performance, which should be judged on its own merits. This man is a real actor, with power, repression and passion.

Russ Columbo, as the crooner who wins the girl, not only sings, but has a dramatic scene where he defies the gangster, which brought a spontaneous award of applause from a hard-boiled preview audience. Constance Cummings is so charming you forgive her for trying to sing. Several Broadway personalities including the late Texas Guinan, smart songs, and dialogue that reflects the patter of Mazda Lane, never let you forget the title. (Twentieth Century.)

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Milestone In Screen Progress: No one but Lubitsch could make screen entertainment acceptable to average audiences out of this frothy, talky play of Noel Coward. No one but Lubitsch, cleverly assisted by the suave Fredric March, the surefire Edward Everett Horton, the boyishly naive Gary Cooper and the sophisticated Miriam Hopkins could make the basic idea of this story of one woman living happily and openly with two men at the same time, palatable to movie moralists.

The lines—many by Ben Hecht, as well as Coward—are so delicious, and their innuendo so subtle that the whole situation is lifted into the realm of fantastic persons' behavior, and needs no excuses. When many of the long sequences are pruned this picture will be one of the screen achievements of the year, reflecting glory on everyone connected with it. It is a definite milestone, marking how far the films have advanced. You can't afford to miss it. (Paramount.)

THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY

Scores Knockout As Hit Of The Year: You have never seen anything like the fight between Max Baer and Primo Carnera. But then a world's champion and his outstanding challenger have never met before in screen drama. Still plenty of credit is due director W. S. Van Dyke for a thrillingly authentic staging of the battle that some day will be fought in earnest.

Comparing this picture to former fight films is like matching a heavyweight champ with an amateur bantamweight. The story is that familiar one about the cocky fighter whose success goes to his head. But the manner in which the plot has been fashioned makes knockout entertainment. It should also make a new star, for Max Baer gives a startlingly fine first performance. Otto Kruger contributes a brilliantly etched portrayal of a gangster. Myrna Loy is sincere as the fighter's wife and Walter Huston scores heavily as the drink-sodden manager. (M-G-M.)

"I've Got to Make Myself All Over!" Says MARY BRIAN

Mary has turned rebel. She claims that no director will believe she has sex appeal or admit that a "nice" girl can be dramatic. So she's going to do something about it. But what? She reveals what's on her mind in this intimate interview!

By MAUDE LATHAM

"I AM twenty-four years old and I've got to make myself all over!" says Mary Brian, with feeling. "This is much more tragic than it sounds. In other walks of life, if a girl is not doing so well, she can take time off and become something else. And if she becomes a modiste, the fact that she may formerly have been a milliner will not be a disadvantage. But when a girl becomes out-moded in pictures, and takes time off to create a new personality, he or she may never have a chance again. The successful comebacks are almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth."

This, of all things, from Mary Brian, whom the world has thought content to play along in any part given her!

"Maybe you think, as Johnny Farrow would say, that I have been getting my exercise by jumping at conclusions. I wish this were true, but I am pretty certain of where I stand. I mean I know we never *stand*. We either go forward or backward. So, I am taking stock of myself.

"Don't think this is pleasant business. I dislike it thoroughly. It would be much pleasanter to go on, ostrich-like, with a false sense of security. But all of my life I have made myself do the things that I feared to do, so I am looking myself squarely in the face.

"A few months ago, I said to myself: 'Mary Brian, you have definitely been pigeon-holed as a *sweet ingénue*. What are you going to do about it?'

If Mary Brian went Garboesque, she'd look as at the top. If she went Mae Westian, she'd look as above. And if she remained herself, she'd be as you'll see her in "Fog" (right). Which do you prefer?

She's Studying All the Stars

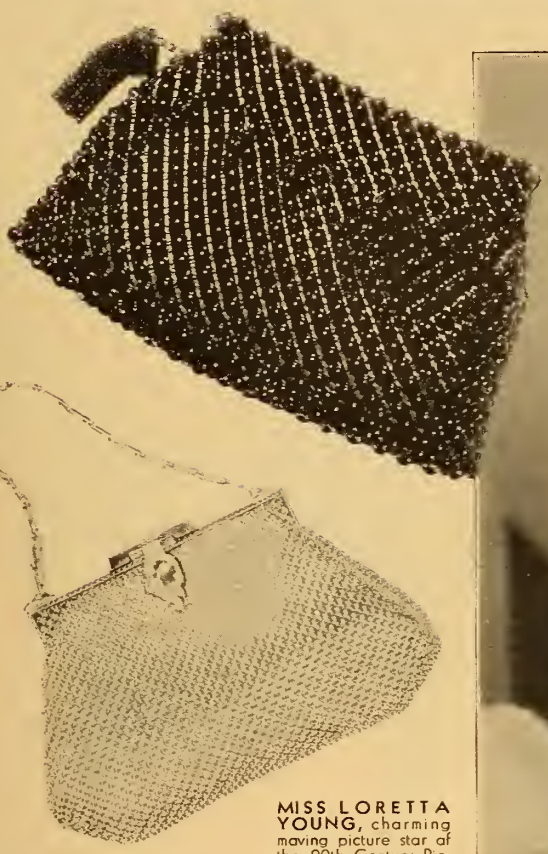
"WHEN a dress goes out of style, a girl has a choice of two alternatives. She can either get more material and alter the dress or purchase an entirely new frock. Reluctantly admitting that I am out-moded, I cannot actually draw a new body out of the conjuring bag, so it's up to me to bring the one I have up-to-date.

"Mae West has absolutely revolutionized the vogue in women. Both men and women are now eager for the virile type of feminine appeal. Which leaves the little ingénue hanging on a limb. She has to climb higher or drop. I am foolish enough to attempt the flight. I don't know yet just how this is to be accomplished, but I am studying every actress who is now pleasing the public.

"First, I have considered the glamourous Garbo and Dietrich, and the smaller satellites that follow in their wake. This doesn't seem to be my forte. While all of my personal friends tell me that they never actually *know* me, certainly there is no mystery about my screen personality.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Will *your* Christmas gifts bear the mark of *smart approval?*



MISS LORETTA YOUNG, charming moving picture star of the 20th Century Pictures Production, "Born to be Bad" in a Whiting & Davis complete Metal Mesh Ensemble.

Upper Bag: No. 1986. New Hobnail Metal Mesh, large envelope, pouch, and flat shapes. Talon slide fastener; silk-lined, double pocket, mirror, mesh tassel and back strap.

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A TRIO OF TRICKS THAT EVERY CHIC GIRL SHOULD KNOW

"The Search for Beauty" isn't just the title of the picture that Lona Andre (right) is now making; it is also an old Hollywood custom. And Lona has discovered that there is no place for perfume like the hair—right under your dance partner's nose, where he can't escape its intoxication. Miriam Jordan (top), now in "Fox Movietone Follies of 1934," has discovered that a girl can do things with her eyebrows besides raise them. Powder the natural brow or pluck it, pencil the desired line—and you can change from an ingénue into a sophisticate, or vice versa! Florine McKinney (above), now in "The Hollywood Party," has discovered what to do with lemons after the—er—lemonade is made. She dips her elbows in the hollow halves to remove wrinkles and whiten her skin. Try it!

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 13*)

they are unbelievably lax.

Some months ago I attended a showing of "Back Street" and "What Price Hollywood?" In one, the heroine lived for years as the mistress of a married man. In the other, a drunkard committed suicide in the home of the heroine, involving her in a nasty scandal. For an adult who has learned discrimination, those pictures would give entertainment without unpleasant after-effects. For a child or adolescent, they set a pattern of behavior distinctly not to be followed. Yet more than half the audience that afternoon were children.

If mothers would read reputable reviews of pictures before letting their children attend shows hit-or-miss, they would find the movies a source of education, as well as amusement.

Mrs. E. J. N.

A College Humorist Comments

BROOKINGS, S. D.—So this is "collidge." If none of those concerned in that inane film "College Humor" has ever been on a campus, must they advertise the fact? Enrollment in a correspondence course would doubtless clarify their ideas of college life.

The picturization of Jack Oakie's four, or maybe a score, of glorious years at dear ol' Midwestern is disgusting, but unfortunately there are people who believe that college is as represented in the movies. Little wonder our legislators feel it unnecessary to waste taxpayers' money on higher education.

Heaven help the Freshman who expects to see a fleet of roadsters racing down fraternity row, carrying the invariably hunch-backed football captain, Ziegfeld co-eds, tap-dancing deans, crooning professors, and for variety an inebriated fullback, who will make at least one touchdown in the last three seconds of the game with Yarwood, the college down the alley. Of course, there is the inevitable I-Felta-Thi brawl in the Hall of Science.

Youthful talent such as Eric Linden, Tom Brown, Dorothy Wilson and Lona Andre could convincingly portray interesting, amusing phases really representative of college life. The way to obtain this might be to educate a director. Why not offer a scholarship for this worthy cause?

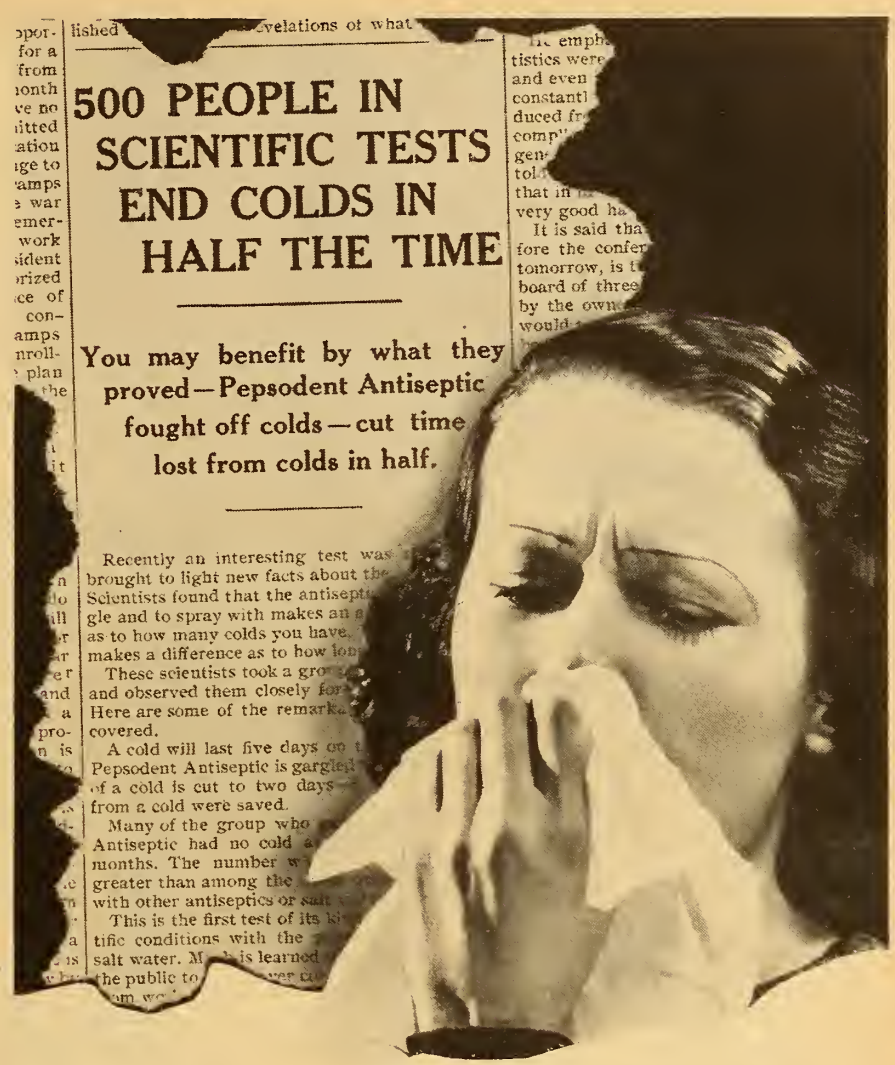
June Disbrow.

A New Career for Lionel

NEWARK, N. J.—I want to see Lionel Barrymore in some of those historical films that George Arliss has been doing for us in such a fine manner. I refer to the famous characters that fill the pages of history, whose lives, with but little padding, would make excellent screen fare.

Barrymore should excel in some of those characterizations, for did he not prove it with *Rasputin*? I can think of no one but our own Lionel who would be able to give us as fine work along this particular line as has characterized Mr. Arliss's distinguished gallery of perfect likenesses.

Mrs. Kate Cotter.



Now $1 equals $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it work?* How effectively Pepsodent Antiseptic "works" is now on official record. Tests on 500 people give science convincing proof of what Pepsodent offers you in fighting winter colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. In fighting colds some gargled with plain salt and water—some with other leading antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Those who used Pepsodent had *50% fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.*

What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony. Here is a clear-cut example of the extra protection that Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about Antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with water, many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes three times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—and none other. Safeguard your health—and save your hard-earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Why Do Movie Couples "Elope"?

(*Continued from page 55*)

Yuma, it received practically no newspaper comment after the first news broke.

"We decided to elope to escape all the fuss and publicity," the stars explain. "We wanted to be alone away from prying cameras and staring eyes."

We-ee-ll. Mebbe. But remember, this is Hollywood, California, not Englewood, New Jersey, or Maplewood, Illinois. And in Hollywood, publicity is the breath of life; cameras mean careers; and as for prying eyes—come now, when did a real actor or actress ever want to escape from the public eye? As a matter of fact, most of the recent "elopers" telephoned the news photographers from Yuma or Las Vegas, letting them know at what airport to await their return!

Indeed, some of the more disgruntled news hounds even went so far as to accuse Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller of a publicity gag in trying to keep everybody guessing for three weeks.

Certainly, they obtained almost as much newspaper space and headlines by their prolonged "eloping" as they would have had from a church wedding with ten ushers and ten bridesmaids!

Studios Are Seldom Warned

THE studios, themselves, are seldom consulted when one of their players decides on a hasty marriage. The first that M-G-M knew of Jean Harlow's elopement, it is said, was when executives and officials read of it in the morning paper. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, who suddenly decided to marry in the East in October, did the unconventional thing in letting their studio—and even the newspapers—in on their plans. But they didn't tell *where* they would be married—except they were "going to find a little white country church."

Yet, risking the rage of the Press, the anger of the studios, and the loss of the most sympathetic and favorable publicity possible, Hollywood's intrepid lovers continue to fly, motor and take the train to remote spots to say "I do."

Jean Harlow explained the suddenness of her nuptials in lyrical style: "We were on location last week. One night after we had finished shooting, Hal and I went for a walk. We stopped beneath a giant saguaro, silvered in the pale moonlight. Hal looked at me. I looked at him. We knew then that we would be married. . . . Sunday night, we were discussing the plans for the wedding. Suddenly, I knew the time had come. We arranged for an airplane—"

One reason for the secrecy in this case seems to be that Jean, who has a feeling for the conventions (as witness her rigidly observed six months of widowed seclusion), felt that it would be bad taste to have another big, public wedding. It would only remind the world of last year, when she posed in a gorgeous wedding dress beside a happy-looking bridegroom, whose death a few weeks later shocked the world.

The Most Successful "Elopers"

IT took that arrant gossip, Walter Winchell, to reveal to the public that Dorothy Jordan and producer Merian C. Cooper, Hollywood's most successful elopers, had been married several months, after a quiet trip to Williams, Arizona. Dorothy is the shyest of stars; her husband, intrepid before the perils of jungle and wilderness, lives in horror of personal publicity. They chose Williams, Arizona, because it was the closest station to the Grand Canyon, the honeymoon choice of a bridegroom who feels at home only in scenic places off the beaten path.

Dorothy took the train at Pasadena, Mr. Cooper at Los Angeles. Arriving in Williams, they discovered that the Episcopal minister could not marry them because of a three days' clause in the church laws. Dorothy waited on a revolving stool at the corner drugstore while her prospective bridegroom searched for a minister who would marry elopers—a task harder than taking "Chang" in a tropical jungle! Three village belles, dropping in for sodas, recognized the movie star, and almost fainted with delight when Dorothy came over to them and asked them sweetly to be her bridesmaids. A Methodist minister married them and after a few days at the Grand Canyon, they returned to an unsuspecting Hollywood.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller didn't try to take a honeymoon. They tried to keep reporters guessing, instead!

They had intended revealing their own secret with formally engraved announcements sent out by Dorothy's mother, but the ubiquitous Mr. Winchell beat them to it. "One thing," says Dorothy quietly, "I will not talk to anyone on is my wedding and my marriage. That is mine. It belongs to no one else." And in Dorothy's case this isn't just prattle!

Why Minna Planned Secrecy

ON May 18, Minna Gombell and banker Joseph W. Sefton uttered a last denial of marriage intentions, and drove through the Spring night to Yuma, where they found that their coming was already known to the Press.

"We hadn't intended to tell anyone for months," Minna laughs. "I've known Joe for eight years—it wasn't any sudden fancy. But, you see, his friends are all San Diego people. He wanted me to give up the screen when I married, and I wouldn't. So there we stuck for two years. He just didn't think he wanted his wife to be an actress, so finally I had a bright idea. If people didn't know I *was* his wife, he wouldn't be embarrassed and I'd still be able to keep my career and everything would be fine and dandy. Hence the elopement! But as it happens, it worked out all right, anyhow."

On July 15, Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien slipped quietly away from Hollywood with several cars full of friends and relatives to the crumbling old Santa Ynez Mission in the hills behind Santa Barbara.

"I've never been married before," Marguerite explains, "and I hope I'll never be married again, so I wanted something romantic to remember. A Hollywood wedding, where you promise to love, honor and obey while flashlight bulbs explode from behind the altar, wasn't exactly my idea. The Santa Ynez Mission is the most romantic place in California, forty miles off the tourist routes. We knew that there no photographer would appear out of the holy-water fount. And now I can look back at my wedding as any woman wants to, as the most romantic and beautiful moment of my life."

Sally Had "Showers" Later

SALLY EILERS admitted that she didn't mind losing out on the fun of a big wedding, with all the fixin's. "I had that once—when I married Hoot," she says. "This time I wanted it to be different. And I didn't lose out on all the fun, anyhow. I had several 'showers' when I got back from Yuma."

"An elopement appealed to their romantic young minds," Buster Crabbe's new mother-in-law explained to the Press, after reporters learned of his Yuma marriage to Adah Virginia Held. In a desperate effort to avoid detection, "Buster" gave his real name of "Clarence" and filled in the space after "Occupation" on the license questionnaire with "Salesman."

Movie stars may be able to escape from the newspapers, but they can seldom fool their public. Jack Dempsey and his "cheerful little earful" musical comedy bride, Hannah Williams, registered in an Elko (Nevada) hotel for their wedding breakfast under fake names, but were immediately recognized and seen off on their automobile honeymoon by a huge and cheering crowd of cow-punchers, sheep herders, townies and tourists. And although Mary Duncan and her millionaire polo-player bridegroom were married "with celerity and simplicity" by a deputy clerk in New York's City Hall, with only a scrubwoman for a bridesmaid, their secret was out before they left the room.

Of the elopements of the last year in Hollywood, only a few brides—or bridegrooms—were married for the first time. It was Ruth Elder's (now Mrs. A. A. Gillespie's) fourth wedding. Jean Harlow, Alice Joyce (Mrs. Clarence Brown), Minna Gombell, and Dorothy Lee (Mrs. Marshall Duffield) were each taking a third husband, and Bela Lugosi was *eloping* for the second time. Perhaps this explains their preference for quiet and secrecy.

Summing Up Possible Reasons

LIKE Sally Eilers, they may have wanted this start of a new romance to be different from anything they had known before. Or, again, the depression may have had something to do with it. Though nobody in Hollywood is afraid of the big bad wolf, huge society weddings do cost a lot of money. Or, perhaps, it was all a matter of follow-the-leader. Joan Blondell

set the style in 1933 weddings, and Hollywood hastened to imitate her, as it imitated Marlene Dietrich's trousers, Clark Gable's sweaters, and Mae West's sibilant sayings.

It has become a sort of game—guessing whether so-and-so is married or not. Hollywood is even beginning to bet on the probabilities. Recent wagers have revolved around Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, and Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. The only trouble with these bets is that the betters have to be patient!

Probably the star with the best reason of all for eloping was Buster Keaton, whose divorce from Natalie Talmadge was not to be final for months, when he quietly married Mrs. Mae Scrivens Hawley last January in Ensenada, Mexico. On their return, since their marriage was not recognized as legal by California, they had to live in a companionate state—until they could elope again recently, to Ventura, California, when Buster's divorce did become final.

And lest you think that these "elopements" might be due only to the natural impulsiveness of youth, consider two of the most recent on-the-run marriages. Ethel Wales hied to Yuma with John W. Stockton to tie the nuptial knot, while Polly Moran and Martin Malone dashed off to Las Vegas. No one is suggesting that Ethel and Polly aren't youthful, but somehow you would naturally picture them as having quiet home weddings. Maybe "eloping" has become a Hollywood habit.

Perhaps the most novel "elopement" of the year, though, was that of Mrs. Mabel Cooper and Charles J. Bigelow. Here you had the sight, not of a mother giving her blessing to an eloping son, but of a son giving his blessing to an "eloping" mother. Jackie, it is said, even acted as Cupid.

But Raquel Torres is setting a new record by announcing her coming "elopement" with Charles Feldman, attorney. "We've been talking of it for two years and something always interfered," Raquel says. "Now we're going to steal away some day when nobody knows. . . ."

They'll be sending engraved elopement invitations next! Oh, well! This is Hollywood—and that's the answer to our question, after all!

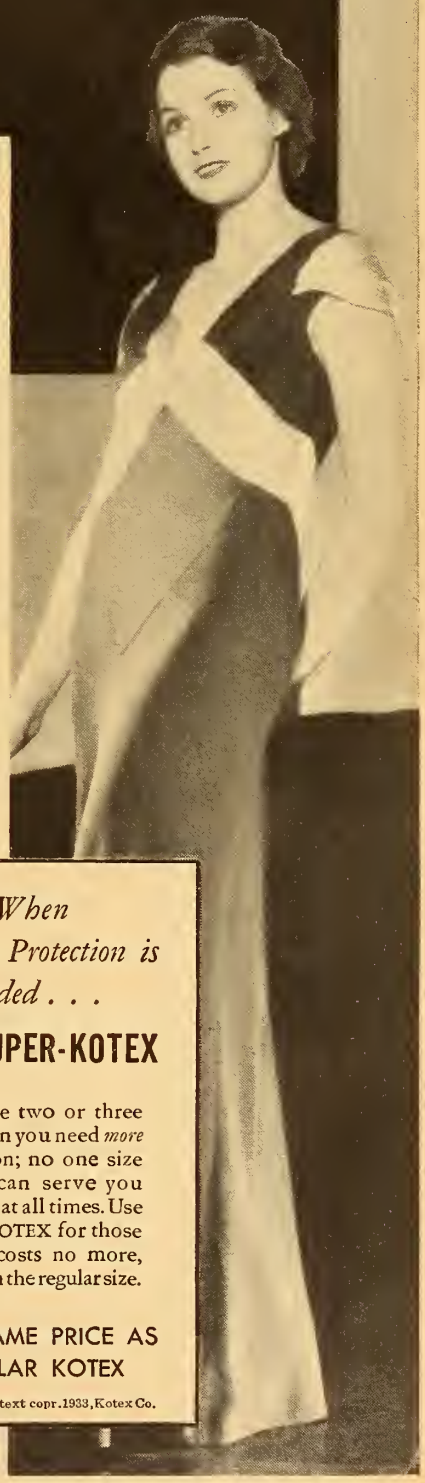
Even William Haines, an old friend, was caught unawares by the elopement of Polly Moran with lawyer Martin Malone

Nothing Like It!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

greater protection — untold extra comfort



EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

No pad can be like it!

Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 2½ years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it; medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

Ends, of course, "phantomized"

Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort ... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.

When Greater Protection is needed . . .

USE SUPER-KOTEX

There are two or three days when you need *more* protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

NOW SAME PRICE AS REGULAR KOTEX

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

You Don't Know Acting Till You Know Laughton

(*Continued from page 40*)

and expressive as the flow of water from a fall. His tallow face is puffy-jowled, chins are pendulous, lower lip, too, but the nose is straight and strong, and the upper lip is as petulant and delicately formed as that of a girl. His chin is well-rounded, and despite an impression of weakness, it is really virile and full of character.

But, of course, his eyes dominate the physical scene. Strange, glittering eyes, sometimes they seethe with venom, again they're smiling and guileless, though a moment later they may actually smirk, or sneer, or leer—or do any of the things that ordinary mortals achieve only with the coöperation and coördination of their entire bodies. They make one think that Laughton needs nothing but his eyes. If all his body disappeared and the eyes were left, they would be enough. Something like the Cheshire Cat that vanished, leaving only its smile.

And that suggests Laughton's movement. He's as quick as a cat, and glides from place to place with a combination of feline and reptilian grace. From a seat on a divan where he slouches, resembling something as soft as one of the sofa cushions, he can leap effortlessly into the center of a room, and suddenly be as alert as a crouching panther. From an instant of purring somnolence, he can snarl, hiss, and scratch, as quick as a catamount.

That is the physical aspect of the man. His mental processes defy penetration. But they are fascinating even in an utterly futile attempt at probing. His conversation is rapid and brilliant. Naturally, brilliant if you get it. And to do so you must be fast on the trigger. He's about six sentences, and God knows how many thoughts, ahead of his listeners. Sometimes, when he's in patient mood, he'll see their floundering attempts to follow him and, like a lecturer, will retrace his steps to explain with a word what it's all about. He'll tell a joke, for instance, and slyly regard his audience to see if it gets the point. If not, he'll explain, a little disappointed at the density of such mentalities. That's when he's gracious. When he's not, if ever, one may imagine him being viciously savage in the intolerance of stupidity or mere mental dullness. Not infrequently, his humor is perverse, even obscure, always sly and knowing, sometimes bitingly sarcastic.

Mocks Hollywood, But Loves It

HE'S a destroyer of idols, who shoots inky spitballs at stuffed shirts. He becomes Rabelaisian, Gargantuan, Elizabethan and a lot more over the Holy Men of Hollywood. One austere and hypocritical pretender becomes "one of the greatest comedy characters of the age." Others are "incredible," "unbelievable," and all contribute to the gaiety of Charles Laughton. It must be tough on Hollywood to parade in multi-creviced armor before this mischievous shooter of penetrating, poisoned darts.

But he loves Hollywood, and its people. To him it's the circus—bespangled belles, black-mustached ringmasters, gaily-panoplied horses and horses' necks, acrobats, tumblers, fire-eaters, trained-seals and freaks. Oh, any number of freaks. He revels in its atmosphere and has been having the time of his life—seeing all, knowing all, the seventh son of a son-of-a-gun.

Too, he's grateful to Hollywood. How, he asks, do we suppose that he could afford to do the things he desires except for the gold that the alchemy of the studios has given him? And what does he desire? To act. That, and only that. Nothing else matters. He doesn't, to quote him, give a damn. It would be folly to guess at figures, but with *Nero* and *Henry, the VIIIth* so sensational, it is easy to imagine the numbers of the thousands that Hollywood is ready to pour in his fat lap. So what does he do? He chucks the whole business and goes over to pinch-penny London for one hundred dollars a week to play Shakespeare. Why? Because he has never played Shakespeare and wants to.

What difference that offers follow him frantically? What matters it that he may be forgotten by short-memoried Hollywood? What does he care that the propositions now involving hundreds of thousands may dwindle to mere hundreds, or dissolve entirely within a month of fortnights? He wants to act. And he wants to act Shakespeare. Nothing else means anything. And that, may it be respectfully submitted, constitutes sincerity in art. And bespeaks in itself a man burned by the sacred flame of genius. There is no division of his heart, of his soul, of his being. He worships at only one altar, that of Thespis, that of the theatre.

In "White Woman," Charles Laughton is a brutal, half-mad ruler of a jungle domain, who dominates not only Carole Lombard, but the whole story

Has No Use For Hypocrisy

HIS statements are frank and open. If he has secrets, he trusts an interviewer not to tell, and he respects the integrity of American reporters. He is somewhat resentful of personal questions, and shows it. Also, he retains the privilege of voicing a blunt, if friendly refusal to answer. These are prefaced by an "Oh, look here now, I can't very well tell you that, can I?" He'll relate some rich, rare and racy anecdotes if you'll "promise not to tell on me." And upon at least one occasion, he grew apprehensive of the chill, blue eyes fixed upon him by a writer whom he didn't trust.

He has no pretense, and fiercely—or perhaps disgustedly is a better word—resents affectation in small matters or large ones. Although his new-found vocabulary bristles with Americanisms, he remains British, proudly British, and disdains ex-patriots of any nation. His enthusiasm reaches high, he's as pleased as Punch, as happy as a boy over "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," and describes it as a picture able to stand up against the best of the Hollywood products.

"I think," he says with a sidelong glance, "that's it's as good as 'Three Little Pigs'!"

Of British production, he intimates that "Henry" answers all questions. It was made in England, and what has been done once may again be accomplished. England has what America lacks, he says, and that is tradition and historical background covering centuries. We, on the contrary, possess youth and virility found only in a new nation. Thus England can excel us in picturing the past against authentic "locations," while we can make pictures with the vitality of the moment, catching the tempo of the times, the breathlessness of the nation.

In "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," Laughton throws a drinking mug to the floor. That cup is valued at $3,000 and is a museum antique. It was loaned for the production, as were other properties, either by private owners or the Government or the British Museum. Castles, palaces, estates where Henry actually played his kingly rôle were placed at the disposal of the players. Every bit of it reeks with authenticity.

Took Six Months to Get Ready

HOLLYWOOD would have slipped up somewhere surely, just as the British studios might be expected to muff an American theme, or American atmosphere. Moreover, six months were spent in the preparation of the script. Players, director, all hands sacrificed salary in the interim so that before a camera cranked, everything was in as perfect readiness as was humanly possible. Compare this method of production with that in Hollywood, where a player gets a script Saturday to play Monday, where directors shoot from the cuff, and dialogue writers pen lines while the cast waits to speak them!

God helps those who help themselves, the saying goes. And both the deities and the Savoy Hotel helped the producers of Laughton's picture. Threatening clouds would vanish when the cameras were set up for an exterior take, and the great roasts in the kitchen scene were prepared by the chefs of the Savoy. This latter is an item that causes Laughton to indulge in some pointing with pride, for this gifted actor began life with a seeming destiny for hotel work.

His family, rather well-to-do in a modest way, were hotel people, and Laughton served an apprenticeship in various branches of hostelry conduction. But his oyster was the theatre, and there, too, lies the mutton to which he must ever return. When he escaped from being a potential "Mine Host," he fled to the R. A. D., the affectionate nickname for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and was its star. One wonders how much he learned there. Or if there was anything for him to learn. He seems to have been born an actor.

All this came after the War, through

which he waded as the British equivalent of a doughboy—an infantryman in the Seventh North Hampdenshire. For, know ye, this most unusual fellow is even now short of thirty-four years! He was born July 1, 1900. And more startling yet is the fact that he made his theatrical début in 1926! One would credit him with a minimum of forty years, twenty-five of which surely must have been spent in the theatre.

He Knew His *Henry*

SO far as the screen is concerned, he declares that he never had a rôle that taxed him until *Henry, the VIIIth.* The others he tosses over his shoulder as meaningless. In research for *Henry*, he discovered much about the marrying monarch that doesn't appear even in the broadest-minded history books, and if you notice a bit of a mince now and then in the gait of the swaggering *Henry*, it belongs there, for the King had an eye to youth and beauty, and saw it everywhere. Most of the scenes in the film are authentic, and others have well-established foundation in fact. The very words of Henry have been resurrected to be spoken again by this impersonator four hundred years later. And so careful was the casting that the various girls who play the different Queens possess marked resemblance to the Holbein paintings that imprisoned their likenesses on canvas in those dim, distant days.

It is interesting, and unadvertised, that the rôle of *Anne of Cleves* in the production is played by Elsa Lanchester, who, next to Laughton, himself, creates a character most nearly approximating perfection. Elsa Lanchester is Mrs. Laughton, and if she ever gets a chance from astigmatic Hollywood, she's apt to prove a feminine counterpart of her husband in histrionic excellence. Laughton is enthusiastic about her, even while declaring that England never produced an actress save Mrs. Siddons, immortalized by Reynolds as "The Tragic Muse."

Of his Hollywood associates, Laughton counts Richard Arlen and his wife "Joby" among his most valued friendships. He enjoys and admires Mae West, who may be no angel, but according to this admirer, is an exceedingly clever, able and talented person. He has big words, too, for Bing Crosby, whom he regards as an actor who will be a star long after his singing has become only an incidental talent.

From Shakespeare and classical repertoire in London's famous "Old Vic" Theatre, Laughton will leap back to Hollywood next mid-spring. They may compare him to the mighty Coquelin of France, or Jannings of Germany. But these, and any others are mere makeshift comparisons for lack of a yardstick to measure talents for which there is no mark. In the theatre of which we are all a part, there stands no figure so gemmed with genius, so glittering, so vivid, so strange, so fascinating, so entertaining, so terrifying as that of this scintillant star, the Yorkshireman, Charles Laughton.

Did You Know That—

Helen Hayes' famous "Act-of-God" baby, little Mary MacArthur, soon will no longer be an only child?

The Douglas Fairbankses will be appearing together for the first time when they make that "Zorro" story?

Two Hollywood cameramen have gone with Admiral Byrd on his latest trip to the Antarctic?

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

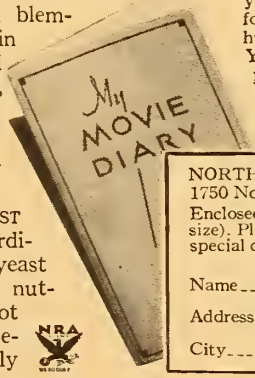
YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.



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Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

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What's Going to Happen to Jackie Cooper?

(*Continued from page 51*)

imagine, by contrast, the door firmly closed in the face of Just Another Pestiferous Little Boy who had come a-bothering?

Will Soon Have to Change

I SAID to Jackie's mother, "What will Jackie do when this inevitable day arrives, and he has outgrown the rôles that have made him famous?"

And Mabel Cooper Bigelow said, "I've thought about it, of course. He *is* growing up; there's no getting around that fact. And he seems to be growing up faster than most boys do, both mentally *and* physically. He is going to be a very large man, we think, probably with something of the physique of Wally Beery.

"I've talked to Mr. Louis B. Mayer about Jackie, about this problem that must be faced. Or Mr. Mayer has talked to me. We both realize that he cannot go on being the sort of little-lost-boy type much longer. But Mr. Mayer is of the opinion that Jackie is such a *natural* actor that *he may never have to leave the screen at all.* We do not feel that Jackie is just a flash-in-the-pan 'child prodigy' type of actor. We feel that he just *is* an actor, through and through, that's all. And we feel that age will not affect him. Once an actor, always an actor, is an old maxim.

"Mr. Mayer did say that the time was undoubtedly coming when stories could not be written around Jackie, expressly as vehicles for Jackie—at least, not for a period of years. But he does seem to believe that there will always be parts in pictures for Jackie, good parts, not bits. If he ever had to play bits, I would, of course, take him off the screen.

"I want him to stay on the screen right along, if possible—so that he will not lose sight of what he is doing now, so that he will not get side-tracked by other interests. Jackie is a very masculine little boy. And being so masculine, it would be fatally easy for other boys to influence him, to persuade him that he doesn't want to be 'an ol' sissy actor'—talk like that. I've known that to happen before, to other children with other natural talents.

Won't Let Him Forget Acting

"I KNOW that Jackie Coogan hasn't kept on. But I don't believe that that was because he couldn't. I think it is that he hasn't wanted to, hasn't cared very much about it. My Jackie does.

"I think that most of these so-called child prodigies would continue with the work they started in, if they were kept in the mood, the spirit, the atmosphere of what they were doing. They're allowed to forget, that's all.

"If there does come a time when Jackie is away from the screen, I shall not allow him to forget. That will be the major part of what I shall do for and with Jackie during that possible interim.

"I don't mean that we intend to force Jackie to do anything he doesn't want to do. He once thought he would like to be a surgeon. We did nothing to discourage that idea. But he suddenly changed because he couldn't imagine what doctors do when their patients die. How do they feel? How does it affect them? He said that he would have to talk to several doctors and get that straight before he could go on with his plan.

"I believe that Jackie will go on with his screen work, whether or not he has to be away from it for a while, because he is all-actor and all-business man, too. He would live in a picture theatre, if he could. If he has seen all of the pictures in our neighborhood theatres, he will go back and see the same picture four and even five times, rather than not go at all. He has other interests, too. He has his gang of playmates in Beverly Hills. He has another gang down at the beach where he sometimes stays with my mother. He is keen about football and about his bicycle and about airplanes. But they always have taken second place to his interest in the screen, and they still do.

Still Emotional—a Good Sign

"HE gets a dollar every Saturday as his allowance. And he spends every cent of that dollar on the movies. He likes to criticize and comment on the work of the different players, including his own. And yet, coupled with this critical faculty, is an emotional response that is almost funny. Jackie went to see 'The Champ' the other day, for instance, when it was playing a revival matinée in one of our neighborhood theatres. He cried through all of his own crying scenes. I thought he'd got past that stage, but he hasn't. He doesn't seem to realize, when he's watching the picture, that he's watching himself. He has all of the easily aroused emotions and the capacity of forgetting himself of the genuine *actor.*

Jackie Cooper and a suitcase—it looks ominous. But his "boss" says he may never have to leave the screen!

"He'd rather meet other actors than any people in the world. He is also interested in meeting famous aviators and football players, of course. But he takes these other celebrities more or less casually. When he is introduced to an actor or an actress, he is moved and thrilled and excited. He'll come home and say to me, 'Guess whom I met to-day, Mother—MAE WEST!' He did meet Mae. She asked for the introduction. She wanted Jackie to come up 'n' see her sometime. And Jackie went—*alone.* He seems to lose sight entirely of the fact that he is an actor, too.

"He'll never be one instant late on the set. If he has a call for eight-thirty in the morning, he'll be up at five-thirty and have everyone around him up, too, so that there will be no possibility of any delay.

"He wants to be doing something to make money all of the time. He always has some new scheme by which he can earn a dollar or two. And he has the typical actor's disregard of it, once it is made. He knows he makes money on the screen. He's bound to know that. But he has never once referred to it, never asked how much he earns or what is done with it. It is simply that he must keep active, keep doing things. He is crazy to solicit for magazine subscriptions. He'll say to me, 'Gosh, Mother, Peter So-and-so made three bucks *in one week!*'

Her Plans for Him, Either Way

"AND so, if the time comes when, for a few years, there is no place for Jackie on the screen, I shall keep him screen-conscious at least. But I shall also do what I have always done, really—permit him to lead a normal, every-day boy's life. He may solicit subscriptions if he wants to. He will go to whatever school he prefers. He has a passion now for going to the University of Southern California when he is of college age. If that is still the college he wants then, that is where he'll go.

"I'll have him taught music, for one thing. Not that I want or expect him to develop into a musician, but I believe that it will contribute to his general knowledge, give him color and poise. I shall have him study languages—French, German, Spanish and Italian. I want him to be an accomplished linguist. And most of all, we plan to take him abroad.

"I might even try to have him live all of his off-the-screen years abroad. It would give him a background he could get in no other way. And if we did that, I would take him to hear and to see all of the great artists of the stage and screen and opera while we were there. I would encourage him to read the biographies and memoirs of the most famous actors and actresses of each country. I shall see to it that he lives in the atmosphere of the stage and screen, whether he is working or not.

"If we should remain in this country, then I would encourage him to do plays—with the Pasadena Community Players, for instance; that sort of thing. In other words, I shall not treat Jackie's off-the-screen years as tragedy and loss. I shall treat them as *preparatory* years for his return to his life-work on the screen.

"People ask me what type of work I think Jackie will do on the screen when he is grown. Do you know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Jackie do comedy. He is a natural-born comic and I've often wondered why he hasn't been given more comedy to do. Undoubtedly, he will be some sort of charactor actor. He will never develop into the romantic Clark Gable or John Gilbert type. He hasn't that sort of looks. He is more likely to be a Wallace Beery or a Richard Dix, perhaps.

"I *am* facing the inevitable tragedy of losing my little boy, I know. But I do not believe I am facing the tragedy of losing—my *star.*"

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 8*)

NATURALLY, it is in a large measure the NRA which is responsible for the change, with its insistence that more actors be used on all possible occasions. To quote Mr. W. C. Fields, the funny mans: "It is getting so you can't throw a dummy off a cliff any more. You've got to use an extra!"

THE aforementioned Mr. Fields, who made such a furore by arriving at the "I'm No Angel" première in a beer truck that Dietrich's appearance went unnoticed, is another of the town's quaint creatures. Somewhat less boisterous than Warren Hymer, he has an outspoken manner. There was the recent occasion, in proof, when a tradesman stopped at the studio's information desk with a large canned ham and inquired the way to the dressing-room of one of the company's most popular stars.

Fields gave the ham a long look, then he said "Now that is what I call carrying coals to Newcastle!"

MANY have wondered, now that Wilson Mizner has passed on, who will be accepted in Bill's place as the town wit. Groucho Marx is forced to share his fame with his brothers; Larry and Moss Hart (unrelated) are confused, and the smart sayings of Edwin Justus Mayer and Rupert Hughes are not generally broadcast because those gentlemen don't circulate about much. Most of the other quipsters, generally for personal reasons, are too generally unpopular to be considered either representative or humorous.

More and more it is becoming apparent that a Bill Mizner—the Bill who told a stupid supervisor that he could wear a demitasse cup for a derby—happens once in a long, long time.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH DEPT.: . . . Now it is Lona Andre with whom Jimmy Dunn is holding hands . . . Garbo always has a red screen placed over the spotlights when she is doing a close-up . . . that blonde hair of Mae West's is a transformation . . . it was just ten years ago that Marie Dressler, heartsick with her failures in the theatrical business, was planning to open a hotel . . . Fred March had a commission in the army at twenty-one . . . Toby Wing hates the designation of "Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl"—wants to be called an actress . . . Marion Davies won't buy pocketbooks . . . and the Schnozzle says he has a phobia too—he won't eat with a fork unless he can help it!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

divorce plans—and can you blame us, after the way so many stars have kidded the grand old public? And were we glad we had left out Lupe's remark! For she and Johnny Weissmuller were secretly married at Las Vegas on October 8—so secretly that no one learned of it until they were ready to reveal it, themselves. Meanwhile, what fun they had—and what publicity—keeping the newspaper reporters guessing!

THE Opera came to Hollywood, and Hollywood went to the Opera. It was the big social occasion of the year—and did Hollywood rise to it! All the jewels came out of the strong boxes. Pinks, orchids and blues predominated in gowns. Grace Moore, who sang in "I Pagliacci," flitted about Harlowishly in the audience the night that Lawrence Tibbett sang in "The Emperor Jones." Richard Dix and Lois Wilson attended, together—shades of the good old days. One expected the orchestra to break into "Auld Lang Syne" or "Will You Love Me in December?" as they went down the aisle. Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's love interest and new leading lady, was still very much the ingénue in a childish and charming gown. On the list of patrons and patronesses were "Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby." Why "Bing" for a social moment like this? Adolphe Menjou was there with a Kathryn Carverish-looking blonde. Flowers and lorgnettes were in abundance.

SUCH a sense of humor these movie people have! Consider the party that director W. S. Van Dyke gave. Mary Doran, one of the guests, was just saying goodnight, when someone noted that she stood on the edge of the swimming pool. A slight push, and one gorgeous movie actress, in a new satin evening gown, was struggling in the water. The idea caught on. In a moment, another lady went flying through the air and presently half the guests (or so it seemed, anyway) were splashing in the pool. Wot fun!

MASTER Gary Evan Crosby and Master Richard Ralston Arlen received their friends and their parents' friends at a double christening at Toluca Lake. Jack Oakie sent two tiny sweat-shirts as a token that he had forgiven Papa Arlen's gag campaign "to keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." Jack grumbles, "Honestly, hasn't the public any sense of humor? They took that gag in dead earnest and I've received several hundred letters, asking why I wasn't wanted as a neighbor."

"ALL change!" is the order of the day in Hollywood. So Gary Cooper steps out with Carole Lombard, and William Powell with the Countess di Frasso. Carole has another escort in Russ Columbo, who, 'tis whispered, was broken-hearted when Hannah Williams married Jack Dempsey. Doris Kenyon, after four months of marriage, has asked for a divorce from Arthur Hopkins on the w. k. grounds of "incompatibility." Rita La Roy may be divorced from Ben Hershfield, but they kiss when they meet in restaurants. Max Baer is moaning about Dorothy Dunbar, his ex, and swearing he's going to win her back. Everybody expects Ricardo Cortez and his Pasadena fiancée to show their sense of Yuma soon. Most Hollywoodites believe that Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are secretly married. Adrienne Ames, divorced from Stephen Ames, promptly weds Bruce Cabot. Jean Harlow could have married a multi-millionaire broker from New York, instead of her cameraman. Love is about the same in Hollywood as in any other place!

OUR own Bureau of Statistics reports that while it looked for a time as if divorces would outnumber marriages for 1933, marriages are now leading—47 to 39—as the year draws to a close. In case you're statistical-minded, yourself, or are just plain curious to know who has been married and

(*Continued on page 79*)

"MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do *plenty*. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But *on* goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and *away* go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented...so leisure-lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

The Crime of the Day in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

Mae has been in Hollywood for a few months. Garbo has been in Hollywood for a few *years*. And in the months that Mae has been there, she has had more publicity, more space in magazines and newspapers than Garbo has had in her years in pictures. Mae has had this space because she has talked spaciously, spicily, straight from the shoulder, without compromise or one-eye-on-the-Women's-Clubs evasions. You could take her or you could leave her. We all took her. No one left her. Her ideas were so vital, her personality so important that no one bothered about her private life. No one cared. On the screen, she was as hard and brilliant as a diamond. We must have needed hardness in a world that had felt licked and whimpery.

The sayings of Mae have rung 'round the world. "Come up 'n' see me sometime" . . . "How'm I doin'?" . . . the bit about the girl climbing "the ladder of success wrong by wrong" . . . the paragraph about beating the Venus de Milo at her own perfections because she, Mae, has two arms and knows what to do with them—and is not, besides, "made of stone" . . . the bit about not advising girls how to get their men and their diamonds because—why should she?—girls have the same things to work with as she has.

The Mae They Remember

PEOPLE remember all the frank and outspoken and unweighed things that she has said about women going out into the world and getting their men, instead of sitting at home, mooning and repining. They remember her quoted statement, "Lots of people seem to regard sex as something necessarily vulgar. I don't think it is any more vulgar than eating." She doesn't. Or she didn't. Nor any more important than eating. Because sex was *not* evil to Mae, she got away with it; she got away with songs and wisecracks that would have landed any other blonde before the Hollywood guardians of the public's morals. They are making Mae sex-conscious—in the wrong way. It is like telling a child that her naked body is indecent.

People remember the remark, "Sex is the fundamental basis of love, either sacred or profane." They remember her complacent belief in herself and in her effect and influence on girls and women—her conviction that if girls *are* influenced by her and by the characters she plays, they will be happier, healthier, more normal. They will not commit suicide, jumping out of hotel rooms because of an ingrowing love of one man who does 'em wrong. They will not commit sex murders or become involved in sex scandals. They will live—and live some more. A "depression star" Mae believed herself to be, giving joy back to love and to people depressed, giving to dreary, anemic people the desire for LIFE again.

Now that you have signed a contract for two pictures a year for four years—ah, Mae—the word goes out, "It's funny, but people don't seem to want to separate my personal character from the characters I play on the screen. What I say and do in a picture story, they take for granted I say and do in my private life."

Does Her Private Life Matter?

THEY quote Mae now as saying, "Just how long do you think my contract would last if I carried on that way in real life? Not only that, the very people who think I'm swell now would turn against me in a second, if I couldn't match my private life with any woman's."

No, they wouldn't, Mae. Because they *haven't*. They've taken you as *you were*—as you were on the screen. If you had asked them, "How'm I doin'?", a world-chorus of hosannas would have answered you. Probably your private life *does* "compare favorably with any woman's"—but who the heck wants to know *that?*

I know that you live quietly with your maid and your secretary, in a small apartment. I know that you neither drink nor smoke. I know that you get plenty of rest and "recharge my batteries," as you once put it. But it is far, far more exciting and glamourous to believe that off the screen, too, men are willing to murder each other for your favors, while you are, perhaps, thinking about getting yourself something to eat. It is far more thrilling to think of you swathed in velvets and feathers and laces, wearing naughty high-heeled shoes and bosomy sequins—than wearing a bungalow apron.

Mae, you've said, "How'm I doin'?" You've been doin' swell. Never a star sweller. In *any* way. If you know what I mean. You've been doin' a box-office that all but busted the boxes. But when you wrote, or okayed quotes like the above, you were certainly climbing the ladder of success wrong by wrong—and *downward*.

They quote you now as saying, "I don't pretend for a moment that the kind of life *Lady Lou* led is good for a person." But that's not so, Mae. Or whom am I to believe? You've said yourself that the kind of life you play *is* good for people, gives them joy and stimulation, lifts them up and out of the sloughs of despond.

They quote you as saying, "Of course, it's wonderful to know that people like you so well that they want to imitate you. Isn't there a saying that 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery'?" There is indeed such a saying, Mae. And everyone in the world, from Mayfair duchesses to kindergarten tots, has been giving you that form of flattery. But no one is going to imitate an *expurgated edition*.

I interviewed Ramon Novarro the other day, and he spent our whole interview hour together—his interview—raving about *Mae West*. To hear a star so excited about another star was something I had never experienced before. He says that Europe, from which he has just returned, is simply mad about Mae. In Mayfair, when the nobility give parties, they give Mae West parties. They compare her, he tells me, to Rejane, to Bernhardt, to all the illustrious, fearless and greatly living women of their theatres.

Said Ramon, "She is superb because she does what she does and says what she says *without alibi or compromise*. That is *why* she is great. Take the Lillian Gishes of the screen, for instance—if you find them living in film sin, you are always told that they have fallen into a penthouse in order to save a poor old mother from the workhouse. They are the victims of circumstances too great for them to control. Mae sins for the exuberant and unadulterated joy of being human. She controls and is not controlled. She is one hundred per cent what she is, and anything one hundred per cent is magnificent."

If they make you seventy-eight and a half per cent, Mae, they will do you more wrong than *Lady Lou* ever "done" any man.

Garbo Dared to Be Different

WE hope that Mae will do what Garbo has dared to do—walk her lone-wolf way alone, independent, treading down the whiners and the 'fraidy cats, able to get a laugh because, in Pennsylvania, "She Done Him Wrong" underwent *sixty-two cuts*. (Mae did laugh over that.)

Garbo has done everything wrong, according to the unwritten Hollywood law and the Hollywood prophets. She has refused to give interviews. She has never participated in any of the social or political maneuverings of the town. She has refused to make public appearances, to dress the part of a great and glamourous star. She has made no effort to conciliate anybody. She has done only the pictures she wanted to do, in the way she wanted to do them. She has taken the magazines and newspaper stories that have been written about her in a gallant silence, like a stoic. When she wanted John Gilbert for her leading man in "Queen Christina," she mowed Louis B. Mayer, himself, down before her like a blade of grass. Garbo has remained Garbo, immune to advice, heedless of warning, contemptuous of counselors. Her spirit has shone with a fierce hard light and because it has done so, it has calcimined the world.

Mae doesn't want to be murdered. She knows that she has made her millions of dollars and millions of fans because when she says "Come up 'n' see me sometime," she does NOT mean the invitation to be for a cup of tea. She knows the value of publicity and she knows that she has had the publicity because she has dared to take sex out of its malarias and miasmas and has shaken it smack in our faces, bedecked with hard diamonds and hard laughter and hard-heartedness, rollicking with comedy—sheer sex for sex's sake.

Mae Just Isn't a Pollyanna

SHE doesn't want her interviews to be blue-pencilled and worse. Much worse. She must rebel and be bored at having to absorb copybook maxims with which to feed the "ladylike" ladies of the Press.

I know that when she was making "I'm No Angel," she fought tooth and nail over that scene in which the Dallas man was, to all appearances, murdered in her hotel room by her jealous carnival suitor. They wanted her to stand over the body and weep great globby tears to prove that she had a woman's heart in her. When what she wanted to do was to step over the body and get herself something to eat. She wanted to remain *in character*.

Mae is a fighter and a shrewd publicity fan. She knew the value, back in New York, of the police being on her theatrical trail. She gloried in the fact that people paid from fifty to one hundred dollars a ticket for her first nights. Because they knew that on opening night she would give them the works, "leave it all in"—and could they take it? She has said that, in New York, if they closed one show, she opened with a new one the night following.

Mae loves to go to prize-fights. They're telling her that isn't a lady-like yen. She wanted, rather plaintively, to back two fighters in Hollywood. They wouldn't let her. They said it wouldn't "look well" for Mae West to do a thing like that. It looks pretty normal to me — how about you? Mae's father was a fighter, as she explained, and she sort of got the feel for the sport in childhood. Besides, she told me, there isn't anything else to do in Hollywood, anyway.

They wanted Mae to pose for pictures in a *kitchen*, wearing a bungalow apron, cooking. Mae held out on that one. She wouldn't, she said, know what to do in a kitchen. She would starve, she has said, if she had to cook a dinner for herself. To put *Lady Lou* in the kitchen, in gingham, would be like putting Cleopatra in the nursery to change a baby's thingumbob.

They are trying to make a lady out of *Lady Lou*. Don't let 'em ruin you, Mae. Don't let them make a first-rate sex queen into a second-rate blonde!

Alice in Blunderland

(*Continued from page 35*)

The p. d. stood up at the head of the table and made a hruummmmph sound in his throat.

"Now," he said in his most Wampas voice, "we must make Alice like our Wonderland. We must all put our best foot forward and make this picture a great success. Has anybody any suggestions?"

"Which is my best foot?" asked the Dormouse suddenly, opening one eye. "Right? Left?"

The whole company began singing:

"Right, left, right, left,
Without the one I'd be bereft,
Without the other I'd be lame,
And with them both I'm just the same."

"Off with all their heads!" shrieked the Queen, but she was interrupted by the entrance of the Mad Hatter, running as fast as he could around the Brown Derby in search of a blonde.

"Attaboy!" cried *Alice*. "Look at Harpo take it on the lam!"

"That's not Harpo Marx," corrected the p. d. "That's one of the Mad Hatters. We have four. Look out! Here they all come!"

Sayings of Four Mad Hatters

THE Four Mad Hatters sailed around the tables a couple of times and then they settled down in a corner, muttering to themselves, "Alice fair in love and war. Alice not gold that glitters. Alice vanity. Alice over."

The p. d. had been trying to get *Alice's* attention. "My dear," he said, "I wish to present the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle."

Alice was beginning to get a little angry. "Let's cut the joking," she said, wearily. "Those are Jimmy Durante and Alexander Kirkland."

"They're the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle," everybody chanted.

"That's Jimmy Durante. Look at his nose," cried *Alice*. "And the other is Alexander Kirkland. He's the one who got capsized in the boat with Ann Harding."

"Yes," said the Mock Turtle, wiping his eyes sadly, "I was in that boat. It was terrible! Even now I wake up in the night, in a fever of fear, calling 'Kelp! Kelp!' But nobody ever hears me. Not even the press any more."

"Scandal, scandal, who's got any scandal?" muttered the White Rabbit.

This seemed to irritate the Queen mightily. "Can't anybody else quiet that headline-hunter? Off with his head!" yelled the Queen. "I see you!—present tense. I saw you!—past tense. I'll be suing you!—future tense."

Alice turned to the p. d. "Which side of my face do you think will photograph the best?" she asked.

"The side away from the camera!" screamed the Queen.

The White Rabbit, not at all abashed by the Queen, scribbled in his notebook, and waited with pencil poised, his ears quivering with excitement.

Alice felt a tap on her shoulder. She looked up.

No Knave to Her

"MAY I present myself?" a deep voice said. "I am the Knave of Hearts."

Alice turned pale and then red. "I'm sure I'm terribly glad to meet you," she stammered, overcome. "I'm a great admirer of yours. I just love your pictures. I just love everything about you. Come up 'n' see me sometime. You don't look like a Knave to me. I know you—you're Gary Cooper!"

The whole company sang:

"In this town of girls and girls
All with yellow, glinting curls,
Experts with the Looking Glass,
Our Knave has reached the same impasse
Always."

"WHY?" yelled the March Hare, pulling the tablecloth and all the appointments to the floor with a large crash. "*I* am the March Hare, and I DEMAND an explanation."

The whole company sang:

"Over-supply
That's the fly
In the ointment."

"You never asked me for an appointment," screamed the Queen. "Off with his head!"

"Scram!" said *Alice*. She turned to smile sweetly at the Knave of Hearts. But he was gone. Another girl had just come in.

"Could I have a word with you?" a sweet voice murmured in *Alice's* ear. "I'm the Duchess."

"Oh, no, you're not!" said *Alice*. "I know you. You're a fan magazine writer."

The Duchess Knew Her Morals

"AND the moral of that, my dear," said the Duchess, "is always to know the answers. So you're the little unknown girl Paramount found to play *Alice*?"

"I'm not so unknown," said *Alice*, sharply. "I've been around. Remember the 'Fox Movietone Follies,' 'Lena Rivers,' 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' and 'Huckleberry Finn?'"

"How did you get here, my dear?" asked the Duchess confidentially, leaning her chin on *Alice's* shoulder. "Through the Looking Glass? That's how most people get to Hollywood—by looking in their Looking Glasses and believing what they tell them. And the moral of *that* is—"

"I didn't know there were that many morals in Hollywood," interrupted *Alice* crossly.

"Have some mushrooms?" said the Duchess suddenly. "Everybody eats mushrooms in Hollywood, my dear. If they take a bite off one side they get bigger and BIGGER—heads, salaries, expenses, automobiles, everything."

"And if they take a bite off the other side," suggested *Alice*, "their heads get bigger, too."

"You'll get along, my dear," said the Duchess, approvingly. "You'll get along if you keep your figure. And the moral of that is: Take care of the pounds, and the contracts will take care of themselves."

"How about Mae West?" asked *Alice*. "It's sex of one and half a dozen of the other."

"Hm—" said the press-agent clearing his throat. "My dear, you're a little innocent girl who has just come to Wonderland, remember . . ."

"You know doggone well it's Hollywood," said *Alice*, "but if you want another name for it, you'll find it in the title of this story."

And that's where you'll find it, too, Dear Reader.

Just in case this has set you to wondering as to the players you'll actually see in "Alice in Wonderland," maybe we'd better tell you. Richard Arlen plays *The Cheshire Cat;* Gary Cooper, *The White Knight;* Skeets Gallagher, *The White Rabbit;* Edward Everett Horton, *The Mad Hatter;* Charlie Ruggles, *The March Hare;* Jackie Searl, *The Dormouse;* Alison Skipworth, *The Duchess;* Ned Sparks, *The Caterpillar;* Louise Fazenda, *The White Queen;* and William Austin, *The Gryphon.*

A new lipstick gave her more

NATURAL APPEAL!

LIPS of lovely shape . . . but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a *painted* look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color . . . without a trace of paint!

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End that painted look that comes from ordinary lipsticks. Give your lips the fresh, natural color that Tangee Lipstick brings! This amazing lipstick brings out your full natural color . . . and cannot possibly make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula that changes color on your lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it is the one shade of rose for *your* complexion!

Use Tangee for alluring lips . . . fresh with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.

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What Are Your Chances in Film Fame Contests?

(*Continued from page 31*)

place the number of people who entered talent contests in 1933 at from a quarter to a half-million—and among them must be countless instances of what we might term "contest hangovers." Young hopefuls take disappointment hard.

Knows Whereof He Writes

HAVING handled or helped to advertise many a Hollywood contest, I have been in personal touch with some of their resultant tragedies, near-tragedies and comedies. There was the college freshman who, failing to win a trial in films when his screen test lost in the final round, took the money that was to have educated him, and came to Hollywood with it. He is now a soda-jerker in a drugstore. There was the girl who, too proud to face her home-town folks when a free trip to Hollywood and a screen test failed to win fame for her, became an entertainer in a Tia Juana dive. There was . . . .

But take a look at the winner's side. The troubles of losers impress one because there are so many. (In one recent contest, sixty-eight hundred lost that a single one might win.) But the winners, themselves, so often lose! And, their lives being so thoroughly uprooted, many of them become merely recruits to Hollywood's "Horde of the Hopeless." They would rather stay in Hollywood and starve than go back home and subsist. Who'd want them in their old home-towns (they ask themselves, mistakenly) after they have followed the will-o'-the-wisp of fame and "failed" in their "big chance." Their self-confidence goes and, with it, their self-respect.

But don't blame producers or other sponsors of these contests. Of some two hundred important talent-seeking contests and many smaller ones that I have investigated, the majority were strictly "on the level." Recent contests are more likely than ever to be honest attempts on the part of their sponsors to discover new screen talent, for which a vital need is felt. Winners are given every chance to "make good." *Yet not a single star has emerged from obscurity by that route, since the talkies arrived!* Even such promising contest-winners as Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie of "Panther Women" fame, and Buster Crabbe of "Lion Man" fame, have still to prove that they can win a public following.

Not Shortest Road to Fame

THE film contest is often called the shortest road from obscurity to film fame, but recent events continue to indicate that it isn't. That old reliable trail over the footlights has proved shortest again and again, and nowhere so conclusively as—oddly enough—in the great "Alice in Wonderland" search.

Paramount officials were so sincerely determined to get an "unknown" actress for the part that tests submitted by such famous stars as Miriam Hopkins and Mary Pickford were given but slight consideration. On and on went the mighty search, until nearly seven thousand tests had been "shot," not only in America, but in Europe. And still the ultimate winner of the rôle, Charlotte Henry, wasn't "discovered," nor did she come forward to discover herself. She quietly went on enacting a rôle in "Growing Pains," at the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Charlotte was on the stage to attract film attention. She had already proved, by winning a Fox contract through her work in "Courage" on the New York stage, that it could be done. So when her screen rôles in "Huckleberry Finn" and "Lena Rivers" brought critical plaudits, but no advancement, she had gone back to the stage. Contests didn't interest her, so Paramount scouts had to go there to "discover" her. They had her take a test for the "Alice" rôle. It was next to the last of sixty-eight hundred tests given.

Five new winners of screen chances are (left to right) Jimmy Scott, Peggy Terry, Lenore Kingston, Lois January and Dean Benton—stand-out members of Universal's Junior Stock Company

Her test was so good and her type so ideally suited to the part that studio officials—anxious as they were to secure a really "unknown" girl—were obliged to consider her "unknown enough." Charlotte Henry, almost alone among contest-winners, has found fame overnight. That seldom happens.

Ten Bright Futures Ruined

I RECALL ten young college boys brought to Hollywood after a contest, and given six-month contracts. Not one "clicked," despite looks and despite brains. But ten promising students of medicine, law and engineering, lacking the nerve to finish college after a year of acting in Hollywood, became this and that, instead—mostly odd-jobs men.

From far-off South Africa, and the "down-under" lands of Australia and New Zealand, there recently arrived some winners of Paramount's big international contest, "A Search for Beauty." South Africa even sent a reporter with its candidates, so that their triumphs might be recorded for their home-land press by its own special correspondent! This is, perhaps, the high-water mark in confidence that a contest-winner can't lose.

Columbia recently searched for an "unknown blonde" to star in the studio's first musical picture—and gave up the search, picking Harriette Lake—well-known on the stage and in the movies once before—for the choice part. But Radio has just found a "poisonous-blonde." Charles R. Rogers' much-heralded selections of some unknowns and semi-unknowns for "Eight Girls in a Boat" are in celluloid at last. And Jesse Lasky's picture of "all new faces" is plotted, and Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s "Little Theatre" project, in which about three thousand applicants recently yielded twenty-seven male and female "finalists," of whom some will be given a chance on the screen, is under way and there are other contests.

Besides these and other searches and contests originating in or conducted from Hollywood, localized contests are being carried on throughout the world. Theatres and even non-amusement interests everywhere are staging them, and sending a small army of the winners Hollywood-ward. Sometimes winners arrive at the studios, bearing the *first tidings* that film officials have heard about promised tests, trial contracts and so on!

Among Uninvited Guests

ONCE I had on my hands, for some weeks, six beautiful Southern girls, contest-winners, who arrived unheralded and unexpected at the studio where I was working. They had been promised screen tests and what-not by the theatre chain that had paid their traveling expenses, but the studio hadn't been consulted or even notified. I finally solved the problem by placing them as semi-finalists in a contest I was then conducting among chorus girls. They got their screen tests, and two of them were given small parts in a picture. I still occasionally see some of them around Hollywood, together with other beauties who participated in other contests—glorifying the "extra" ranks! Their smiles are gone and, often, their earlier glowing health. Their clothes are shoddy.

A strange jinx seems to follow many contests and their winners. For instance, how odd and unfortunate it seems that first Jean Rouverai and then Ann Sothern, chosen successively as leads in "Eight Girls in a Boat," collapsed before filming began, and were succeeded by a screen veteran, Dorothy Wilson!

Yet there is an explanation for this seeming prank of fate. Neither girl could stand such a powerful combination of physical and emotional strain as the excitement of her triumph, the rush and flurry of getting ready for the picture, and the long hours of make-up and costume testing. Experienced players, confident of their ability, free from excitement, and hardened to their work, are not likely to "crack" in this manner.

Seven of the girls originally selected for "Eight Girls in a Boat" say that if they fail ultimately to secure term contracts, they will return to their homes. The eighth, Adele Pearce of San Francisco, believes that she will stay and continue the fight in any event. Probably, despite their excellent

resolutions, the others will also remain, contract or no contract. It's hard for a contest-winner to escape Hollywood, and harder yet to go home—defeated.

Just Beauty Too Often Wins

ONE trouble with contests to-day seems to be that beauty, rather than natural or acquired acting ability, so often wins—particularly in those countless minor contests held away from Hollywood and its more critical cameras. The various "Miss Americas" are no longer good screen bets. Neither are most of the beautiful showgirls. Just now, many celebrated artists' models are in Film Town, either as contest-winners or independent seekers of screen fame. Although M-G-M is giving Margaret Horan a trial, and the same studio has the celebrated Miriam Marlin on its payroll for a picture, people "in the know" concede the models in general only a very slight chance of success. They're thinking of all the ballyhoo about the stunning Gwili Andre and her brief success.

Once, beauty contest-winners such as Corinne Griffith, models such as Mary Astor, and Follies girls such as Billie Dove could be signed, starred, and ultimately turned into good actresses, learning to act after fame had already put their names in theatre lights over the whole nation. To-day's movie, while it admits a wider variety of persons, seems to demand an immediate demonstration of acting ability as an entrance requirement.

"I have an idea that people who enter contests aren't the hard-working sort required for to-day's brand of film acting," one studio official (who asked to be anonymous) told me. "Contests are too often regarded as a quick and easy way of avoiding an otherwise hard, slow grind. Your more thoughtful person doesn't even want to face the cameras until he has learned the rudiments of his profession on the stage. Often he doesn't try for screen fame until he has been graduated from all of the many grades the stage offers him."

Alice White Paints the Picture

AND if you are lucky (?) enough to win a contest, where are you? Alice White sums up the difficulties of the modern contest-winner in a penetrating comment: "It's no distinction to be a contest-winner in Hollywood. You're one of an army. You're just as conspicuous as one uniformed gob on a battleship."

Considering the fact that there are in town, at this writing, approximately two hundred winners of much-touted recent contests, and doubtless many more from less notable competitions, the ironical truth of Alice's remark becomes apparent. Their total numbers are greater than the entire personnel of present-day screen favorites, whom—to succeed—they must displace. Meanwhile, the opposite process is going on. Celebrities and, more notably, newer players with stage experience are taking places originally slated for contest-winning "unknowns."

Don't let that deter you, if you have a yen for entering contests. Rather, enter them facing your problems squarely and honestly. Hope for the chance to *learn acting*, rather than to act before learning.

Lucille Lund, who won the "All-American Girl" contest, showed uncommon sense in saying, "I regarded myself as fortunate to have won an opportunity to make good. But opportunity was all I had won. The rest was entirely up to me."

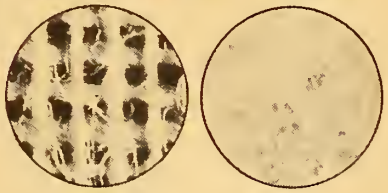
"Win or lose, don't burn any bridges behind you!" warns another contest-winner I know. "If you do win a contest, hang onto your return ticket. And tell the folks back home that it doesn't mean a thing to you, and that you'll soon be back on the farm or at the ribbon counter. That way, you won't be ashamed to return—licked."

Hands catch GERMS

as they slip through handkerchiefs!

NRA

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



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See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

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GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

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The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Be economical—use Kleenex

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, and rolls; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Chaplin's Sons—Poor Little Rich Boys?

(*Continued from page 41*)

But the judge's decision looked like a blow, for he cut the regular allowance for each child from $500 to $350 a month, and lopped off $2,000 from the $34,000 expenditure that caused the whole squabble. So she, personally, was "out" just that much. There is a big difference, too, between $350 and the $750, which was the average spent on each youngster during the twenty-two months of extra splurging.

While Lita apparently lost this latest round in the Chaplin-vs.-Chaplin battle, she doesn't figure it exactly that way. I talked to her afterward, and she referred to the trial as a matter of technicalities.

"It was ridiculous, the way in which I was called on to remember a lot of incidental figures, and to explain errors and omissions in bookkeeping," she told me. "For instance, that question of two dollars and a half, for haircuts, of which so much was made in some of the newspapers. It was entered as 'haircut,' true enough, but that was only part of the expense for the day, which also included a visit to a theatre, refreshments and the like. And five dollars for the treatment of a wart on one of the children's hands," she scoffed attractively, "well, that is a very ordinary fee for a visit to a doctor.

"The larger expenses that were criticized were legitimate. The attorneys' fees are explained by the trouble about the trust fund, over which Mr. Chaplin wishes to have jurisdiction, and to this, naturally, I will not agree. I am holding out for a neutral trustee, who is the only correct person to handle such a fund. It has necessitated my continuing to fight in the courts, and the expense of that and of these arguments about expenditures has forced me to keep a lawyer employed to defend my children's rights.

"There has always been a surplus of money in that trust fund; there is such a surplus now. They are each allowed five hundred dollars a month under the terms of that two-hundred-thousand-dollar settlement. In their earlier years I did not spend that amount, and the money accumulated. I felt during the past two years that they should be privileged to enjoy some of the accumulation. I was going to Europe. Their father was there. I had my mother and grandmother go, also. I preferred the children to have their influence, rather than that of strangers; and furthermore, it saved the expense of hired attendants. I would have had to pay them salaries in addition to the costs of the journey. With my own relatives it was only a question of the expenses, and not salary. Still, that was one of the things to which objection was raised.

Her Way of Looking at It

"HERE is the way I feel about my children: They are the sons of a very famous man and are entitled to a high position in this world as a consequence. Nothing is too good for them. They should have everything that they need and want. I don't feel that there should be any stinting in regard to the advantages that they enjoy, either physically or mentally, and that they should attain the utmost of culture. They have been studying French, and I felt that by taking them abroad I would give them a chance to improve their knowledge of the language. It would give them the chance to talk it with other children. I don't think anyone will deny the benefits of learning a language early, and the special benefits that come from being among people who talk it.

"The whole point is that the money is theirs, and it should be spent for them. They are entitled to every bit of it, and while the judge's decision may have seemed to reduce the amount allotted, this is not altogether true. He *did* cut the monthly allowance from five hundred dollars to three hundred and fifty, but at the same time he relieved me completely of the obligation of making an accounting of the money spent. There are no strings attached to the three hundred and fifty dollars per child, which is allowed. I do not have to make an accounting. Furthermore, they are still provided with five hundred dollars by the trust fund, and if I am faced with some special or extraordinary expense, I can appeal to the judge, and he may, if he sees fit, give his approval of any additional amount over the three hundred and fifty dollars.

Heretofore known as a hermit, Charlie Chaplin is seen in public these days—with Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady

"This amount for each boy is more than sufficient to cover the ordinary run of costs, including board, lodging, nurses, governesses and other incidentals. When I came West to make a picture with the boys a year and a half ago, and took a pretentious house with the expectation of entering upon a career with the two children, the boys' proportion was two hundred and seventy-five dollars per month each. The house and the household expenses amounted to fifteen hundred dollars a month, which is scarcely out of reason in Hollywood, and a pro-rated charge was made for the boys' part of this, which is a perfectly justifiable arrangement since their living has been provided for.

Inherit Talent from Him

"HAD we been able to go into pictures," —Charlie, you remember, went to court to prevent the move—"the money that the boys made would have gone into their personal fund. It would have meant nothing to me, personally. All I would have got out of the engagement would have been the proportion paid to me by the company, and the pride and satisfaction—for the boys have real talent, which I am glad and willing to say is an inheritance from their father. It's one thing they have inherited from him, anyway!

"I am glad that the question of expenditures has been settled, perhaps permanently. I don't know. Maybe I am presuming. There may be some new reason why Mr. Chaplin or his attorneys will drag me into court, but I don't foresee it now. I am weary of the battling. I am tired of the arguments. I could almost say that I wish I hadn't taken a cent from Mr. Chaplin when I separated from him, because it has meant nothing but grief. I can't have my children with me wherever I go. They are required to stay in California as wards of the court. Whenever I want them, I have to plead for permission, or else come to the Coast. I, myself, am not happy in California; I guess it's because I've had too much unhappiness there. Besides, I have my own career to make, and my best chances now appear to lie entirely in the East. But I am having the children well taken care of, and by my own people, which is much the best arrangement and means that they are under good influences at all times.

"I think I did pretty well, all in all, for a girl of nineteen in assuring the future of my children. I had to look to the future, and I had to fight. Think where poor Mildred Harris Chaplin is to-day; I might have been just as badly off if I hadn't battled tooth and nail."

Talked Only in Self-Defense

SO that's Lita Grey's story—the theme of which is that "nothing is too good for her children," counterpointing which is the motif that she has her own career to make, as the cause of her being away from them so much of the time. This is perhaps the only full-fledged revelation of her viewpoint that has ever been made, and she was inspired to it only by a court decision that seemed to place her in an unpropitious light.

From Chaplin's camp come no inner revelations, except possibly in a chance word, diligently pried from him, as to what he thinks of his boys. Then he will say with a beaming pride: "They're very bright, very smart." He sees them now and then, and is privileged to do so at practically any time.

I don't think that Charlie would wittingly deprive them of anything, but his angle of vision is different—far different from that of his former wife. It probably goes back to a childhood spent in the depths of bitterness and poverty and squalor. He cannot comfortably view money being spent on Charles, Jr., and Sydney Earl, at the rate of $1,500 a month. He doubtless feels that a goodly portion of the trust fund income should be saved, and held for the boys' coming of age. Lita, for her part, would prefer to have it disbursed generously as they go along, knowing that there will always be sufficient substance in the fund anyway, and probably sub-consciously imagining that some day the two chaps will be able, with their potential talent, to make their own way.

Charlie has been liberal, not to say lavish, from the standpoint of the average mortal. Lita has been liberal, not to say lavish, in another way, also from the standpoint of the same kind of mortal. With which would you side?

Dietrich Isn't Afraid of Mae West!

(*Continued from page 49*)

then, should there be this ridiculous discussion of rivalries and envies? One star can do one type of picture—another, an entirely different one. Comparison is not only unfair, but unnecessary.

"I have never envied anyone. Envy is not in my character. What someone else does cannot interfere with my progress or my success.

"Success doesn't mean enough to me to motivate petty emotions. It has never absorbed me to the exclusion of every other thought. It has neither formed nor modified my attitudes, my reactions, my beliefs. This thing called Fame has been unimportant in my life.

"I left Germany on the very day I knew that there I would be famous. 'The Blue Angel' opened in Berlin. I was at the première, and from the theatre I went directly to the boat that was to take me to America, where I was to bid again for fame, in a strange land—in a strange tongue. If fame had been of vast importance to me, I would have remained in Europe, where my place was assured. But I came here, six thousand miles away.

Will Make All Pictures Here

"AND I am glad. No other place in the world produces the finely-balanced, progressive, artistic pictures that Hollywood does. As long as I remain on the screen, I shall remain in America." (And this would seem to dispose of the report that she will heed Hitler's demand that all German stars return now to the Fatherland, or stay away forever.)

"If my career should end in Hollywood, I would undoubtedly go back to Europe to live. My husband is there. I have been raised there. I belong there. However, no one knows what time will bring. Whatever I might say would be only a guess."

Marlene sat with one pantalooned leg casually draped over the arm of her chair, her inscrutable face vitalized by a mutinous mouth. And she was intangible beauty come to life. There was a luminous quality to her face—electrifying, breath-taking. Yet she finds no joy in her beauty. For, sitting there, she said:

"The task of a movie actress is to be beautiful all day long. I would prefer not to be. I am not feminine enough to want to stand in front of a mirror for hours on end. I get tired of looking at myself." She stuffed her competent, sensitive hands into her jacket pockets, and in all sincerity declared, "I resent the necessity of looking at myself—of looking at myself constantly. That is the hardest part of being in pictures—of being a star in pictures.

"No, I am not an actress before all else." she continued with cool detachment—the individual, not the star. "If I were, I would have some of the reactions that everyone tells me an actress must have. I am not absorbed in myself. I am not driven by the necessity, the urgent desire to do one particular rôle. I don't take acting seriously. I act because Mr. Von Sternberg tells me that I must."

Acting, to Dietrich, is not a great passion. Surprisingly enough, it is the technical end of the motion picture industry that intrigues her.

Her Big Ambition

"I WOULD much prefer to work behind the camera,"—and her eyes are alive with enthusiasm—"rather than in front of it. I am fascinated by the mechanical end of picture-making. Even now I help cut my pictures, and sit in conference on every question from the inception of the story, until the completed film is ready for delivery to the theatres.

"Some day, perhaps, I shall work with Mr. Von Sternberg behind the camera—not for it. But in the meanwhile, he tells me that I must act—and so I do. I don't want to wait until I am old before I abandon acting. I would be happy to do it now—to-morrow, if I were permitted. I want to do other things before age has closed its doors on me and on my enthusiasms.

"For the moment, acting must be enough. I make no plans. I do not look to the tomorrows. I live for to-day. I have neither hopes, nor ambitions—nor desires. I have never wanted anything very much. I asked of life only one thing—a child. And that I have.

"Ever since I could consciously realize it, I have lived in the present. A day has spanned my every emotion. You might call me a fatalist. Certainly, I believe that a star marks our course from birth, that our destiny is unchanging and unchangeable. Whatever has been written, when we first open our eyes on life, will happen. We can do nothing about it.

"What we become—what happens to us—is in the lap of the gods. I am less happy as the years increase, but that is natural. When we are young, life has a thrilling tempo. We have illusions and delusions. Everything is beautiful. The sun shines. The days are cadenced with joy. There is a zest to every breath we take. As we grow older, problems increase, become more complicated. Life is more difficult. I am not unhappy—only less happy than when I was younger, when I was my Maria's age or just a little older."

An Outline of Her Philosophy

MARLENE DIETRICH has found herself in situations that would mar the philosophies of almost any other woman. She has kept her philosophy intact — that philosophy of hers that includes grace and calmness and stoicism and patience with events. Neither studio maladjustments nor distasteful personal publicity has jarred her sense of values. Her balance is the product of a clear and concise mind, mystically inclined. She has found peace in faith. But that peace has not subtracted from the flame that is Dietrich. This woman is neither fame-ridden nor driven by ambitions. She designs no plan for living. Behind the wall of her philosophies she remains immune to criticisms and applause alike, going her own serene way.

Dietrich—the riddle. Dietrich—the impassive. Dietrich—the unconcerned, the colossally indifferent. They are only myths, born of this belief of hers that every mortal is wax in the hands of a definite Fate. Without words, she is expressing herself.

She is baffling both as a woman and as an actress. As a woman—because she knows the meaning of steadfast loyalties, of basic virtues. As an actress—because she does not know the meaning of ego, of envy, of plot and studio counterplot, of the tantalizing and brutal urge to be important, to be dominating.

Rather, she is a shy, sensitive person, who truly finds no compensations in the clamor and symbols of stardom. Fame and glory, and glamour and money she would willingly exchange—if she could—for anonymity. For the peace of being an individual, without the insistencies of a career, and the tumultuous pace of stardom.

"An actress," says Dietrich, "sounds silly when she declares that she would exchange places with an unknown. But it must be marvelous to belong to yourself. Nothing in my life is mine—nothing but my thoughts."

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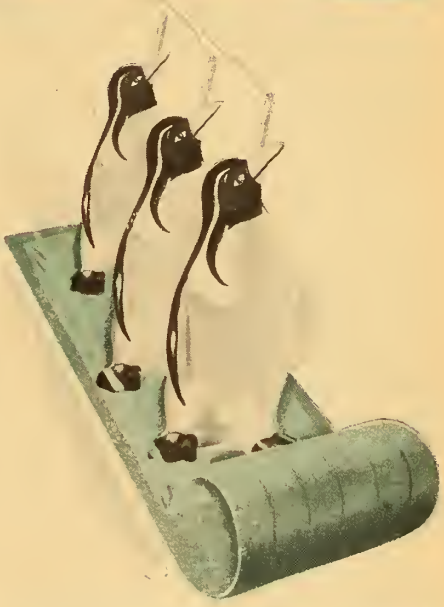

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CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

afraid that it would strain credulity if I tried to tell of this adventure and the way it affected me—because it was, really, a spiritual adventure, rather than a physical one.

"It happened like this: I was in rehearsal for the Belasco play, 'Blind Windows', in New York. We had been through a long, grueling period of rehearsal, working night and day at a pace that only Belasco could drive a company. It was a prison play, you may remember, a drab and gruesome thing in which I played a convict. The atmosphere, the tension of the thing was such that you *would* try to get from under, if you were tired out, played out, wanted to escape. Well, I did escape.

"I made a very neat job of it. I walked out of that theatre on a Friday night and I never consciously knew another thing until I found myself walking in circles around Battery Park, 'way down at the foot of Manhattan Island, on the following Monday night. Between that Friday night and the following Monday I was a nameless Nobody, an unidentified man and *free*—free as I had never been before and haven't since.

"When I walked out of that theatre on that Friday night, I was Clark Gable, actor, trying hard to get along. When I 'found' myself on the following Monday night, I was Clark Gable, actor, again—but no longer so frantically eager to get along. Between that *then* and that *now*, I had swapped one set of values for another.

"Those were the days, you see, when I could walk down any street and no one paid any special attention to me. Those were the days when I could go to a neighborhood movie or to a theatre and not get writer's cramp signing autograph books. I had just enough money for my needs. And I didn't know how lucky I was.

"I envied, then, the stellar successes of my profession who were ballyhooed in electric lights and public prints. I was completely satisfied with being an actor. It meant to me then what it had meant to me the first time when, as a small-town boy, I had sneaked into a theatre and had glimpsed a world that seemed to be glittering and desirable above all other worlds.

How Sudden It All Was

"AND so, I walked out of the theatre as Clark Gable and—suddenly—I wasn't Clark Gable at all. At least, I suppose it was sudden—coming like the moment at which we drop off to sleep. One moment I knew who I was, and the next I didn't know who I was at all. It didn't frighten me. On the contrary, I distinctly remember a feeling of relief and relaxation, a sense of irresponsibility and freedom. I didn't *care* who I was.

"I must have headed for Battery Park, because my next recollection is of the sea wind blowing on my face. I could remember that I had had some sort of desire to get down to the sea, to get into it, thinking that this would further relieve the tension and strain I had been under.

"As I understand amnesia, which isn't very well, something goes awry with the switchboard of the brain. The lines get tangled. Something disconnects. Even doctors understand very little about it. The cases never come to operation, you see, and observation usually takes place *after* the attack has passed. There hasn't been much opportunity for surgical or analytical diagnosis. But I am told that sometimes, as in my own case, you do have vague and hazy recollections of what you have done.

"For many weeks after I came back, my vague and hazy recollections had to do only with the fact that I had been somewhere near the sea. That was about all I could remember. I didn't know, actually, *what* I had done during those lost days. I did feel a bit squeezy about it. How did I know?—I might have committed a murder, robbed a bank, married some strange woman, become involved in something that might, at any moment, rise up to confound me.

"Then, one evening, some six weeks later I saw a girl's face in a crowd. It was THE GIRL. I tried to call to her. I didn't know her name. I tried to attract her attention, but she was gone before I could reach her. It was rather as if her face had been a signal flash to me, making contact again with the dormant brain cells of those lost days. For now I remembered—enough.

Was Robbed by a Derelict

"I *HAD* been walking somewhere near the Aquarium in Battery Park. I was headed for the sea. As I got near a point where I might have jumped off, a man spoke to me. He asked me where I was going. I told him that I was about to take a swim. He pushed his face near to mine and I could see that he was shabby and unshaven and outcast-looking. He said that, such being the case, I didn't need the clothes I was wearing or the watch or the wallet I was carrying. As he talked, he was fumbling about my person and I stood there and let him do it, unresisting, mildly and pleasantly aware that it really didn't matter what he did, what anybody did.

"He told me that he had planned to 'take a swim, too—a good long one'—but that since he could have my suit and my watch and my wallet, he didn't suppose it was necessary; he'd just stay snug and dry for the time being. He must have taken me into some dark corner, I suppose, because we changed clothing. I divested myself of my suit and watch and handed over my wallet containing, as I remember it, some thirty-odd dollars. The fact that they were the last dollars I had in the world seemed of no moment whatever. I put on the meagre attire he was wearing, and he said 'Goodnight' to me and something about my being the queerest 'un he'd ever bilked. And then he vanished. I had, perhaps, aimlessly saved a life. Who knows?

"I must have gone on my way to the edge of the water when another man spoke to me. He asked me the same question—where I was going. I answered him as I had the first man. He said that I was going to do a very ugly thing, that men called it suicide, and that God had an even uglier name for it. I recall that I was very much astonished and earnestly assured him that I had had no such intention at all.

Sheltered by Good Samaritan

"THIS man, gray-haired, about sixty, I imagine, shabby, but appearing to be clean and invested with some kind of dignity that had nothing to do with clothes, asked me my name and where I had come from. I told him that I hadn't the least idea. He said that it really didn't matter—names and places were of no consequence—and that he would take me home and I could rest there. I must have thought of a hotel or of something that would call for reimbursement, because I told him that I didn't have any money; some man had just taken my wallet away from me. He said that I wouldn't need any money where he was going to take me.

"I haven't any idea of where it was we went. I couldn't find the place again if I had to. My impression is that it was probably some tenement house somewhere in one of the forgotten streets of the city. I vaguely recall that there seemed to be two rooms, very poor, but very neat and shiny-clean.

"There was a girl there. Or maybe she was a woman. She met us at the door and my chief impression is that she showed no surprise at the sight of us. It was as if she were accustomed to strangers, nameless, arriving at her door. She brought me coffee and something to eat and I do remember thinking that she had the loveliest face I had ever seen. It was all like a dream.

"After I ate, I think I must have slept—probably all of that night and most of the day following. The time element, like all the other elements of life commonly considered of vital importance, was of no importance at all where I was.

"My next recollection is of sitting across a small table from the old man. He was talking to me. The woman sat near us, sewing or knitting or something. I couldn't repeat the old man's conversation verbatim to save my life. Only the essence of it remains, which is probably all that ever does—or ever should — remain of any vital experience. He was telling me the story of his life.

The Story the Man Told

"I KNOW that he said he had been famous in his day. My impression is that he said he had been a vaudevillian with a world-known name. But he may have said that he was a prize-fighter or a poet, for all of me. At any rate, I do recall that he said, 'I gave Fame away.' Those words ring in my ears like bells—and they rang a bell with me.

"He told me that he had had a wife, many years ago, and had loved her very deeply. He had also had a great deal of money. He had believed then, he said, that fame and money and the love of one woman were the only vital things in life. When he became very famous and money ganged up on him, he found out that his wife was being untrue to him. Then he discovered that he could not go anywhere without being pointed at, molested, embarrassed. There were times when his heart was sore and he felt tired and he couldn't be free of the eyes and the ears that always found him out.

"He discovered that his friends were his friends only so long as he could entertain them lavishly, loan them or give them money. He said, in effect, 'And so I gave Fame away, and then I gave Love away, and after that I gave Money away.' He said that wise men always give away the things that cause them pain or embarrassment, don't they? If a house is uncomfortable to live in, you get rid of it. If a shoe pinches, you throw it away. If a part of your body pains you unceasingly, you have it removed.

"He had, he said, given fame and love and money away because they hurt him. He wanted to be free of these fetters. He wanted to belong to himself and not to the public. He wanted to have friends for what *he* was, and not for the coins that were in his pocket or because his name was in lights before the world. He wanted to trade the hurtful, confining love for one woman into a love for all men and all women.

Protected Girl From World

"HE said that he had this one daughter. He had brought her up away from all thought of fame or money or the love of one man. She had a happiness, he said, that no woman he had known had ever had. She lived in a perfect immunity from all of the wounds of life. *He* was happy. And as he talked I looked at the woman, and she was nodding and smiling in agreement.

"I have one other distinct memory. When I was ready to sleep that night, or that day

or whenever it was, I went over to the woman and asked her to kiss me goodnight. I have no idea why I did a thing like that. It's not characteristic of *me* at all. But I was not Clark Gable then. I was just a man, and she was just a woman. And she raised her face to mine without the slightest hesitation, embarrassment or surprise and, with utter simplicity, kissed me. I had asked for a gift, you see, and she had, unhesitatingly, given it. That was all.

"Now, the chances are that I was being talked to by some queer fanatic, some outcast from life with a crack as wide as the East River in his brain. Perhaps he was a Red, a Communist, perhaps just some kindly lunatic who had had a bad jolt. I don't know. Perhaps he was, as he seemed to me, the wisest and sanest man in the world. I do know that, for some inexplicable reason, there in that place where there was neither money nor success nor any of the things we all strive for, I felt a sense of peace and happiness almost approaching the supernatural, in which I do not believe . . .

"They showed me, I remember, a view of the city from their narrow windows. They told me it was *theirs*, the city, all of it—and no one could take it away from them. They showed me crowds of men, women and children down in the street. They said that they were theirs, too, all those men and women and children. I remember telling the woman that I didn't know where I had come from or who I was, and she answered that names don't matter or the places we come from, but only where we are going and what we do on the way.

Tells How It Affected Him

"AT about this point my memory ceases and there is a blank. The next thing I knew, I was walking around Battery Park in the old suit of clothes and knew again that I was Clark Gable and that something very curious had happened to me. I remained in this semi-nebulous state until I caught a glimpse of the woman's face again, and the events I have told you began to take shape in my mind . . .

"And when I say that this strange interlude influenced me beyond anything I have ever experienced, *I mean it*. I know that people have been a bit skeptical when I've said that fame bores me, that money is more of a responsibility than a pleasure, and that being recognized everywhere, singled out and stared at embarrasses me. Perhaps *you* won't believe me when I tell you that if I had my life to live over again, I would do things differently.

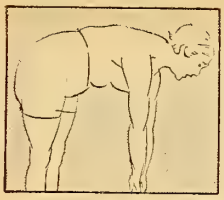
"I would *not* be an actor. I would be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer—I would be in a profession or a trade that would be mine, independent of public favor or of the way my face happens to look on such and such a morning, or whether I am fifteen pounds heavier or the reverse."

I said, "Clark, if you were a doctor, the same kind of thing would have happened. Your patients would all be asking for your autograph and your waiting room would be crowded with feverish ladies in very good health—"

"Don't you believe it," Clark laughed. "I'm not the type at all, not really. All of this sex-appeal business has just happened to me, publicity-manufactured. I'm grateful, of course. But I wouldn't do it again, if I had it to do over. I lost myself for three days. And during that time I found myself —too late."

And there you have Clark Gable—a star who has fame, money and the adulation of millions, who has not been affected by all the clamor and the glory, who can still take time to analyze himself, and who can still talk straight from the shoulder. There you have not only a never-told-before story out of his past, but a new picture of the man behind the star.

AFTER MONTHS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST UNLOVELY FAT



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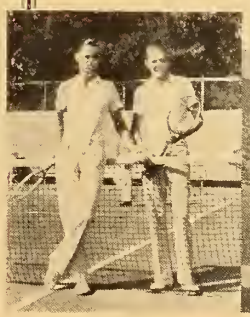

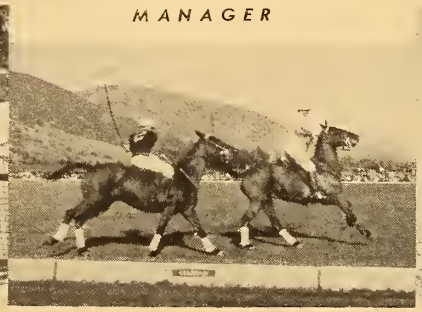

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AMERICA'S FINEST OCEAN-FRONT HOTEL

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 10*)

1. The group pictured on page 10 includes, from left to right, Valentine Parera, opera singer and husband of Grace Moore, Adolphe Menjou, Veree Teasdale (Adolphe's fiancée), Countess Rina di Liguoro, James Cagney, Mrs. Cagney, Lawrence Tibbett, Charlie Chaplin, King Vidor, Paulette Goddard and Sid Grauman. They were gathered to attend the opera, "The Emperor Jones," in which Lawrence Tibbett, motion picture and opera star, sang the title rôle—as well as to hear Grace Moore in "Pagliacci."

2. Marlene Dietrich's nine-year-old daughter, Maria, who is the picture of Marlene, will make her screen début in "Scarlet Pageant," provided the trouble between Marlene and Miss Rachel Smith, teacher and Child Welfare representative at Paramount Studios, is settled. They disagreed as to when the child was to rest and be instructed. Maria will play the rôle of *Catherine, the Great* at the age of seven; Marlene plays the adult rôle of the queen.

3. Joan Blondell does not fear that she will lose her screen identity by changing her name to Joan Barnes. Joan married George Barnes, film director, on January 4, 1933, which makes her legal name Barnes—and Joan wants to be known on the screen as Joan Barnes from now on. She also wants to let her hair go back to its natural color, which is brown, but she will first have to convince Warner Brothers, to whom she is under contract.

4. The blonde Edwina Booth recently filed a damage suit against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for $1,000,000, claiming that compulsory exposure under the broiling rays of the tropical sun, while in Africa playing the rôle of the *White Goddess* in "Trader Horn," resulted in a complete breakdown of her health, caused by some mysterious tropical malady that has made her an invalid. She charges that her ill-health has killed all chances for her to continue her movie career.

5. Suing for divorce from her actor-husband, James Kirkwood, Beatrice Powers, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, charged the actor with desertion and extreme cruelty and asked the custody of their one-year-old daughter. According to Mrs. Kirkwood's story, she was evicted from her home and she and her baby have been existing solely on the kindness of friends. Kirkwood is the former husband of Lila Lee, also a motion picture player.

6. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married at Rye, New York, on October 20, 1933, after Joel followed Frances East. The pair met while working in "The Silver Cord." Eric Linden, who was also in the cast, had been courting Frances until she met Joel. When he heard that Frances had announced her engagement to McCrea, he boarded an ocean liner without warning to his family or the studio to which he was under contract.

7. Director Harry Joe Brown, who married Sally Eilers, ex-wife of Hoot Gibson, on September 24, is being sued for breach of promise by Marjorie Gay, film actress. Miss Gay, whose real name is Marjorie Whiteis, claims that she has been engaged to Brown for about four years, which the director denies.

8. When Polly Moran married Martin Malone, Los Angeles attorney, on October 21, she did not take William Haines, her friend of long standing, into her confidence—and when Bill first heard the news, he could hardly believe it. Before Polly met the attorney, there was a very strong friendship between Polly and Bill and they say the friendship was often regarded as a romantic attachment by some folks in the film city. So do you wonder that Haines was surprised and a little put out?

9. Dorothy Jordan has withdrawn from the cast of "Wild Birds," and has temporarily forsaken the screen, in order to await the arrival of the stork. Dorothy is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper, wife of the Radio Pictures executive. Both are now in Honolulu, where he has gone to regain his health.

10. Seldom can anyone connect the name of Greta Garbo in a romantic way with that of any man, but she gave gossips plenty of food for thought when she went house-hunting (of all things) with her director, Rouben Mamoulian. The house they were hunting for was one for Mamoulian, but the news has everybody excited and wondering if there isn't a chance that Garbo is romantically interested in the director. She has never shown such a personal interest in anyone since her John Gilbert days.

11. Renée Adorée, who won recognition several years ago for her rôle of *Melisande* in "The Big Parade," died of tuberculosis in a sanatorium in California on October 5. Renée, who had been in different sanatoriums for three years, was never forgotten by several famous movie stars who helped her financially and went to see her until the end came.

12. The four-months-old marriage of Doris Kenyon, stage, screen and concert star, and Arthur Hopkins, New York broker, has already hit the rocks. Doris—the widow of the late Milton Sills, screen star—is charging incompatibility in suing for divorce.

13. If you can recall who was going with whom in the days before the talkies, you know that Richard Dix and Lois Wilson were one of Hollywood's most romantic couples. Everyone thought it was a real love affair and would surely wind up at the altar in those days, but after going around together for several years they drifted apart and on October 20, 1931, Dix married Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl. On June 29, 1933, they were divorced and Dix has taken up where he left off with Lois. Seeing them together again brings back old memories.

14. Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were playing some sort of silly game with the press in regard to their wedding plans. Although everybody suspected that they had been married on October 8, when they went to Las Vegas, they would only confirm the fact that they had taken out a marriage license. However, now that they have admitted that they were married on that very day, as everybody suspected, it makes the merry chase that much sillier.

15. The beginning of a romance that is believed to be approaching the serious stage came to light when Lyle Talbot landed in a hospital with injuries that he received in an automobile accident. Judith Allen, socialite screen actress and the divorced wife of Gus Sonnenberg, former champion heavyweight wrestler, made frequent visits to his bedside—and her constant attention while Talbot was in the hospital told the world that Hollywood could check up another romance.

16. If the rumors we hear are correct, Fifi D'orsay will be Mrs. Maurice Hill when you

(*Continued on page 85*)

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 69*)

who has been divorced, maybe you'd appreciate a list of Who's Whose and Who *Isn't* Whose Any Longer.

Married in 1933: Joan Blondell-George Barnes; Louis Calhern-Natalie Schafer; Constance Cummings-Benn W. Levy; Josephine Dunn-John Lewis; Billie Dove-Robert Kenaston; Alan Dinehart-Mozelle Brittone; Minna Gombell-Joseph Sefton; Buster Keaton-Mrs. Mae Scrivens Hawley (twice); Doris Kenyon-Arthur Hopkins; Lillian Roth-Benjamin Shalleck; Eleanor Holm-Arthur Jarrett; Helen Kane-Max Hoffman, Jr.; Dorothy Jordan-Merian C. Cooper; George O'Brien-Marguerite Churchill; John Wayne-Josephine Saenz; Dorothy Lee-Marshall Duffield; Buster Crabbe-Adah Virginia Held; director Edward Sedgwick-Ebba Havez; Mary Duncan-Stephen Sanford; Clyde Beatty-Harriet Evans; Jean Harlow-Harold Rosson; Pearl White-Theodore Cozzicka; Ruth Hall-Lee Garmes; Sally Eilers-Harry Joe Brown; Boots Mallory-William Cagney.

Alice Joyce-Clarence Brown; Margaret Perry-Winsor Brown French, II; Fred Astaire-Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter; Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez; Louise Brooks-Deering Davis; Marcelle Edwards-Thomas C. Manville, Jr.; Helene Costello-Arturo Del Barrio; Carlyle Blackwell-Avonne Taylor; Lenore Bushman-Dr. W. L. Marxer; Polly Moran-Martin Malone; Frances Dee-Joel McCrea; Bela Lugosi-Lillian Arch; Lucille Browne-James Flavin, Jr.; Jack Dempsey-Hannah Williams; Ethel Wales-John W. Stockton; Mrs. Mabel Cooper-Charles J. Bigelow; Adrienne Ames-Bruce Cabot; Andy Devine-Dorothy House; Kathleen Burke-Glen Rardin; Greta Granstedt-Ramon Ramos; Frances Williams-Miguel de Sousa.

And among those who will be married soon after you read this (if not before) are director Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner (the boss's daughter); Benita Hume and Jack Dunphee; Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. And Eleanor Boardman and director Harry d'Arrast are engaged.

BUT before some of these could get married, they had to divorce previous mates. *The year's judge-tellers number:* Lew Ayres-Lola Lane; Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor; Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Inez Courtney-Stanley Paschal; Maurice Chevalier-Yvonne Vallée; Adolphe Menjou-Kathryn Carver; Chester Conklin-Minnie Conklin; Janet Gaynor-Lydell Peck; Jack Holt-Margaret Wood; Alice Joyce-James Regan; Carole Lombard-William Powell; Boots Mallory-Charles Bennett (annulled); Marian Nixon-Edward Hillman, Jr.; H. B. Warner-Rita Stanwood; Elinor Faire-John Daniels; director Edward Sedgwick-Rose Sedgwick.

Ralph Graves-Virginia Goodwin; Patsy Ruth Miller-Tay Garnett; Zita Johann-John Haussman; Aileen Pringle-Charles Pringle (their second); Adrienne Ames-Stephen Ames; Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson; Judith Allen-Gus Sonnenberg; Mary Nolan-Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.; Jack Hoxie-Marie Hoxie; Richard Dix-Winifred Coe; Max Baer-Dorothy Dunbar; James Murray-Marion Sayers; Dick Powell - Mildred Maund; Rita La Roy-Ben Hershfield; Mona Rico-James Crofton; Margaret Sullavan-Henry Fonda; Carlyle Blackwell-Leah Barnato; Mae Murray-David M'divani; Barbara Barondess-Irving Jacobs; James Kirkwood-Beatrice Powers; Betty Boyd-Charles N. Over, Jr.; Doris Hill-George Derrick; Gordon Westcott-Anne Westcott.

Among those who may have decrees by the time you read this are Doris Kenyon and Arthur Hopkins; Esther Ralston and George Webb. And are Sidney Blackmer and Lenore Ulric divorced or just separated?

WHILE we're setting down the Vital Statistics, we should, by all rights, also list the Blessed Events and the Final

(*Continued on page 81*)

Screen Snapshots

This only goes to show you that Hollywood parties aren't any different from parties the world over. When everybody's happy, everybody sings. Left to right, Michael Farmer and his wife, Gloria Swanson, Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, are celebrating the fact that Grace is returning to films

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Manager

Three Little Pigs Bring Home the Bacon

(*Continued from page 53*)

These movie magnates *never* seem to learn!

"United Artists were worried about the Symphonies, but they wanted *Mickey*, so they had to take them, too. But they asked me to caption them '*Mickey Mouse Presents*,' so as to tie them up with *Mickey* that way, and we compromised."

Now, Walt Disney quietly enjoys their triumph. But he resents actively the humorous insinuation that he is much better off than his rival studios, who have to contend with temperamental flesh-and-blood stars given to fits of temperament, strikes, walk-outs, and other lively expressions of individuality.

"We have trouble here, too!" he assures you. "Artists are just as temperamental as movie stars any day. And sometimes ideas won't come. Often the public doesn't approve of a picture we've slaved over, and again will like work we are unsatisfied with."

This constant striving for perfection is another instance of Mr. Disney's "oddness." Usually the public's approval, manifested at the box-office, is taken for granted as meaning that the picture in question is perfection. Disney isn't made that way. Like all real artists, he strives to satisfy himself and his own ideals as earnestly as any poet in a garret.

Philosopher Explains It All

BUT where modest Walt claims he can only guess, Dean Ray Immel, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of California, thus explains the Symphonies' success:

"Right now they are a vogue, and vogues are freak things, as a rule, and difficult to explain. The reason for this one appears to be our love of the unexpected and the ludicrous. There is an almost universal appeal in anything that is really funny. During these times, the Symphonies would naturally be more popular and appreciated—there is so little else to laugh at! The fantastic is fascinating because it completely takes our minds off our own problems, off ourselves. And the simplicity of the themes makes for understanding by all classes.

"*During this depression we all have had something to fear, just as the little pigs were afraid of the big bad wolf. We have been afraid of losing our jobs, afraid of a revolution, and so forth, even though we have kept telling ourselves 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?' When we see the little pigs and their bravery in the same predicament on the screen, we laugh. We are really laughing at ourselves in that fantastic form. It makes our wolf seem less terrible.*"

And Rupert Hughes, the well-known novelist, an ardent little-pig fan, has another explanation. "I can think of no better reason for the popularity of the Symphonies," he says, "than one suggested by my wife. They make all the fantasies of our childhood come true. They bring to perfect reality all the dreams, all the things we wanted to happen when we were very young, which we could never quite visualize ourselves."

Right here the testimony of six-year-old Cora Sue Collins, a popular movie actress in her own right, will be appropriate. She remembered the two-reeler in minute detail after seeing it once. "And I think the best part was at the very end where the pigs' tails go in and out . . . and I think the best part was where the pig takes in his 'Welcome' sign when the wolf comes . . . but really the BEST part was the little hard-working pig being able to save the others."

Psychology Okays Them

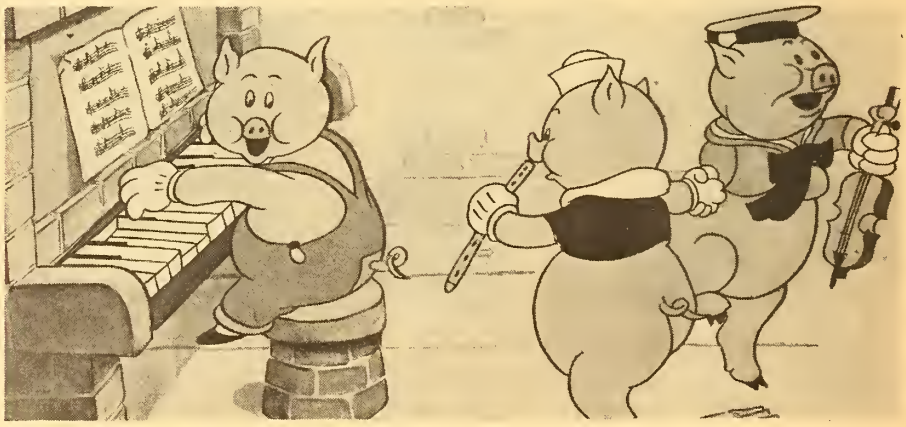
UNUSUALLY interesting because they reflect so exactly the feelings of Mr. Disney, himself, are the comments of Dr. M. M. Metfessel, professor of psychology at the University of Southern California, and a recognized authority on our thoughts and emotions.

"One of the reasons for the popularity of all motion pictures is their freedom from the hampering limitations of the stage. In the animated cartoons, this freedom is intensified. The actors are tied down by no laws whatsoever, because realism is not demanded of them. If a tree wants to walk, it walks. Therefore the imagination of the audience has full chance for free play. The utter simplicity and novelty also make for popularity. And we are always interested in something *new*."

And right from the battle-front of the box office comes this comment from C. F. Narath, of the Majestic Theatre, Santa Monica: "The Silly Symphonies appeal to audiences from two years to ninety. When we showed 'Three Little Pigs,' we billed it over the feature. That picture *had* something! We could feel it here at the theatre. When the people came out, they were all humming, 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?'. Many came back to see it again—grown-ups as well as children."

Take a hint, you Hollywood producers! Don't all go whimsical on us, please, in an attempt to imitate the pigs' success. And don't give us a million color-pictures, either. (Walt, himself, says, "Now I suppose we'll have a run of color-cartoons. They think it was the color that did it.")

The idea is to find some bright new idea of your own, grandly to disregard the current "trend" of public fancy, as Walt Disney did, and if the notion isn't too Pollyanna-ish for you hard-headed business men, to make pictures merely for the sake of making good pictures. The money angle, you ask? That will take care of itself! You don't see any Big Bad Wolf hanging around Walt Disney's door, do you?



News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 79*)

Curtain Calls of 1933. The last outnumber the first, 20 to 16.

The Blessed Eventers number: Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston—a son; Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett—a son; Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee—a son; Richard Dix and Winifred Coe—a daughter; Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda—a son; John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce—a daughter; Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allen (do not confuse her with the screen actress)—a daughter; Herbert Marshall and Edna Best—a daughter; Karen Morley and director Charles Vidor—a son; Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd—a son; Lawrence Tibbett and Jennie Marston—a son; Skeets Gallagher and Pauline Mason—a daughter; Johnny Mack Brown and Cornelia Foster—a son; Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge—a son; Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan—a son; Jack Haley and Florence McFadden—a son. It seems to have been a boys' year. There are only five girls in the whole crop!

Those who answered the final curtain call were Jack Pickford, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Spottiswood Aitkin, Walter Hiers, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Harry Sweet, Ernest Torrence, Louise Closser Hale, Sam Rork (producer), Helen Carlyle, Mike Donlin, Mrs. Raul Roulien, Sime Silverman (editor of *Variety*, the Bible of show business), Mrs. Peg Talmadge (mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie), Renée Adorée, Tom Bay (stunt man), Howard B. (Duke) Worne (producer-husband of Virginia Brown Faire), Wilson Mizner, Jean Malin and Texas Guinan.

THESE are the answers to the ten questions on page 39:

1. Maybe you guessed it—"Show Boat," in which Laura La Plante starred in 1929. Irene Dunne, whose discovery for films followed her hit in Ziegfeld's stage version, will at last have her big chance to sing for the screen in Universal's new version.

2. A "bolero," according to the dictionary, is "a Spanish dance, illustrative of love-passion." George Raft is the lad who will star in it.

3. We're thinking of Robert Nathan's "One More Spring," recently purchased by Fox. This is the amusing story of the adventures of an antique dealer, a violinist, a banker and a shady lady, who weather a depression winter in a Central Park tool shed.

4. "The Hollywood Party"—the successor to "The Hollywood Revue"—in which most of the M-G-M stars will cavort; "Fox Movietone Follies of 1934," which will boast practically all of the Fox players, from Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor right down the line; and "Wunderbar," Al Jolson's new picture for Warner Brothers, in which he will have the support of Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, Warren William, and Guy Kibbee, among others. And Al guarantees that there isn't a "Mammy" song in it.

5. "Coming Out Party," featuring Frances Dee and Gene Raymond, will do the trick.

6. Who ever thought that Clark Gable and Elissa Landi would be co-starred? Columbia has them both lined up for "Overland Bus."

7. Naturally, "The Night Before Christmas."

8. Katharine Hepburn, who gets her paychecks from RKO, is the star whom Lasky—and you—would like to see in the rôle.

9. "The Paradine Case" is to be Diana's first picture, now that she is back from the London stage, and in it will also appear her old friends of "Rasputin and the Empress" days, John and Lionel Barrymore.

10. Surprise! Jeanette MacDonald is to be the girl, and Lubitsch is to be the director. Irving Thalberg, producer-husband of Norma Shearer, wanted all three reunited for this picture—and all three were willing, after persuasion. The triangular "feud"—which seems to have been more rumor than feud—is all off. (*Flash! But now the report is that John Gilbert will star in the talkie version of his old silent hit, instead of Chevalier.*)

RADIO PICTURES did themselves proud with their luncheon to the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi. The huge studio stage was hung with what looked to awe-struck eyes like white velvet, looped in classical folds. White marble urns held huge white chrysanthemums. A twenty-piece orchestra played Italian music, and the great and near-great of Hollywood were there. Mary Pickford sat next to the Marchese and John Barrymore next to the Marchesa; stars from rival lots, as well as directors and producers, filled the tables, and a genteel hum of voices took the place of the usual Hollywood noise. The high spot of the occasion was when curtains parted to show the actual filming of one of the much-guarded "process shots" of chorus girls apparently flying over Rio de Janeiro (for "Flying Down to Rio"). After the camera crane, lights and wind machine had done their stuff, the finished shot was run off on a screen, with the great bay of Rio de Janeiro apparently unrolling beneath the 'plane. Newspaper men rushed for telephones, napkins in hand, for this was NEWS.

FOR the first time in several seasons, the Broadway stage is showing real signs of life—and players who have been associated in the public mind with the movies are chief contributors to the resuscitation of the stage. Marilyn Miller is in "As Thousands Cheer," Lois Moran in "Let 'Em Eat Cake" (the sequel to "Of Thee I Sing"), Jean Arthur is in "The Curtain Rises," Alexander Kirkland in "Men in White," Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews in "Her Master's Voice," Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland" (another screen star gone queenly!), Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond in "The Green Bay Tree," Colin Clive and Rose Hobart in "Eight Bells" and Tallulah Bankhead in "Jezebel." The former situation is now reversed—Broadway comes to Hollywood for its stars, many of whom, of course, have Broadway blood in their veins and are only Broadway's prodigal children.

CHICK CHANDLER, of The Wealthy Chandlers of New York, is one actor who doesn't have to worry too much about the maximum salary question. When he was left a fortune several years ago, he handed it over to his father to manage because "actors haven't any business sense." However, Chick hasn't done so badly for himself. He was getting three hundred a week when Radio inadvertently let his option slip for a few days. After "Melody Cruise" was previewed, they sent for him post-haste, only to be told that his asking price was now five hundred a week! He has a contract with them now for five years and another contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, which provides that he goes with them if Radio does not take up an option at any time. So he looks safe, no matter what happens in Hollywood.

LOS ANGELES put on an old-fashioned County Fair down at Pomona and the movie stars went for it in a big way. Clark Gable and his wife, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Monte Blue and John Gilbert were

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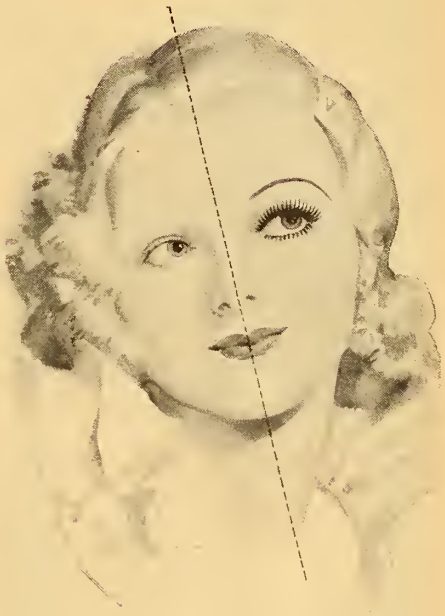

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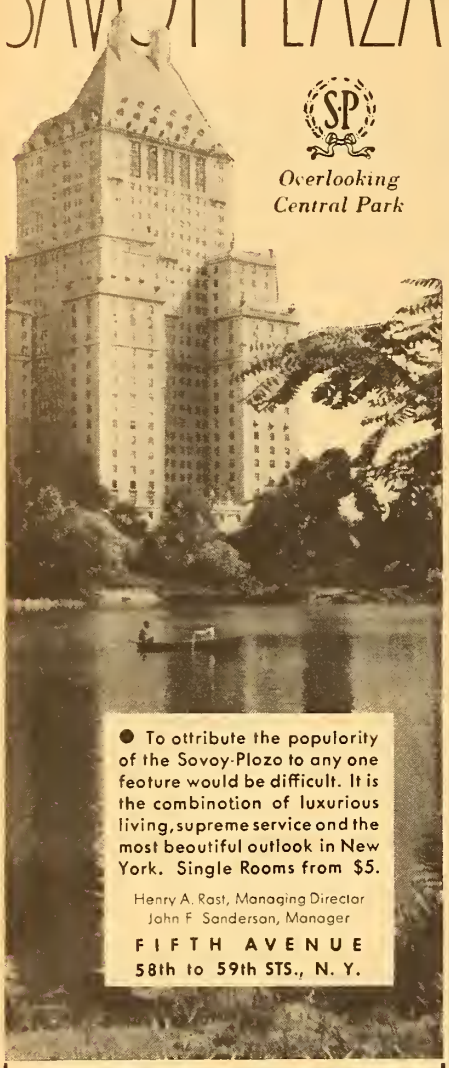

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Remember Baby Peggy? Her winsome pouting won her a place in the hearts of thousands of movie fans. Peggy, whose last name is Montgomery, is now a big girl (as you can see) and she has dropped the Baby from her name. Watch for her in "Eight Girls in a Boat"

looking over the cows and chickens the day we were there, and seemed to be getting a big kick out of it.

SPEAKING of Baer, they say Jack Dempsey is very anxious to get his prize-ring pet out of Hollywood. Too many charming ladies and too many interesting distractions!

HELEN TWELVETREES' husband, Jack Woody, has gone into the actor-agent business and one of his first clients is . . . guess who? . . .

THERE are a couple of very slender gentlemen in Hollywood right now. One is the Marquis de la Falaise, Connie's husband, who is attempting to regain thirty-six pounds which he dropped during the filming of his Bali picture.

The other gent who is having trouble getting back his previous poundage is Clark Gable, twenty-five pounds underweight. Clark lost all this weight during his recent illness.

The boy does not look any too well, but he says he feels great and he is going to have a lot of fun "eating on" twenty-five pounds. All dieters beware of lunching with Clark. The other day I watched him order, and get away with, a New York cut steak, hashed brown potatoes, apple pie and cheese during a studio lunch hour!

THE long-legged bird is due for a visit at the home of Dorothy Jordan (Mrs. Producer Merian Cooper) sometime next Spring.

DON'T be surprised if Doris Kenyon becomes radio-minded this Fall and signs a contract with one of the big national broadcasting companies. For the past seven weeks Doris has been doing a "mystery half-hour" of song. That is, her famous name was not mentioned in the announcing, because she wanted to prove that she could sell her voice, as well as her screen name, over the radio. The experiment has been such a success that she may abandon Hollywood for three months and tie up on an exclusive radio program.

GET out your handkerchief and weep a good wail! Helen Hayes will not be back in Hollywood to make another picture for six months. She is determined to do one Broadway play and maybe two. The stage is Helen's first love—and she has not forgotten it even for the gold of a Hollywood contract.

EVERY time there is news of a new divorce, Neil Miller and Dorothy Mackaill get a very private little chuckle out of it! Not that Dot and Neil are glad their friends can't make a go of it, but when *they* were first married, all their pals said it wouldn't last six months. So far they have weathered the storm of matrimony beautifully, while the "pals" have sought the divorce courts.

HOLLYWOOD, in general, deeply resented a certain magazine feature (not a movie publication) which presented two sets of pictures of movie stars, one group representing them "as they really are" in unretouched news flashes, and the other showing them as their studio cameramen make them appear.

It was a sensational stunt, but hardly a fair one. Snaps can be grossly unflattering, as you have probably proved with your own camera. And from this "display" don't get the idea that such women as Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and many others are not beautiful women. The beauties of Hollywood will stack up against the beauties of the world, in spite of those "news flash" pictures to the contrary.

RICHARD DIX and Winifred Coe Dix were secretly divorced for four months before the news leaked out. Though admitting to a "separation" they failed to announce an actual divorce action granted in Juarez, Mexico on June 29th.

While the former Mrs. Dix is enjoying a vacation in New York, Richard is playing host to his ten-months-old daughter. Mrs. Dix was granted the custody of the child, but Rich "borrowed" the baby for a couple of weeks while his wife was gone.

LILA LEE'S new "heart" is Nelson Eddy, the singer. So it's no wonder that Lila is taking piano lessons! If present plans go through, the beautiful, but unlucky little brunette and her new romance may embark on a long personal appearance tour sometime this winter.

MERVYN LEROY, popular "boy director," and Doris Warner will hit the altar aisle sometime early in December. They're reported to be booked for a world cruise, starting in January.

KEN MURRAY scored a terrific hit in the Los Angeles Belasco presentation of "Louder Please," Lee Tracy's former New York show. The opening night Lee sat in the front row, watched Ken go through his paces, and gave his successor plenty of great big hands. Of course, Sue Carol was there and looking very excited! Heart beats, you know, for Ken.

WHO said the Cary Grant-Virginia Cherrill romance was cold? The local telephone company knows better! Cary's long-distance calls to Honolulu have almost amounted to a dividend raise in the company's business. Virginia, you know, is in Honolulu with Cecil De Mille's "Four Frightened People" company.

IN regard to the matter of "dubbing" dialogue in American pictures for foreign release, France has ruled that full program credit must be given its native actors who double for the American stars. Just how this is going to work out has not been decided, but it seems as though things are

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Answers to Ten Questions That Baffled Hollywood This Month

(*Continued from page 57*)

6. Are stars overpaid, or aren't they?

That burning, baffling question of the day is Hollywood's prime topic, for the NRA hopes to lower and prevent "unreasonably high" salaries. It is the general consensus of opinion in Hollywood that movie salaries are not too high. Here are some strong pro-arguments for maintenance of present-day film salaries:

Demand governs salaries. If a merchant has wares to sell, he pays more money for his advertisement in a widely-circulated publication than he pays for a similar advertisement in a paper of smaller circulation. When a producer makes a picture, he is willing to pay more money for a star who will draw a million people into a theatre than for the star who will draw a thousand.

The stars point out also that their earning years are very limited; the average screen life of a star is five years. Although they earn high salaries during that period, their income taxes are relatively high, as are their other expenses. At the end of the five years, their total net earnings are not nearly so great as they would be if the same stars got half the salary, but endured for ten years.

The favorite anti-big salary argument, of course, is that no movie star is worth more than the President of the United States, who receives only $75,000 a year—or less than $1,450 a week—and gets no pension, either, when his days in the limelight are over.

7. How long will Greta Garbo remain in Hollywood?

Hollywood is always asking that one—but there is a brand-new answer! Lately, the Swedish star has told friends that she will permanently retire from professional life, following conclusion of her present contract. Since her agreement calls for only four pictures to be made in two years, it seems likely that Garbo will retire in 1935. She plans to go then to the estate she recently purchased in Sweden.

Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, surveying the damage done to their home by a recent fire, register Life's Darkest Moment

8. What is behind Joan Blondell's expressed desire to change her name?

Joan has notified her employers—Warner Brothers-First National—that hereafter she would like to be billed as Joan Barnes, which became her legal name when she married George Barnes, ace cameraman, last January. She likes the name better than the one under which she achieved fame, believes that the public might, also, and doesn't see why she shouldn't be known by it, anyway. She argues that people go to see her for the rôles she plays, not because her name is this or that.

The oldest residents cannot remember another case of a screen player who has ever attempted to change his name—his trademark, as it were—after stardom came along. But, of course, there can always be a first.

Suspicious Hollywood scents a press-agent, rather than a serious intention, behind Joan's announcement. But Joan's sincerity has never yet been questioned, and she has never been known as a publicity-hunter—so it's only fair to give her the benefit of the doubt. Meanwhile, will her employers acquiesce to her request—even as an experiment?

9. Did John Warburton actually strike Alice White?

Alice testified before a grand jury that the handsome English actor "blacked both my eyes and beat me up all over the street," but denied that her former fiancé, screen-writer Sidney Bartlett—from whom she had been estranged a short time previous—later told her of any scheme to gain revenge on Warburton, except that he would like to "sock" him. She testified that she had worn dark glasses in an effort to keep Bartlett from learning of her alleged injuries.

Miss White was called before the grand jury as a result of an alleged "confession" by one of two men held for robbing and beating Warburton. This man claimed that Bartlett had hired them to hold up the actor (who had only eight dollars on his person), afterward beating him so that he would be disfigured and made unattractive to women. (Warburton, however, was not disfigured by the beating he received.) The grand jury took no action against Bartlett, thus clearing him of the charge.

10. Why have the actors organized?

This question ties up with question 6. Many of Hollywood's leading stars, dissatisfied with the representation given them by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, withdrew from the Academy and formed the Screen Actors' Guild, with Eddie Cantor as the first president. The greatest cause of dissatisfaction came from the belief that Academy officials were not protecting them sufficiently in negotiations about the proposed NRA code for the movie industry.

The players wanted to register vigorous protests against the inclusion of any provision fixing maximum salaries. They even warned of a possible walk-out of stars if such a provision were included. (P. S. Just the same, one was—making producers liable to $10,000 fines if they paid "unreasonably high" salaries, though no definite maximum sum was fixed.)

Stage players are protected, so far as working hours and salary and contract arrangements are concerned, by belonging to Actors' Equity. Several years ago, during a studio strike, attempts were made to form a Hollywood branch, which were unsuccessful. This is the first time that screen players have organized for their own protection.

The new Guild, now representing scores of leading stars and hundreds of important players, is expected to become one of the most powerful factors in the motion picture industry's progress, working in conjunction with the new Screen Writers' Guild.

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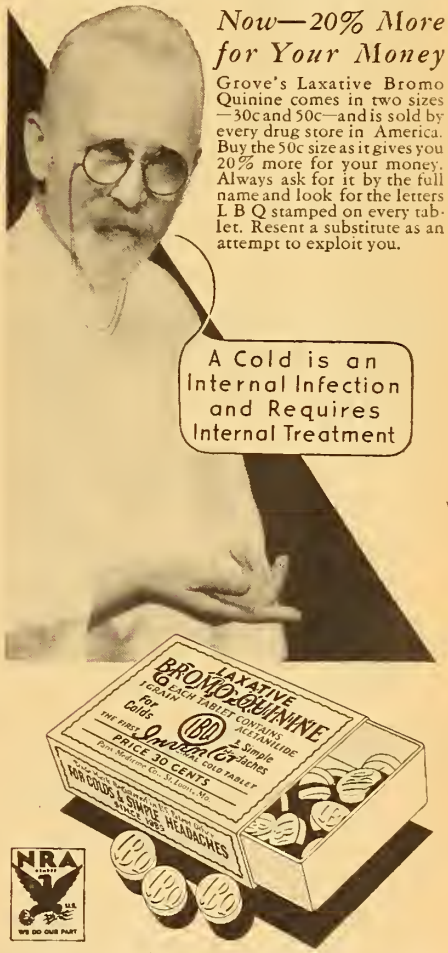

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"I've Got to Make Myself All Over!" Says Mary Brian

(*Continued from page 60*)

"Naturally, Marie Dressler is more loved and envied than anybody. But I can't wait forty years for that success. Both Helen Hayes and Ann Harding have tremendous appeal, but if and when I am ready for such rôles as they play, I will still have to convince a director of my ability.

"While I have always wanted to do comedy-dramas, such as Constance Talmadge did, I presume Norma Shearer best portrays all that I would like to become. She is essentially a lady at all times, but plays the siren with beautiful subtlety. Kay Francis, too, has a provocative love-technique that somehow manages to escape vulgarity.

A Siren at Heart, Herself

"OF course, all women are sirens at heart, just as Mr. Lubitsch was recently quoted as saying. We may not admit it, but our desire is to please—particularly the opposite sex. That's why we have to change with the styles. Men would not be seen with a woman too 'pleasingly plump' when the pencil figure was wearing the latest slenderized model, any more than they would date a girl displaying a dress to her knees when fashion had decreed the long skirt. So, you see, we are caught in the net. We are compelled to follow the trend, to an extent; yet if we fail to establish an outstanding individuality, we are lost in the shuffle."

To a neutral jury, it might look as if she were not doing half-badly to be earning two thousand dollars a week, at her age, and to have such a following as she does have. But if she is really determined to do it, Mary *can* make herself over. You will recall that she made a big step in this direction, when she became the hard-boiled, gum-chewing blonde in the Cagney picture, "Hard To Handle." She got raves for that work.

But I made up my mind to do my duty, so I reminded her of Lois Wilson, who once decided she was fed up with "sweet" rôles, and abandoned herself to gay, red evening gowns, new cigarette cases, etc., all of which didn't seem to propel her much further. Also, of Betty Bronson (who began with Mary in "Peter Pan"). Betty decided that she must become worldly-wise and took an apartment for herself, and announced to the public that she would do sophisticated rôles. I'll wager you ten cents that you can't recall anything she did after that.

I couldn't, however, forget the exception—Bette Davis, the little demure, brown-haired girl, who remained with Universal until the termination of her contract and left no impress on the picture-minded public. She took stock of herself and became a blonde, both in looks and personality, and you know only too well what a swell job she did for herself.

But Mary proceeded with her analysis.

Couldn't Be the Gaynor Type

"OF course, there is the Janet Gaynor type of appeal, which will never lose its popularity, no matter whether the vogue is Hepburn, Hayes, West or Garbo, but my face is too round for that elfin type. Besides, I weigh one hundred and ten pounds. The contour of my face precludes the possibility of the spiritual quality being made so apparent on the screen, as in Janet's case. So my help doesn't lie in that direction.

"When I began pictures at the age of fifteen, I had no definite ideas, except a determination to succeed. Somewhere along the line, I have been dubbed a 'nice girl,' which would appear to come under the same classification as a woman of indeterminate years about whom we can find nothing further to say than 'She is so sweet.' At any rate, the producers believe that the public finds the *nice* girl deadly monotonous.

"Personally, I think my chief fault is lack of showmanship. To be professional and lack this is like trying to make bricks without straw. I have never dressed spectacularly, but doubtless I would have been wiser to dress as the public expects picture people to dress.

"It has been next to impossible for me to discuss my intimate, personal affairs with interviewers. As a result, they have called me 'poor copy.' They have been good enough not to call me dumb, but they did say I was lacking in 'experience.' I have lived quietly and unostentatiously. I have not learned to splurge. According to a late great press-agent, this is poor showmanship.

What! No Sex Appeal?

"ON this subject of sex, why is it that people still insist that ignorance and innocence are synonymous? Directors refuse me for rôles requiring much sex appeal. They think I am entirely void of it. Maybe I am, but in person men seem to like me."

Without a dissenting voice, Mary Brian is still rated the most popular "date" in Hollywood. She has long been courted by Buddy Rogers, William Bakewell, Dick Powell, Russell Gleason, Donald Cook, Ken Murray, Jack Oakie (it was Mary and not Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who first influenced Jack to dress up) and many others. But you will observe that there are no flagrantly sophisticated men in this group.

"Directors say I must know about life," continues Mary. "Now, actually, all women who are twenty-four—and that includes all the 'nice' ones, too—know something about the lure of sex. It is intelligently taught in some of the progressive schools now, and far less bugaboo made of it than formerly.

"Would you ever select me for a chorus girl if you were casting? No. Neither do the directors. Yet I began my career in the chorus of a Broadway stage show!

"They refuse to allow me to play a hard-working, self-made girl. Yet, what am I if not just that? Mother and I came to Hollywood when I was only fourteen—not yet through high school—and depending wholly upon what I expected to earn. And I had no preparation whatever! If you think I don't know every anxiety, every sacrifice that any hard-working girl experiences, you have another guess coming.

"Perhaps you wouldn't pick me out of a crowd for a vaudevillian? Yet I have made two very successful vaudeville tours to the key cities.

Proof of Her Will Power

"I WAS determined I wouldn't just go out on the stage and say: 'I am so glad to be here. I hope you enjoyed my last picture.' I don't think it is fair to cheat the public in that manner. I danced—and probably surprised plenty of people.

"As I told you, when I am afraid of something, right then I make up my mind to do that thing. I was scared to death to appear on the stage, and for that reason I knew the vaudeville appearance was absolutely necessary for me. So I rehearsed dancing. If I had called the whole thing off, I would have been defeated, even in my picture work.

Aside from that, I wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience.

"Now, just what can I do about my present predicament? I can change the style and even the color of my hair; I can wear clothes I have never worn; I can speak with an accent; I can smoke cigarettes and take a cocktail; I can get myself a new 'line,' but this will all be of small avail. It is easy enough to put on a close-fitting, slinky gown, and amble across the room with a Bowery toddle, but it takes more than that."

Mary thinks she must make herself over. But listen to what Welford Beaton of that confidential trade journal, the *Hollywood Spectator*, thinks—as evidenced by this excerpt from his recent review of "One Year Later": " . . . the cast is headed by a girl with a box-office name—Mary Brian . . . If I were producing, I would rather have Mary Brian in a cast than any actress who has come from the stage in the past few years. She gives a fine performance in this picture."

When you see Mary in her new picture, "Fog," a mystery thriller, maybe you can tell her how to produce a composite personality that will dazzle the directors and delight the public? Or will you be telling her that her present type is too rare and too precious to be sacrificed?

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 78*)

read this. Hill, who is a medical student and son of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, would like to give up medicine and take a position in the Orient, but Fifi has her heart set on being a doctor's wife and wants him to continue with his studies. Furthermore. Fifi doesn't care to live in the Orient.

17. Adrienne Ames was granted a divorce decree from her husband, Stephen Ames, on October 30 and on the following day she married Bruce Cabot, also of the films. Ames, whom she married in 1929, is a wealthy New York broker. This is Adrienne's third marriage. When Adrienne, whose maiden name was McClure, first arrived in Hollywood, she was known as Adrienne Truex, which was her first husband's name. She has a young daughter who is living with Adrienne's mother in Fort Worth, Texas.

18. If present plans materialize, the Gaynor-Farrell team will be re-united for the picture, "The House of Connelly." This will be the first time Janet and Charlie have been co-starred since Farrell asked Fox to release him from his contract over a year ago. Charlie gave up his Fox contract because he believed his film career was at a standstill and wanted to be free to choose his rôles. Charlie had been Janet's co-star for over five years and he wanted a chance to do something different. Free-lancing for the past year, he has appeared in a variety of rôles in such pictures as "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "The Shakedown," and "Girl Without a Room."

19. It was recently reported that Charlie Chaplin, the noted film comedian, was kidnaped some time last August and held overnight until his attorneys produced $20,000. If true, Chaplin is not the only one who has had to pay racketeers for his freedom, for a number of other members of the film colony have been kidnap victims under similar conditions But Chaplin denies that he was kidnaped or has forfeited any money to racketeers.

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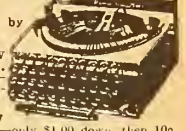

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Tinkling bells, and the clink of silver

IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden, where rare and colorful plants from all over the world were constantly flowering.

It was the duty of the honorable head gardener to watch for the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell. As the flowers swayed in the breeze, the bells tinkled with sweet music. Thus the courtiers and the distinguished visitors, strolling along the paths, were sure to see the finest specimens.

This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine that you should see: Look this way and you'll be repaid."

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Claudette Colbert is about to play *Cleopatra*, with De Mille directing. But Josephine Hall (above) beat her to the beads and gauze, all in a spirit of good, clean fun—playing opposite Andy Clyde in the Educational comedy, "Frozen Assets"

Hitler Demands Return of German Stars

(*Continued from page 33*)

business has dropped almost half this last year. One has only to try to imagine a similar situation in Hollywood to sense the complete collapse that would follow if this race, which has an inborn genius for the business of amusing mankind, were eliminated from our studios.

Fern Andra, Illinois-born, but regarded in Berlin as a German, says, "In Germany, nearly all actors or actresses who have made a brilliant success on the screen have had either Jewish blood or Jewish connections. What is left of the industry now with that race removed, I cannot imagine! Producers, directors, writers—they were all Jewish. Most of the great picture geniuses who have come to Hollywood from Germany—Laemmle, Lubitsch, Freund, Pommer, Stern, Dupont, Dieterle—are proud of their race. Yet under the plan for 'pure-Aryan' films these men, who have done so much to build up American pictures, would never be called back home."

Fern Andra, formerly (by marriage) a German baroness, has been an independent picture producer in Germany for years. Now her studios are closed, because there are no "pure-Aryan" directors, scenario writers, or actors to work in them. Yet, though her fortune seems lost, Fern Andra pays an actress' tribute to Hitler.

"Magnetic!" she describes him. "I listened to him speak for an hour. His German is not the purest; he is short and rather insignificant-looking; but when he speaks, what an actor! His timing was perfect, he played on that crowd like one trained in the technique of the theatre. One almost feels that he can attain the unattainable!"

Lubitsch Says It Can't Last

ERNST LUBITSCH, who has now been in America eleven years and has taken naturalization papers, does not agree with Miss Andra. "Nationalization of films is not only an impossibility, but it is stupid," he declares. "Art is not a matter of geography. Imagine an American picture gallery excluding Rubens and Rembrandt because they were Dutch, or the Metropolitan Opera House presenting only native operas! Hollywood has been the capital of filmdom because it has developed types and personalities from all over the world. Perhaps we have been too ready to read genius into foreign pictures; perhaps we have sent abroad for talent when we could find just as good at home. But foreign stars have been proud to come here because we did better by them than their own countries. *No foreign player has ever left America to return home to make films while he was still successful over here.*"

Is it possible for even the powerful Herr Hitler to make purely German pictures? Most of the great stars who have made German films famous have not been Germans at all. Emil Jannings had an American father, and was born in Brooklyn; Pola Negri went to UFA from Warsaw, Vilma Banky from Budapest, Anna Sten from Russia; Asta Neilsen, called "the mother of all German film stars," is a Dane; Nils Asther went to UFA from Sweden, as did Garbo; and Lilian Harvey was born in England. Josef von Sternberg, director-discoverer of Dietrich, is American-born. Hitler, himself, was born in Austria. German citizenship had to be conferred on him before he could become Chancellor.

America Won't Do Likewise

THERE seems little danger of Hollywood's following the Nazi example and turning out those who are not "pure-American"—whatever that would mean. We should lose too much in our Garbos, Chevaliers, Dietrichs, Colmans, Howards, Novarros, Landis and Lederers.

And we should not gain much by recalling our expatriate stars in Herr Hitler's projected fashion. For as a matter of candid fact, not only was Lubitsch right in saying that foreign stars never leave Hollywood until they have begun to slip, but it is equally true that top-notch native-born players seldom depart for Berlin, London and Paris studios unless thay are what is brutally known in Hollywood as "washed up" here. The Fairbankses are the exceptions that only prove the rule.

Yet still the shadow of Hitler's hand lies over Hollywood. Germany buys twenty-five per cent of American films exported abroad. Will the Nazi racial ban extend to the personalities in Hollywood pictures? What, for instance, would Herr Hitler's followers do to an Eddie Cantor film? Boycott it? As for Charlie Chaplin, he is already the target for Nazi propagandists, who attack him in vicious articles, calling him "the pitiful pseudo-funny man." He is not attacked because he is of the Jewish race, but because of a report circulated in Berlin that in his next comedy Charlie was not going to wear the familiar black toothbrush mustache because he "might be mistaken for Adolf Hitler." And Charlie was only joking!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 82*)

going to be a bit more complicated. You can readily see the possibility of complications when you consider a typical billing. "She Done Him Wrong" will be credited in Paris something like this:

Lady Lou . . . Face and Hips by Mae West
Voice and Sound Effects by. . . . . .

JOAN CRAWFORD isn't the only star on the M-G-M lot to have a luxuriously appointed portable dressing-room. Greta Garbo, who has admired Joan's push-about bungalow ever since she saw it when they were appearing together in "Grand Hotel," now has one of her own. The interior is all done in Nile green.

EVERY once in a while, the motion picture industry indulges in a little inside ribbing in its pictures of which the general public has no knowledge. The favorite gag in a matter of this sort is to place the name of an actual studio executive on an office door, or to name a character after some real person.

Now, for the first time, comes George Spelvin to the movies. Needing a name, any name, for a billboard in Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory," they chose good old George, instead of using some other name for an inside laugh.

What! You don't know George? Why, George Spelvin is as famous in theatrical tradition as Mansfield, Duse, or Bernhardt, although no actor (so far as known) has ever really been named George Spelvin. The name was invented many years ago by a theatrical producer who had two "bit" parts in a play; not wanting it known that one actor was playing both bits, he concocted the Spelvin moniker. It looked well on the program.

The play was a success, and the producer became superstitious about Spelvin. Every piece he produced after that had good old George's name on the program. Other people in the theatre adopted the superstition until, at one time, George Spelvin was appearing simultaneously in eighteen productions on Broadway, five in Chicago, and heaven only knows how many on the road!

Now, he makes his movie début!

VINCE BARNETT, who has ribbed so many people, had to take it again, himself. While in the East recently, his proposed five-week vaudeville tour was canceled when he received a telegram ordering him to return to Hollywood to begin a new picture. He rushed back by 'plane, only to learn that another of his Hollywood victims had finally got even.

STRANGE place, Hollywood. The mail was filled recently with enthusiastic press announcements from Helen Mitchell (Mrs. Oliver Morosco), concerning the ambitious plans her newly-formed company had for Sari Maritza, who was then making the first of a series of pictures. The week following completion of the picture, entitled "Waffles," Sari filed suit for salary that she alleged was due her.

FOURTEEN musicians tooted and played, rehearsing steadily day and night for a week. They had fond expectations of an extended engagement at the Chicago World's Fair, during a personal appearance that a promoter said Janet Gaynor was to make there. But the impresario, known to them as "Colonel," unfortunately vanished and when they appealed to Janet, they discovered she knew nothing of his plans; in fact, she didn't even know the man. So fourteen musicians, unable to understand why they should be made the butt of the stupid practical joke, picked up their instruments and tried to find jobs elsewhere.

BABY LeRoy went to court to have his contract with Paramount approved. Arriving nearly an hour late, he met an irate judge, who announced himself sick and tired of tardiness from all movie people. LeRoy, while not understanding the words, seemed to understand that he must be on his very best behavior. He was so completely charming that the judge called a recess and took the amazing child into his private chambers, where they played together for three-quarters of an hour.

Paramount planned to team LeRoy with W. C. Fields in a series of feature comedies. Ordinarily, the baby gets along with anyone, but he has taken some sort of dislike to Fields. He howls whenever the comic comes near him. The teaming had to be called off.

REMEMBER when Universal and Paramount fought for the services of Gloria Stuart? A similar situation has now arisen, with M-G-M and Twentieth Century each contending a priority right to Peggy Conklin, of the New York stage. M-G-M took an option that was apparently forgotten until Twentieth Century furnished the railroad fare for the girl to come to Hollywood. She is here now, but jobless until the dispute is settled.

ADDIE McPHAIL, widow of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, has returned to Hollywood for the avowed purpose of resuming her screen career. If there were any doubts in her mind regarding the high esteem the film colony held for her late husband, they were quickly dispelled. She was greeted with open arms. Seemingly, Hollywood is determined to do for Addie what it failed to do for Arbuckle.

TWO months ago, MOTION PICTURE published an exclusive story, telling how Americanized Greta Garbo has become, and advanced the theory that this was the real reason for her return. Now, we learn that Marlene Dietrich has fallen under the spell of that most American institution, the Sunday comic page. Every week Josef von Sternberg's secretary collects all the funny papers, and sends them off to Marlene, wherever she happens to be.

DOUBTLESS you are a little weary by now of this talk of the warm relationship between the ex-wedded Carole Lombard and William Powell. It does strike us as amusing, however, that soon after Carole was seen about in the company of Gary Cooper, Bill started taking out the Countess di Frasso.

"BOMBSHELL," the Jean Harlow-Lee Tracy picture, burst upon Hollywood like a bombshell. It was known that a satire upon the film colony was being filmed, but until the first preview, it was not known how many actual incidents from the lives of the movie great had been incorporated into the script.

Hollywood took it all good-naturedly and laughed heartily at itself. There were a lot of inside laughs, too, that the majority of the American public will not understand. That crack about "Ben Veranda," for example. Ben Piazza is the M-G-M casting director. The three sheep dogs gag was aimed jointly at Jeanette MacDonald, who owns a sheep dog, and Alice Brady, who is even sillier about her dogs than the "Bombshell" movie star.

But if you have seen the picture, maybe

FADED BLONDE HAIR IS OLD HAIR!

Make Your Hair Radiantly, Youthfully *Beautiful with Marchand's*

EVEN if you are only 21, if your blonde hair has become faded or darkened—IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, *youthfully*, beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New Hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair On Arms And Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard or stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

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For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

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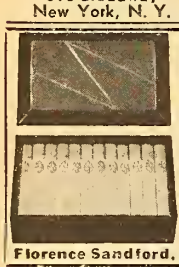

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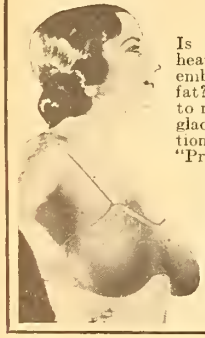


Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of "Prescription-36."

Send Me Your Name

and address and your pleasant home treatment will come to you by return mail in plain wrapper. Please enclose 10c for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, Dept. K-1
80 East 11th Street,
New York, N. Y.

you were able to pick out the real-life caricatures for yourself.

IF there were a prize for the neatest trick of the month, it should be awarded Elbert Franklin, who has blonde trouble about Toby Wing. Not that the gentleman is jealous or anything. But when he was called away to the East on business, he told Toby that he would telephone her every night. "I can't tell when I'll call. It might be eight o'clock and it might be two in the morning."

So whether she wanted to or not, Toby had to stay home.

GLIMPSED on the "Girl Without a Room" set—Alice Lake playing extra. Remember Alice when she used to be a popular star?

"It's pretty tough," she admitted to a friend, "to live down my reputation as a star. I'd stand a better chance to-day if people didn't remember me. My former friends hesitate to offer me a small chance for fear they might hurt my feelings. If they only knew!"

PERHAPS you harbor a disappointment caused when a favorite of yours hurries past without stopping to sign your autograph book. Maybe you have charged the player with ungracious action. Listen—

At the funeral services for Renée Adorée, and later at Mrs. Margaret Talmadge's funeral, autograph-hunters swarmed the cemetery. Police reserves had to be called before the legitimate funeral processions could make their respective ways to the mausoleum.

It is impositions like these that cause your favorites to seem ungracious.

A LUNCHEON tendered Marconi, the genius of wireless telegraphy, was attended by practically every important personage of the film colony. Proceedings were opened by a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The crowd had no sooner seated itself than the band struck up another tune. Marconi arose, followed by less than a dozen others.

The majority of Hollywood apparently failed to recognize the Italian national anthem!

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea have gone and done it, at last. They were married in a little white church at Rye, a swanky suburb of New York City.

Now Joel can dodge all of those interviews in which he is asked to describe the hypothetical girl he would like to marry. The McCreas are just a pair of young sentimentalists. They toured the suburban countryside looking for a white church. That's what we call love with atmosphere.

LYLE TALBOT escaped without a visible scar from the gash he received on the head in an automobile accident. He owes his lucky recovery to an ambulance driver who, recognizing him, refused to allow the emergency hospital doctor to take stitches in Lyle's forehead. Instead, Talbot's personal physician was called and, by a bit of neat surgery, the wound was healed without scars.

The ambulance man, it turned out, occasionally plays extra in the movies and therefore knows how important an actor's face is—to an actor.

RUTH CHATTERTON'S next picture and the final one under her existing Warner contract will be "Journal of a Crime." Ruth protested against making "Mandalay" when she discovered the central character was another lady of not only easy, but commercial virtue. And when she produced hundreds of letters from her fans, imploring her not to repeat the "Frisco Jenny" type of rôle, the studio agreed to recast "Mandalay." Kay Francis was given the assignment.

One place where a hero is always vamped is in short comedies. And Lena Malena, a new "find," can show you how in Educational's "Git Along, Little Wifie"

This is a concrete case of the influence of fan mail—when it is constructive.

"Journal of a Crime," by the way, was written especially for Ruth by the French playwright, Jacques Duval. Upon the occasion of her last visit to Paris, he handed her the original script with the stipulation that whoever bought it must star her in it or he wouldn't sell. It must be a nice feeling to have the author of your play believe so thoroughly in you!

FIVE weeks on location with forty girls and no other man in the cast. What a situation! Douglass Montgomery, who had that experience in "Eight Girls in a Boat," said it was swell until the last day. Then the girls had a dance. They auctioned him off as a partner to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Montgomery danced all night, emerging with sore feet and a greater injury to his pride. The auction brought only $7.85.

LOWELL SHERMAN lost his voice during the filming of "Born to Be Bad," in which he was directing Loretta Young. The company ribbed him unmercifully about his whispering direction until they learned the whisper was caused by a troublesome condition of the vocal chords. Then they felt badly about the kidding.

The vocal condition is the same that causes Bing Crosby to sing that way—only an aggravated case. The doctors hope to cure it without an operation.

GLIMPSED Chester Morris furiously covering the back of an envelope with columns of figures.

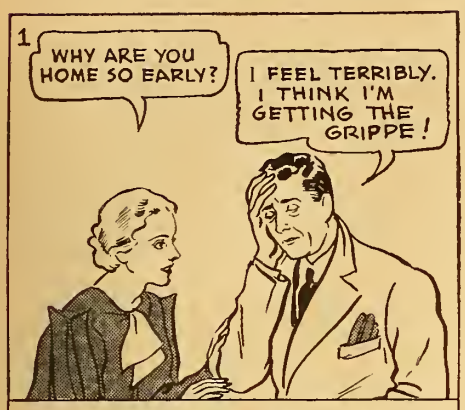
"Income tax," he explained. "One more payment and last year's income is mine."

MAE WEST announces that her next picture, which she is now writing, will take her "back to bustles." What phraseology!

(*Continued on page 90*)

100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER

MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

•

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY $26,000,000

•

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

● What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.

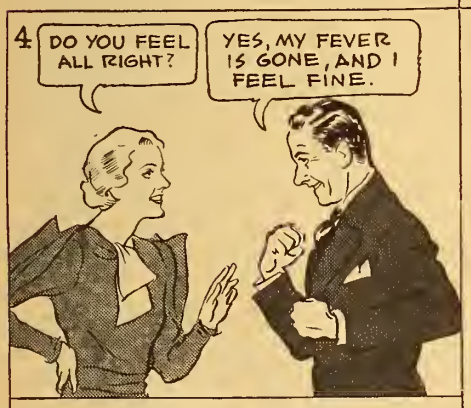
CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

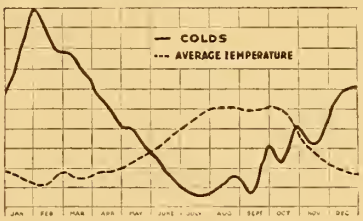
HEXIN relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of HEXIN also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.

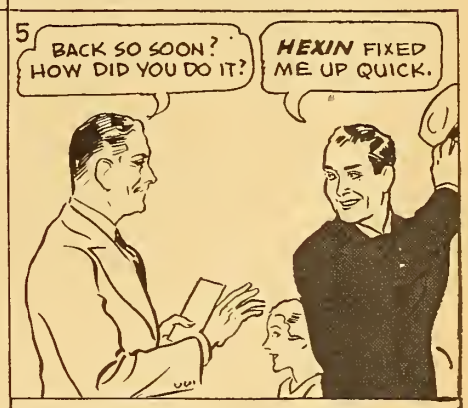


NEXT DAY AND BETTER

Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.



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HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 88*)

'Way back in the last century, some girls had that "come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime" look, as Mae Clarke proves in the role of *Satin* in "Nana," Zola's famous exposé of the world's oldest profession. It introduces Anna Sten, Russian star, to the American screen in the title rôle

A bit irked by criticism of a modern setting for her particular type of vamping—the critics said no millionaire would have fought to marry Mae as millionaires did in "I'm No Angel"—she is determined to stick to the gay Nineties.

Incidentally, it is said that the feud that threatened, but never matured between Marlene Dietrich and Mae West was really caused by their rivalry over the film version of "Catherine, the Great." Both ladies wanted to play Russia's Queen. Marlene won.

Why not, we say, allow each to play the rôle? It would be fun to view the widely contrasting interpretations.

PERHAPS you heard Charlie Chaplin deliver his radio speech in behalf of the NRA. The papers made much of the event because it is the first time Charlie's voice has been heard since the Liberty Loan drive.

If you thought he sounded nervous, you were right. The boys at the broadcasting studio say they have never seen a worse case of "mike" fright. According to report, Charlie dropped his typewritten speech on the floor and had to ad lib until someone picked it up for him. That accounts for those feeble jokes with which he opened his talk.

HOLLYWOOD will soon be shy two of its leading lights. Katharine Hepburn, as soon as she finishes "Trigger," will depart for New York and a Broadway play. She is not due back at the studio until June 1, 1934.

Mae West, likewise, shakes the Hollywood dust from her hips upon the completion of her next picture. But instead of Broadway, Mae will tour the country, doing one-night stands. There is an obvious crack there. Something about one night being all the average blood-pressure can stand of Mae.

WAS he kidding or was he serious? Sam Hardy, on a tour of England, dropped a line to a friend in Hollywood. Enclosing some clippings, Sam commented, "Look at the swell publicity I'm getting."

The headline on the first item read "The World's Most Outrageous Dresser Arrives."

THAT newspaper war that is amusing all of the film colony, except those who have figured in it, continues. There are no lengths to which the daily scribes will not go for an item they can publish in advance of their competitors. If you read the recent announcement that Billie Dove Kenaston was to have a baby eight months hence, you will realize how far Hollywood reporting has gone. If they could find a reliable fortune-teller, his forecasts would be printed as "news."

CENSORSHIP goes to silly extremes in any medium. The motion picture isn't the only sufferer. Example:

The song hit from Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness" is "You Can Be Had." Radio broadcasters deemed this too ribald, so they changed the title to "You Can Be Mine." The published and recorded music retained the original title. Only to protect our delicate radio ears were the censors busy.

JOAN BLONDELL won't change her name or allow her blonde hair to grow back to its natural brown, the studio has decreed. Joan says she will, too. Barnes is her legal name and brown is her legal hair. Joan Barnes, née blonde, she'll be, or know the reason why.

So the battle rages. And for what?

HAIL and farewell. Claudette Colbert by hurrying home from Hawaii arrives just in time to wish Norman Foster *bon voyage* at the pier. He is leaving for Hawaii for a vacation. She was there with the De Mille troupe on location for "Four Frightened People."

We've heard Claudette and Norman are married, but we can't prove it.

OF course, it was one of the Mad Marxes who wanted to know if any of those NRA codes came with two pairs of pants.

IT may seem a little late for an earthquake story, but maybe you read about the two shocks we had in California last month. The second was the most severe and came late at night.

Ted Healy, who lives in the same apartment house, but not the same apartment with his Stooges, had retired and was asleep when the 'quake occurred. It awakened him and while he was lying in bed trying to collect his wits, the Stooges stormed his apartment.

"What," they demanded, "did you do just then?"

DIS AND DAT: Walt Disney, creator and majority owner of Mickey Mouse, pays himself the magnificent salary of $150 a week. The rest of his profits go back into the business. . . . Elizabeth Allan lost the chance to play opposite John Barrymore because of illness. And to make things worse, her ailment was one of those things that sound comic. It was water on the big toe. . . . Katharine Hepburn shuns the spotlight these days. But at a preview of "Little Women," when the film broke, she graciously satisfied the customers by making a charming speech from the stage. That old creed of the actor. The show must go on. . . . As Polly Moran said just before she was married, "Fun's fun, but I can't laugh this off." . . . People are constantly getting Ralph and Frank Morgan mixed up and we hear that neither one of them likes it. . . . Don't-know-from-nothing item. Bob Montgomery bought two pairs of rabbits for his place in the country. Said four were enough. . . . Jean Harlow is now immortalized. Hers are the latest footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. . . . Which recalls a gag line from Jean's latest picture. "I'd like to run barefoot through your hair." Jerry Hoffman says they had Sid Grauman in mind when they wrote that.

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—to Help them in their Daily *Beauty Contests*

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

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CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women ★

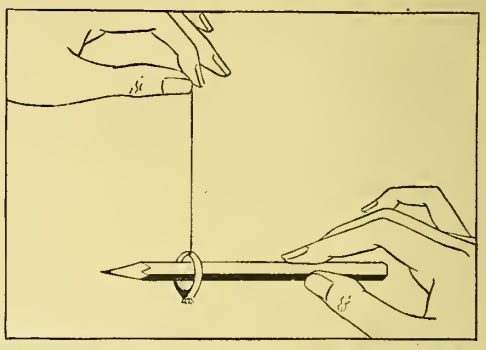
IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE

(*Above*) **IF YOU WANT TO SEE** nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!

How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up...and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the longer I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

* * *

Many smokers have changed to Camels and found that they are no longer nervous...irritable... "jumpy." Switch to Camels yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that Camels do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

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CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

—THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

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